

COURT TALES:
OR, A
HISTORY
OF THE
AMOURS
OF THE
Present NOBILITY.

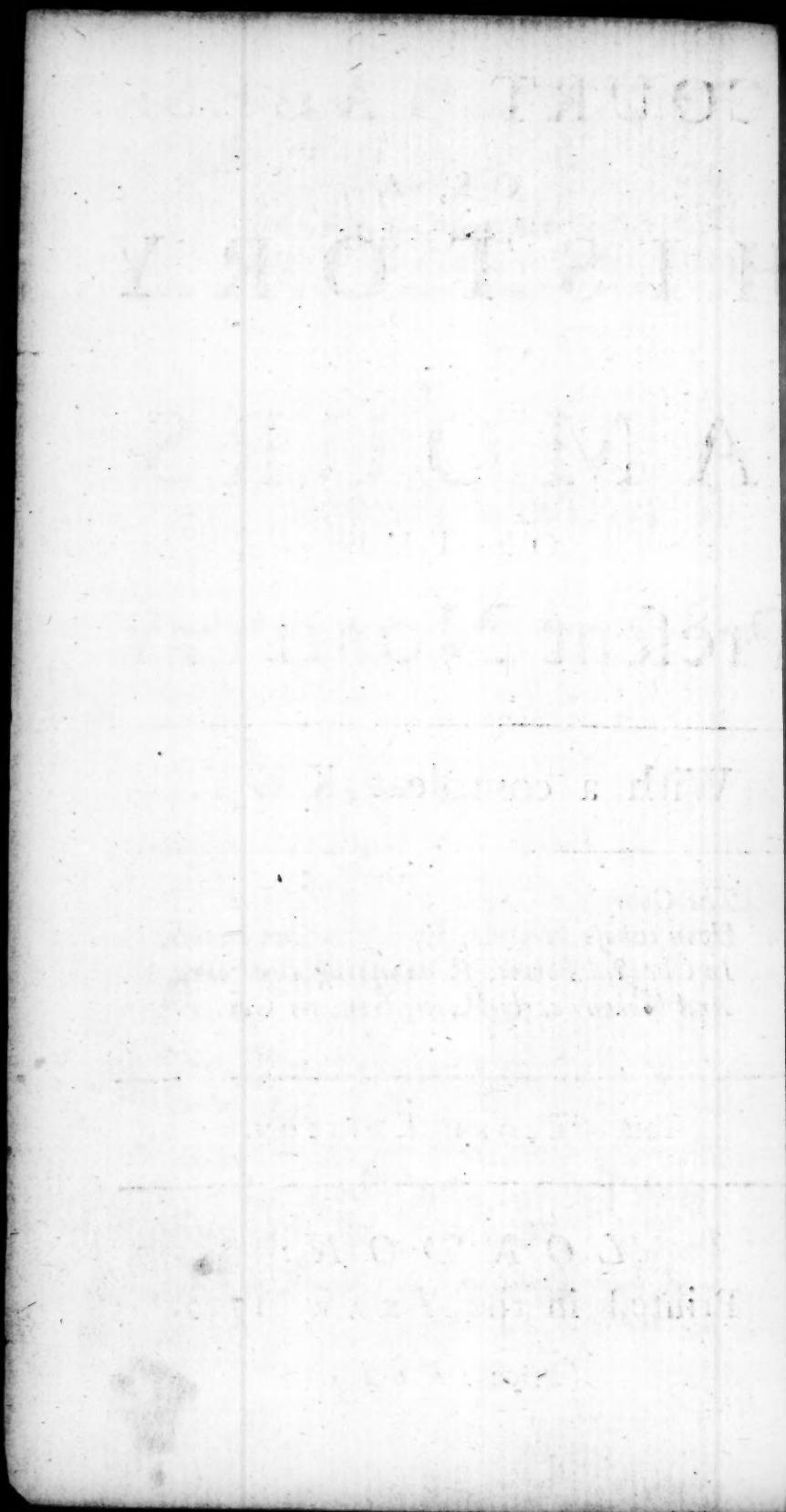
With a compleat K E Y.

*The Court's a Golden but a fatal Circle,
Upon whose Magic Skirts a thousand Devils,
In Chrystral Forms, sit tempting Innocence,
And beckon early Virtue from its Center.*

LEE.

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T O

Sir *Richard Temple, Bar^r.*

(Now Lord Cobham)

S I R,

I F I could hope that this Epistle would please as much as it will surprize you, I should have no need to beg your Pardon for addressing to you in so publick a Manner without your Consent or Knowledge. But since I mean nothing, but to pay that Homage to your Merit, which is due to you from every Lover of his Country, I cannot think that I shall give Offence at the same time that I am doing my Duty.

ii DEDICATION.

The few Years you have lived in the World, have been sufficient to acquire you a Character, that others may whole Ages labour after in vain. There are so many illustrious Qualities necessary to form a Hero, that it is not strange there are so few to be met with, and that they are in so distinguished a Manner of one Principle, and of one Mind.

That Courage which is employed in the Service of Arbitrary Power and Tyranny, and that Capacity which is made use of to betray the Cause of Liberty, have neither Lustre nor Beauty in them ; and render those that are possessed of them as hateful, as they are hurtful, to Mankind. It is the good Use that such noble Endowments are put to, which make them truly *Heroic* ; and for this Reason it is that there are some Men whom one may call *Brave*, and others whom one may term *Politick*, and yet hate or despise them for sacrificing

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criscing such useful Talents to their Avarice or Ambition.

Many of this Kind have we known in our Days ; and many also, whose Ambition it has been to promote the publick Glory and Good ; to establish Liberty on such a Bottom, that neither Force nor Fraud should ever have been able to injure it, and to secure that Blessing to Posterity which they had so dearly purchased for themselves.

You are in the first Rank of these
British Heroes : In the Field, and in
the Senate, you have served gloriously,
both for your Country and your self ;
and have not once departed from her
Interest, whether it was in War or in
Peace. What Returns you have met
with, are the same as the STANHOPES,
the CADOGANS ; and alas ! that ever
we should have Cause to say it, the
CHURCHILLS, have been rewarded
with by so wise and so grateful a Peo-
ple. Since you cannot complain that

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they have been juster to them than to you, You will surely not think it hard to have the same Fate with the greatest and best of Men. But as you are your self of that Number, expect the same Usage, the same Insults of Envy, the same Abuse of Scandal. For not to suffer with the most Worthy would be a sure Sign of Want of Worth, and there have been certain Junctures, when Applause was Infamy, and good Men always judged by Contraries.

To mention the many Instances of your Bravery, at a Time when Victory it self is in Disgrace, would be an odd Sort of Panegyrick. The same would it be to speak with praise of your Zeal for the Preservation of the Constitution, the present and future Establishment on the Foot of the Revolution and Acts of Settlement, when those Acts, and that Revolution, are vilified with so much Insolence and Impunity. But Sir, there may again be a Time when it shall be glori-

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glorious to delight in War for the Defence of Religion and Liberty; and to be zealous in maintaining both, will then be more honourable than any Title or Dignity. The Name of *Patriot* was never a long time reproachful; and it will be remembred to your Honour, in the *British Annals*, that there was no Gentleman in *Britain* of your Birth and Fortune, who in her Service dared Danger abroad more than you have done, or more strenuously asserted her Rights and Privileges at home.

I shall not presume to entertain you with an Account of the following Tales; if you design to run them over, your own better Judgment will soon determine their Merit. There was certainly a great deal in the Author of *One* of them, the last Earl of *Dorset*. The rest are Part Translations, and Part built on Adventures, that are pretty well known to the *Bon Monde*. If the Subject is almost every where gay and light, it is how-

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however no where indecent or offensive. And as it is intended for Pleasure and not Instruction, those who want more to be instructed than pleased, will do well to have Recourse to more serious Discourses. Neither my self, nor those Gentlemen who have assisted me, set up for Teachers: Our Ends will be abundantly answered, if what is offered here will keep the Reader so long in a good Humour with the Design, and the Authors especially, if it is pleasant enough to attone for my intruding so much on your Leisure and Inclination. I am,

SIR,

Your most Humble,
most Obedient, and
Scripsit most Devoted Servant,
1714.

JOHN OLDMIXON.

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of Oxfordshire.*

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C O U R T



COURT TALES.

JULIO.

 *JULIO* was a Person of great Quality and Station in the Island of *Atalantis*. He affected to be a Lover of *Wit* and *Politicks*; and indeed, to be himself a *Politician* and a *Wit*. Tho' as his *Wit* was made up of Pertness and Conceit, and sufficient only to place him in the *Class* of Coxcombs; so his *Politicks* consisted of Chimæras and Visions, more adapted to the Constitution of the Moon than of *Atalantis*. In a Word, he was a perfect Composition of Affectation and Hypocrisy: For amidst all his pretended In-

B clination

clination to Business, and Zeal to Religion; he was the most profligate *Debauchee*, and abandon'd Atheist in the Country. It was not a Century ago, that on Evening he was observ'd to pass secretly from an Apartment in the Palace where his Office was kept, to an House of Infamy; and there with two stale Prostitutes, the Leavings of a frouzy Jew, he spent the whole Night in Riot and Debauchery; while his abus'd Wife and Family thought him waking about the publick Cares, and busy'd in Affairs of the highest Importance to the State. It happen'd, that when *Julio* was at this most elegant Retirement, the Envoy of a Neighbouring Prince sent some Dispatches to him, to be immediately communicated to the King. *Julio* heard nothing of either the Envoy or the Dispatches. In vain Messengers flew about the Town to find out this most indefatigable Minister. The Dispatches were laid by unseal'd; and *Julio*, thoroughly tir'd with the Labours of the Night, put to Bed to the two Prostitutes, with whom he slept away the next Day: While the Envoy, impatient to see himself thus neglected, from his own Copy publish'd the Contents of those Dispatches to the World; who by this Means saw them before either *Julio* or his Master.

HOR.

HORTENTIUS and DRUSA:

HORTENTIUS was a Lawyer of some Note, which he increas'd by quitting the Party he was bred up in, and siding with that of the Zealots; he having nothing in his Mouth, but *The Temple, The Temple.* His House was about fifty Miles from Town, near a Forest, in which liv'd a stupid Wretch call'd *Drusus*, who had a handsome Wife whom *Hortentius* visited as often as he came into the Country, to play at Cards with her; he being at first afraid of going further, lest it should come to his Wife's Ears, who was extremely jealous of him, and truly not without Reason; for something very odd had happen'd in their Marriage, Consummation having preceded the Ceremony; which 'tis thought he would never have comply'd with, had he not been bully'd into it. *Drusus* was always in Law, and *Hortentius* took Care to feed his litigious Humour, as long as he could pay for it. *Drusa*, his Wife, was always at Cards; and he got her Money faster, and even more honestly, than he got her Husband's; tho' he was as great a Sharpener at Play, as he was a Trickster at Law.

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By these quick Ways *Hortentius* possess'd himself of all their ready Money, and a good Judgment of *Drusus* for five thousand Crowns. After which he threw him off to a Country Pettifogger, who finish'd his Ruin. *Drusa* having no more Cash, was for ticking; but *Hortentius*, who had all the while another Game in his Head, would not hear of it. If she would have more play, she must do as other gaming Ladies had done before, and pay with her Person what she wanted in her Purse: *Hortentius* telling her plainly, *He must have Money or Pleasure; and that he lov'd her so well, he bad a hundred Pieces at her Service.* *Drusa* desir'd Time: But the Lawyer knowing capitulating in Love is the same as surrendring, threw the Pieces into her Lap, and improv'd the present Minute. She was about Thirty; she had a good Face, a fine Skin, and one of the jolliest Airs that ever was; which gain'd her entirely the Heart of *Hortentius*. The hundred Pieces were follow'd by so many, that his Wife and Children, whom he no more thought of, wanted Necessaries: While *Drusa* liv'd in all the Plenty and Splendor imaginable. *Hortentius* gave and lost to her four thousand Crowns in one Year, and reduc'd himself to so low a Condition, that he was forc'd to pawn his Heredi-

Hereditary Estate to get a Seat in the Senate, and keep out of a Jayl. *Drusus*, who lov'd his Bottle immoderately, lik'd very well to see his Cellar full of Wine at *Hortentius's Cost*; and tho' he guess'd how he came by it, was not at all disturb'd at it. So sordid was he, that as soon as he saw him enter his House, he would make some Excuse to leave it. Nay, when he has been in the Room with his Wife and her Gallant, he has affected Drunkenness and Drowsiness, for the Convenience of the Lovers, who grew secure with so much Liberty, and liv'd with *Drusus*, as if he had been blind as he was base. *Drusa*, who had had no Children by her Sot, in the wonted Time, brought *Hortentius* a Daughter, call'd *Drusilla*, and after that several Children, who all dy'd, but the eldest. Breeding so alter'd her, that he began to be as indifferent to her, as to his Wife. But he was extremely fond of the Girl, which was enough for *Drusa*, who being fated with Gallantry preferr'd good Cheer to it, which *Hortentius* had enabled her to endulge her self in, as far as she fancy'd. The Zealots getting the better of their Opponents, *Hortentius* was advanc'd to a very high Post, which oblig'd him to keep in Town; and he could not live there without his *Drusilla*. He

car'd not for Decency or Reputation. All the World believ'd she was his Daughter; yet he cou'd not deny himself the Pleasure of her Company. But this Pleasure being heighten'd by Opportunity and Caresses, became at last so criminal, that *Drusilla* her self, and the Son she was deliver'd of some Time after, had the same Father. *Drusa*, who had born every Thing patiently till now, grew as mad as *Medea*. She flew away to Town, tore her Daughter by the Hair, and pull'd her out of Bed before she was recover'd. *Hortentius* endeavour'd with good Words and large Promises to appease her; but nothing wou'd do, she swore she would murder both the Strumpet and her Bastard. She rav'd, stamp'd, and did every Thing that is usually done in Distraction. *Hortentius* call'd his Servants, and had her convey'd to a Mad-house. *Drusus* wasted what she left behind her in the Country on his drunken Companions. *Hortentius* became very great, and very godly, after the Manner of the *Zealots*, who boasted he was the most upright and religious Magistrate that had sate in his Place these twenty Years. They all winking at one Failing, in a Person of such exemplary Virtue; and could hardly think there was any Harm in his being both Father and Grandfather to all *Drusilla's* Children,

FAU-

FAUSTUS and the WITCH.

THE Conjuror *Faustus* had a Fanatick to his Father, who bred him up in all the Ways of Fanaticism; as Canting, Praying, Fasting, and the like; which was not at all to *Faustus's* Kidney, who having not Patience to stay for the Inspiration of a Good Spirit, resolv'd to get him an Evil one; it being always in his Mouth, that whatever he did for't he would be a Great Man. A Gypsy never came to the Village where he liv'd, but *Faustus* ran to her to have his Fortune told; and what he sav'd out of his weekly Sixpences, was laid out in Books of Palmistry, and all the whole Musty Conjuring-books he could light upon. Thus every one took him for a huge Scholar; and by practice he acquir'd such a confus'd mysterious Knack of speaking, that grave Folks thought he said something: When in truth, if he had not had Cunning enough to speak so unintelligibly, he would have carry'd the character to his Grave of as great a Blockhead as his Brother. *Faustus*, as some say, getting into the Familiarity of a neighbouring Witch, learnt the Black Art of her; and, as others will have it, which is most likely, sold his

Soul to the Devil, as the Hag had done before him. And now they led the Justice, and all the Parish by the Nose. Whenever they were for playing a Prank, they got astride his staff, and Whirling up the Chimney flew away to an adjacent Wood, where there us'd to meet a whole Circle of 'em to dance round a Fire made of the Pulpits and Pews of demolish'd Synagogues; like the Witches round the Cauldron in *Macbeth*; but instead of the usual Diet-Drink in those Cases, they drank good *Nants*, continuing toping and cursing till Day peep't, when they scamper'd, as they came, every one to his Hovel. There was a very honest Grasier in the Neighbourhood, who had served all Offices in the Parish, was Captain of the *Militia*, and high Constable. He scour'd all the Country of Rogues and Vagabonds. And his Wife, a good Housewifely Dame, kept Store of Cordials and Salves by her, which she gave freely to all that wanted; in short, every Body look'd upon 'em to be the happiest Couple in the County. These two, *Faustus* and the Witch, took a Spite against; and first, their only Son dy'd, as hopeful a Youth as any within forty Miles of him. They were building a House a little way off, and as fast as the Workmen

men rais'd the Walls by Day, by Night they fell down again. The Conjuror and the Hag did not stop here. They bewitch'd the Justice himself, and the whole Sessions, who turn'd the honest Grasier out of his Offices for whipping an old Rogue, who had ever been a Plague to all about him. He broke down their Fences, robb'd their Hen-roosts, and had for above twenty Years past been call'd the *Common Nusance*. But he had a false Tongue, and a false Heart of his own: And *Faustus* and the Witch finding him to be so like themselves, enter'd into a League with him to ruin the High-Constable. They told Tales of him and his Wife to the Justice, and gave Folks Money to raise Lies of them, never leaving till they drove 'em both out of the Village. When they were gone, *Faustus*, the Witch and the old Rogue did what they pleas'd. The Witch and *Faustus* conjur'd up Mists before the People's Eyes, and all the while the old Rogue beat them and plunder'd them, *Faustus* and the Witch coming always in for a Snack. The Parish not being able to bear it, they sent Word of it to a Gentleman from over the Water, who was nearly related to the Justice, and every one said wou'd be his Heir. The Gentleman

came to the Justice, and shew'd him what a Fool the old Rogue, the Conjuror and the Hag would make of him; what a good Neighbour the High Constable had been, and how every thing was gone to Wreck since he left the Place. The Justice, who was an honest good-natur'd Man in the main, being convinc'd of all this, would have sent the Witch and *Faustus* to Jayl, and the old Rogue to the Whipping-post; but truly they were grown too many for him, and threatn'd him, if he would not be quiet, they would serve him as his Father was serv'd, turn him out of his House, or lock him up in a Garret, and feed him on brown Bread and Element; which not long after they did accordingly: And had it not been for the Gentleman from over the Water, and the High Constable, who brought a Pack of stout Fellows, seiz'd *Faustus* and the Witch, and set the Justice at Liberty, they would have plunder'd him, as they had done the rest of the Parish, and given all he had to a Foundling whom they were grown mighty fond of; the Witch and *Faustus* pretended to tell who his Father was, and from a Bard to conjure him into a true Child. But the Justice, the Gentleman, and the High Constable, were too hard for them all. The Curate swore Sorcery against the Conjuror and

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and the Hag, who were fairly hang'd together. The old Rogue was soundly flogg'd again at the Whipping-post, and the Foundling having Youth and a light Pair of Heels ran away, or he had fared no better then the *Witch* and *Faustus*.



CALVINIO and the BED.

CALVINIO, Father of *Faustus* the Conjurer, had a pretty good Estate; and except that he had neither Wine nor strong Drink in his Cellar, kept a tolerable House in a cheap Country. He pretended to have an abomination of the good things of this World, and as if he was not made of Flesh and Blood, preach'd an Abstinence to his Family that was very grievous to Persons who had their Appetites about them. *Faustus*, when he was a Boy, was observ'd to be very uneasy at these Lectures; and it must be said for him, that as soon as he had strength to lift the Glass to his Nose, he made a laudable Use of it; which, by that Time he was a Man, appear'd in his Face in Crimson Characters. Whether he indul-

ged the other Fraility as much, the Chronicle do's not tell us. *Calvinio* gave him over very Early, and us'd to say to his Friends with Tears in his Eyes, *Faufty was fall'n from Grace, and he was afraid wou'd come to an ill End.* *Calvinio* lov'd his Ease as well as other Christians, and allow'd himself the Conveniency of a Coach in his old Age, which necessarily drew in a Coachman, tho' with no small concern, for fear he might defile his Household; among whom were always five or six Strapping Wenches, that never saw a Man from Years-End to Years-End, besides an old Groom and Chaplain. One of these Handmaids was a Cousin of *Calvinia*'s, so I shall denominate my Dame in this History, a brisk Jade, as much an Enemy to the Rules of the House as Master *Faufty*; and the Coachman and She broke in upon them so furiously that within a Twelvemonth there was one more added to the Family. *Calvinio*, when he heard it, was so frighted, that had his House been haunted, it could not have been a greater Terror to him. He immediately gave orders for its Purification; my Cousin was sent packing; the Coachman ran away; and the Bed, the Fatal Bed on which the Mischief was done, was condemn'd, with all its Appurtenances,

to

to be publickly burnt in the Court-Yard, as an example to all Offenders of that wicked Kind. While the Bed was blazing, a Country-Curate by chance rode by, who bearing *Calvinio* no good will on Account of his being a Schismatick, enquir'd into the Occasion of the Bonfire; and being inform'd of it, said merrily, *In Troth if he goes that way to Work, it will not be long before he wan't have a Bed to lie upon.*

FAUSTUS and DOLLY.

THE Justice's Uncle was so lewd, he lay with every Woman that wou'd let him. He spent all he had upon his Whores, especially a *French Punk*, who went finer than his Wife, whom he hated. This *French Woman* had a Maid, who having scrap'd a little Money together, marry'd a Serjeant, by whom she had a Daughter call'd *Dolly*; the Uncle dying, his Brother, a Bigotted, Covetous Cruel old Hunk, succeeded him, and act'd so Tyrannically, that he was turn'd out of the Commission, and his Son put in his Place. The old Man out of Spite left

the

the Parish ; and several of his Servants, particularly *Dolly's* Father and Mother troop'd after him. But the Abdicated Justice living himself on Charity only, his Servants were soon weary of Starving with him, and wou'd fain have return'd to the Place from whence they came ; which the Young Justice would never suffer as long as he liv'd. The old Man dying sometime after, was in a little while follow'd by the Young one, who was succeeded by his Younger Brother ; to whom the old Justice's Servants apply'd for leave to come back, but he was at first as cross to them as his Predecessor : And *Dolly*, who sollicit-ed for her self and them, despair'd of Success till she made *Faustus* her Friend. Assoon as he saw her, he cast a Roguish Eye upon her, and when she came to beg him to intercede for them with the Justice, he gave her a hint that he would not do it for nothing. She had a little Virtue then, and would not hearken to him ; so she made her Application to old *John* the Poet, who was so Goatish that he would have ravish'd her, swearing she should never come there again unless he had her Maidenhead. *Dolly* flew from him as she had done from *Faustus* ; but Virtue being a poor Diet, and Hunger tempting her more than the Conjurer, she resolv'd

to

to try him once more. *Faustus* was still deaf; she must oblige him, or he will not oblige her; she knows the Terms; and if he yields to them he will not only let her return, but take her a Lodging, and she shall live like a Gentlewoman. *Dolly* hearing this, could hold out no longer: And ever after, *Faustus*, who tho' he dealt with the Devil pass'd for a Saint, never fail'd stealing to her as duly as the Night came. It was she who persuaded him to recall all the old Justice's Servants, and get them Employments under his Son: It was she who introduc'd the Foundling, who some said was her Brother. In fine, she had as much Power over him as the Witch, tho' it was generally said, that *Faustus*, as much a Conjurer as he was, was bewitch'd himself, and it had not for many Years been with him as it is with other Men; so that all his Lewdness consist'd in Tippling and Chatting, and some other Gambols with her; which she was well enough contented with, having other Lovers to make up wherein he was deficient; and his Purse paid for all, as long as he had the Command of the Justice's.

MACRO

MACRO and the MINES.

IN the *Western* Parts of the Island *Atalantis*, there runs a Ridge of Mountains that rise above the Clouds; in these Mountains *Macro* pretended were Mines of Silver, to which those of *Potosi* were no more to be compar'd, than *Penmen-mawr* is to the *Pike*. This *Macro* was a Leader among the *Zealots*, and tho' the Son of one of their Mortal Enemies, he join'd with them in pretending an unlimited Passion for unlimited Monarchy. The King having play'd a Prank, which at once broke all the Laws of Property, and brought him in a vast Sum of Money, *Macro* runs immediately to him with an Address of Thanks and was made a Knight for it. He afterwards travell'd to those Silver Mountains, and upon his return to Town cry'd up the Treasure that was in their Bowels in such a manner, as if there was more danger of Silver's becoming a Drug than of any Dearth of it. By these Wiles he got a Company of Men to form a Society and put him at the Head of it; they gave him good Money, and he gave them good Paper: Nothing was talk'd of but *Macro* and his *Mines*. The

hopes

hopes of the Riches that were to be dug out of them acquired him a wonderful Credit; and he to support it affected an extraordinary Zeal for the *Temple*, which soon got him a Seat in the Senate-House. If any thing was propos'd in her Favour, it came first out of the Mouth of *Macro*; he was always haranguing for her and the Poor; Religion and Charity seem'd to be so much at his Heart, that his Partners were afraid they would drive out the Mountains. When he met them he would never talk of the Mines till he had been at his Devotion; and us'd to lead the whole Company to Vespers, as regularly as our Charity School-Masters do their School-Boys; his Ghostly Equipment being a lusty Mountaineer, with a Book under his Arm so big, that it looked rather like the *Mine-Lieger* than a Prayer Book. Happy were those Widows and Orphans that could get their small Fortunes embark'd with *Macro's*, who with great Goodness receiv'd all their little Stocks to be improv'd by his Prayers and Management. Even the Hospitals sent in their Revenues to his Bank; from whence they thought they might draw them with a double Blessing by virtue of his Piety and Prudence. Nor was the excellent *Macro* employ'd only about drawing

ing up his Ore out of the Silver Mine ; he was as sollicitous about Mens Morals as their Fortunes, and writ Books of Instructions to make them good, as well as Projects to make them rich. The *Zealots* were so transported with this *Macro*, that whenever their Opponents upbraided them with their wicked Principles and Practices ; they silenc'd them with his unspotted Character ; and he was with them the best Saint, the best Senator, the best Writer, and the best Projector in *Atalantis*. But alas ! Four acts of this *Tragy-Farce* did not go off so luckily as the last hapen'd to prove unlucky : The Widows wanted their Pensions ; the Orphans their Portions ; the Hospitals their Payment ; the Creditors their Debts ; the Partners their Dividends ; and *Macro* swears there is nothing for them but Paper and Dirt : All the Satisfaction the Injur'd could get, was a publick Degree, *Nemine Contradicente*, That *Macro* was a notorious and scandalous Cheat, a Breaker of his Trust, and a Defrauder and Oppressor of his Partners and Creditors. Which he thinks a cheap way of paying Two or Three Hundred Thousand Crowns, and with the Comfort of the Money in his Pocket visits the Temple as constantly, prays as audibly, and gives

gives his Vote with as good a Grace
as ever.



CANISTUS and IRENE.

ALMOST Two Hundred Years after the Kingdom of the *Vandals* in *Spain* was become Christian, *Canistus* a young Nobleman of an Ancient Race continued still a Pagan. His Ancestors had done Wonders against the *Franks*; and their Successors, tho' they were not of the Religion of the Country, were always on that account well receiv'd by their Kings: But the Laws forbade their being employ'd in Places of Trust and Profit; which had reduc'd the Estate of the Family to a very low Ebb; and in that Condition it fell to *Canistus*. This Lord was not a Wit of the first Order, but might justly claim a Place in the Second; and his own good Sense told him, 'twas a great Folly to be singular and poor, if there was nothing in the Religion of his Country, to which he might not conform without giving Offence to Reason or Conscience.

Conscience. He therefore admitted the Christian Priests to instruct him; and they who held every Soul to be in a State of Perdition that was not under their particular direction, so alarm'd him with Fears of his future Peril, that he gave way to the flattering Hopes of Favour, and turn'd Christian. He then shew'd an extraordinary Zeal against Paganism; and the Pagan *Franks* threatening his Nation with the Loss of their Religion and Liberties, he pawn'd all he had, to raise Men in the Defence of both; which made him one of the Prime Ministers and Favourites of his Sovereign. As new Converts are always most warm, so he could not bear the least Tenderness shewn to such as were for the Heathen Principles of Government, tending to enslave both Body and Mind. His Master, for Reasons of State, thought fit to wink at the Indulgence the Pagans met with in his Dominions, and even employ'd some who were known to be well-wishers to them; at which *Canifus* was so offended, that with great boldness he remonstrated to the King as well the Injustice, as the Imprudence of giving Employments to his inveterate Enemies, in prejudice to his most hearty Friends: And this he repeated so often with the same

same boldness, that his Master began to think him a little troublesome; and *Caniftus* finding he would not change his Measures as he would have had him, which was to admit none about him or in his Service but true Christians, and true Asserters of the *Vandal Liberties*, he quitted the Court and the Kingdom, and went to travel. He cross'd over to *Africk*, and coming to *Carthage* fell into the Acquaintance of a Lady of some Quality, whose Name was *Irene*. She had neither Youth, Beauty, Fortune nor Reputation; she had indeed the *Punick Vivacity*, which passes for Wit with such as cannot distinguish the True from the Counterfeit; but excepting that one Charm, she was possess'd of none of those which work such fatal Effects on our Sex, as to deprive them of the Use of their Understanding. *Caniftus's* Quality had been heighten'd by his Conversion, and his Estate considerably improv'd; insomuch that he might have pretended to any Match in *Europe* or *Africk*, of his Age and Rank. He had distinguish'd himself by his Gallantry, as well as by his Principles; and *Irene* was not the first Lady whose Eyes had found a way to his Heart. He was under some kind of Engagement to marry an Heiress in his

own

own Country ; and besides was of an Age when People begin to love with Reflection ; and *Irene* had no Encouragement from his Temper or Youth to think he might make an absolute Conquest of him. However, from the Minute she perceived he did not look on her with Indifference, she set forth all the Charms which Age and Experience could supply her with, embellish'd with her lively Air and frank Turn of Wit ; which instead of shocking him, took with *Canistus* as she would have had them, and he became truly enamour'd. He made Love to her in form, and she received him with a Coyne that shew'd she understood it to be honourable. He lik'd her so well, that he was afraid to undeceive her : Whether he was, that he did not believe common Fame ; or if he believ'd it, thought Nobody would know of it at Home : He sacrific'd his Reason to his Passion, and let her see that she was his Mistress. *Irene* practic'd every thing she could think of, to render her self still more lovely to *Canistus* ; and her Conversation was the Gayest that can be imagin'd. One time he took her aside in a Garden where they were walking with some Company, among whom she shin'd that Day very particularly ; and ask'd her briskly

Whether

Whether she would cross the Water with him? And she as briskly reply'd; *Affoon as he was a Pagan.* This struck *Canistus* like a Thunder-Clap; he did not expect a Word of Religion, from a Person who he thought had no more than was the Fashion, and would conform to it wherever she came: But he was a little out in his Judgment; for the Pagan Ladies are sometimes both Devout and Gallant; and have their set Hours of Devotion and Assignation; so confounding Religion and Love, that they never think themselves the worse Pagans for being general Lovers: And tho' they make no scruple to have an Intrigue with Christian, they think it a mort^l Sin to marry him. *Canistus* had not time to say more to *Irene* in the Garden, the Company coming upon them; and the rest of the Conversation was turn'd into Raillery on their leaving it. When the *Vandal* Lord return'd to his Lodgings, he reflected on what had pass'd; and had so much Zeal for his New Religion remaining, that he could not bring himself to consent to change it for *Irene*. What he might have done, had her Person been as charming as her Air, I shall not consider. It is certain, *Irene* law by his Behaviour afterwards, that if

if she intended to be his Wife, she might be
away with his being a Christian. However, he was civil to her to an Extremity,
and watch'd all Opportunities to see her
but never talk'd of Love, till she thriv'd
that Subject so much in his Way that
she could not avoid it. *What do you take, sa*
she, my Lord, to be the difficultest Thing
in the World? To part with what one loves,
plies *Canistus*. *Then, my Lord, continu*
she, you know not what Love is? I cou
say so, answer'd Canistus, till I saw Irene
Ah! says she, you would not then oblige
to make you such terrible Sacrifices —
Here she stopp'd; and Canistus assumi
a serious Air, reply'd, Madam, had you
quir'd any thing in the World of me but —
Ah! says Irene interrupting him, It is
cruel to put your Passion to further Tryal,
to desire you to renounce what I am determin'd
to embrace: For I cannot imagine, there
any Harm in a Religion that produces so much
Honour and Virtue as I have found in Ca
nistus; and I am satisfy'd, whoever has the
Happiness of being his Disciple, must of Ne
cessity become his Convert. She said this
smiling; and Canistus catching her in his
Arms, cry'd out, Are you in earnest, or
my Love the Sport of your Wit? Irene made
no difficulty of returning his Embrace, and
with equal Transport said, I am Yours, a

am Christian. To give him still more substantial Proofs of her Sincerity, she renounced Paganism even in *Carthage*, where the *African Vandals* were the most cruel Persecutors of Christianity, and suffer'd no Native to turn Christian, on Pain of Death by the most violent Tortures. But their Power was then weak, and they knowing *Canistus* was a Favourite of the *Spanish King*, whom they were afraid to offend, he having been lately victorious over the *Franks* in several Battels; they wink'd at Irene's Apostacy, as they term'd it, and permitted them both to pass freely from *Carthage* to *Italy*, from whence *Canistus* return'd to *Spain* with his new Wife and Convert. It was some Time before he brought her to Court, where her Character was already as well known as if she had spent her whole Life in it. He had taken a Disgust against the Consul and Praetor, whose Genius and Merit were so superior to his, that there were no Hopes for him of making any Figure as long as they were at the Helm. To remove them, he fell in with the Pagan *Faction*, bought a Place at Court when he had not Interest enough to get one without it, and brought his Wife thither. When she made her first Appearance there, every body was surpriz'd to find her Person had been

treated so tenderly by Fame; but they were afraid she had done the same by her Reputation too; and that as she prov'd more disagreeable than Report made her, so she might also prove more Gallant. Her lively Air, so much boasted of, was found to be no more, nor no less, than an *African Impudence*; which the Ladies could not bear without Blushing; and the Presence itself was often shock'd with the Excess of her Vivacity, which was the same as we in our Days meet with in the *Pit* and *Side-Boxes*. Her tawny Hue look'd hideous to the Fair *Vandals* of *Spain*; and all who saw her, thought *Canistus* bewitch'd in bringing her out of her own Country to be a Sight and Disgrace to his. Yet he grew daily more and more fond of her; and that Fondness making him mistake her *Punick Cunning* for *True Wisdom*, he gave himself up intirely to her Government. It was she who advised him to side with the *Pagans*, whose Religion she was always commanding, and upbraiding him with her own and his Apostacy. It was she who put him upon keeping a Correspondence with the King of the *Franks*, who had found Means to convey a Shower of Gold into her Lap. It was she who made him abandon all his former State Friends and State Principles, and es-

pose

ouse those that had before driven him out of Spain. And what is still more amazing, it was she who in his Old Age prevail'd on him to desert his Religion, as he had done his Principles and Friends, and return to the *Pagan Idolatry*, which they both privately profess'd again; while in publick, they continued in the Profession of the pure Christian Worship of his Country. The only Instance of a Man, who having had Resolution enough to venture the Loss of a Mistress for the sake of his Conscience, could not withstand the Inveigling of a Wife: Which, in Charity to his Understanding, one cannot impute to any thing but his being grown Old and Impotent, and consequently oblig'd to make up in Complacency, what he wanted in Vigor, for fear of the Revenge either of the Wife or the *African*.



ISSAMENE.

ISSAMENE was the Daughter of a rich Knight in the North of *Atalantis*, who doated on her as long as he liv'd; and when he dy'd, left her a Hundred Thousand

Crowns for her Portion ; whereas he gave all his other Daughters but Ten, which made them hate their Sister *Issamene* after his Death, as much as they envy'd her before. The Young Lady was Beautiful, Witty, and so Airy, that it might have affected her Reputation, had she not always taken Care to defend it by her Company. Among others, she contracted a Friendship with a Lady, whose Husband was of the Party of the *Zealots* ; a Senator, and, in his own Opinion, as good an Orator as *Demosthenes*. He had got an Estate by Extortion and Corruption, and a Seat in the Senate by Bigotry and Bribery. His Wife endearing herself so much to *Issamene*, that she would never leave her in Town or Country. When her Husband went to the Senate, she always accompany'd him to Town, and *Issamene* her. They were never seen asunder. At the Park, the Opera, the Play, the Assembly, every where they came and went together. The Wife, who was as cunning as her Husband was covetous, drew her in at last, under Pretence of her being cheated by her Old Guardian, to chuse her Husband for a New One. *Issamene* was overjoyed that he would undertake so troublesome an Office, and thought herself in the Hands of the best Friend, and the honestest Man upon Earth.

Earth. The Senator for a while humour'd her in every Thing, took Notice of her Thrift which her Old Guardian had bred her to, and rally'd her on her Oeconomy, putting her on all the modest Extravagances, to ingratiate himself with her by this generous way of treating her. There was no need of much Artifice to tempt a young Lady of her *Goût* to Extravagance; she out-shin'd the brightest *Belles* in the Front Box, and at the *Birth-night* made the finest Appearance. Her Jewels, her Silks, her Laces, her Linnen, were all exquisite in their Kind; and it was in every one's Mouth, that even her Hundred Thousand Crowns would not long answer her Expence. Such a Lady, with such Qualities, and such an Estate, could not but have gain'd a Thousand Adorers. *Damon*, an Old Batchelor, of a good Family, a great deal of Wit, and a small Fortune, was one of them; and his Wit and Gallantry would have carried her from a Thousand Dressing, Dancing, Singing Fops; if the Guardian had not whisper'd him in the Ear as he came out of the Senate House, that *Iffamene had spent her all, and depended now on his Charity*. *Damon*, who had liv'd all his Life on a pitiful Pension for a Man of his Quality, and wanted Money, not a Wife, from that time left off his Visits

to *Iffamene*; which touch'd her so much, that she all at once from the Height of Gaiety fell into an Extreme of Melancholy, and into a Negligence that border'd on Stupidity. Her Guardian guessing at the Cause, and fearing she would become a Lunatick, to prevent Trouble from her Relations and Friends as soon as she came of Age, which was in a very little Time, gave her in an Account of her whole Estate; so long, and so intricate, that had she been in the Vigor of her Sense, it might have made her mad to examine it. He pretended an hundred Excuses for doing it, and desired a Release from her, which she readily gave him, trusting to his Word for her future Subsistence. For about a Quarter of a Year he us'd her as before. He then began to give her Ill Words, and Ill Looks; his Wife did the same. Weary of this Usage, she begg'd to be remov'd to some other House. They sent her Two Hundred Miles off to board at a Peasant's Farm. They never wrote to her, or took care to pay the Peasant, tho' he sent Letter after Letter to demand it. The Churl, angry both with them and her, suffer'd his Wife to put *Iffamene* on all her Household Drudgery; and she was the Slave of the Family. When she could drudge no longer for them, the Peasant arrests

arrests her for her Board, and throws her into Goal, where she lay many Months upon the bare Boards, subsisting on the Goal and Scraps of charitable People; happy only in having lost so much of her Reason, that she was insensible of her Condition.



CLOE and CLODIUS.

CLOE had a Mother of the same Character as her own; which will be well enough known before we have done with it. But who was her Father, is as much a Secret as who was *Banquo's*; however a very honest Gentleman own'd her, to save his Wife's Credit as well as his own, he having had no Commerce with her for some Years when *Cloe* came into the World. As she grew up, she grew Proud and Wanton; and the People of Gallantry about Town soon saw she would be one of their Company. *Horatio* was one of the first who look'd upon her with wishing Eyes; and was possess'd of so many Charms, Wit, Quality, Fortune, Generosity, Vivacity and Vigor, that *Cloe*

no sooner observ'd those wishing Eyes of his, than she return'd them with so much Softness, and at the same time with so much Fire, that *Horatio* resolv'd at all Ventures to possess her. Besides that she was not of equal Birth, and could no way pretend to be his Wife, *Horatio* was known to have renounc'd all Thoughts of Marriage, and profess'd to be as free in his Love as he was in his Religion, in which he was by no means too strict. *Cloe* never consider'd this, but hearing he always used his Mistresses well, thought of nothing but how she might fly to his Arms. The Father having Intimation of the Intrigue, watch'd them close; and coming to an Eclaircissement with *Horatio*, told him, he would not be on a Level with him in a Quarrel, and that he had a Blunderbus always ready to defend his Daughter's Virtue. *Cloe's* Invention sav'd her Love from Peril; and making her Escape her own way, she met *Horatio* at a Time and Place concerted between them by Letters; and he was as happy as Youth and Beauty could make him. *Horatio* answer'd all her Expectations, and was as Fond, and as Generous, as she could wish: But *Cloe* being younger a great deal than her Lover, took a Fancy to change him for *Clodius*, a Friend of his, of equal Quality and Fortune,

fortune, but wanting all the other Charms, with which *Horatio* was bless'd. He had sense, but employ'd it only in contriving Means to enlarge his Estate. He had courage, but it lessen'd as his Wealth increas'd, and was so doubtful in his Old age, that the State did not think fit to venture it. He was not Proud, but his Humility had something of Baseness in it, which made him contemptible when he affected to be popular. His Companions were such as had been excluded all other Society; very much below him in Rank and Understanding, the Dregs of the Degree of Gentlemen, and generally Soldiers and Sharpers; to whom he lent his Name, always taking Care to part with nothing else. He was an Enemy to Letters, and those that lov'd them. He never gave any Thing, but in a manner that discharg'd the Obligation. He was for a while for the *Mean* in Religion, because he had none, and thought it look'd most generous: But when the Extreme was the Fashion, he for the same Reason, his having none, fell in with it to make his Market by the *Change*. In Love he was Brutal, and shew'd he took no Pleasure in it but for his own sake. *Horatio* and he were for a long time of the same Party; and the former knowing him in his best

Days, when he past for a Man of some Honour, with the Foible of Avarice, contracted a Friendship with him, and made him his Confidant as well in his Amours as in his Politicks. *Clodius* perceiving *Cloe's* Advances to him, presently forgot his Friendship to *Horatio*, and met them with as much Warmth as a Man could, whose Interest was his predominant Passion. He had however such a Reserve for his Friend that he would not take her from him without he consented. It was contriv'd between him and *Cloe*, that she should do every Thing she could to make him uneasy; and she acted that Part so well, being weary of him, and naturally ill-natur'd, that *Horatio* was as willing to get rid of her, as *Cloe* was to have him; and in great Confidence discover'd his Mind to *Clodius*, who with as great Freedom told him, *I
be agreed to it, he would take her himself.* *With all my Heart*, says *Horatio*. After this they two so manag'd the Matter to save Appearances, it was never known, even to *Cloe*, that *Horatio* had himself given her up to *Clodius*. His Mistress had run very much in Debt by her Extravagance; and her Gallant suffering her to be Arrested, she sent to *Clodius* to discharge her. He accordingly came presently to the Place of Durance, where she was detain'd, and

and took her Person, her Debts, and all
the Charges on himself. *Horatio* being
extremely well pleased, that he was so
easily deliver'd from a Woman with whom
he found he could not be happy.

A Continuation

O F

CLOE and CLODIUS.

CLODIUS in his Youth was so great a Rake, that he did not stick at the worst of Means to support his Profusion. He made nothing of robbing the Family; and his Father having detected him in one of his Burglaries, complain'd of him to the King, whom he begg'd heartily to hang him. The King knowing Clodius's Father was the greatest Miser in his Dominions, and would not allow such a Son as Clodius sufficient to keep him from Temptation, made a Jest of it, to the great Mortification of the Old Usurer. After his Death, Clodius became much more his Likeness in his Morals than he was in his Features, and out-did even him, if it was possible, in Avarice: Which not agreeing

agreeing with *Cloe's* expensive Humour, she always rally'd him upon it. But *Cladius* could bear that well enough, as long as he sav'd his Money: However, it had this Effect, that it created a Jealousy of her keeping still a secret Commerce with *Horatio*, and that his Friend and she had put a Trick upon him, to save her first Lover the Charge, and preserve him still the Pleasure of the Amour. How to find it out he could not till. He watch'd her continually, had her dogg'd wherever she went, try'd the old Device of pretending Journeys into the Country, and returning unexpectedly; yet all would not do. He knew how to pick Locks as well as any of the Fraternity, yet *Cloe's* Cabinet was impenetrable; it had Lock within Lock, and double Wards and Keys to every one of them; which increas'd his Jealousy, and made him impatient to come at the Inside of it. There was nothing he could think of, which he did not put in Practice to effect it. He parted Beds, and deny'd himself a Joy he was as much transported with as *Cloe*, to bring her to his Lure. He observ'd her so narrowly, that she had no Opportunity to put another Lover in his Place; but finding it had no Effect upon her, and lying on the same Floor, it was not above a Night or two that he punish'd himself

himself in that Tryal of her. He had search'd her Pockets a thousand times when she was asleep, but the Keys were always so well conceal'd, he could never find them. At last he thought of a Way which he believ'd infallible; for knowing she ever went into the Country without them, he got three or four Troopers of his own Troop, he being a Colonel of Horse, to beset his Coach, and rob them both, which they did almost in Sight of the King's own House. They stopp'd his Coach, took away every Penny from him, and did the same by *Cloe*. But her Keys were so well hid that the Robbers could not a long while discover them; and their strict Search for what she knew could be of no Use to them, made her suspect the Deceit, and take Care to prevent the Success. She got into a Hackney Coach that accidentally came by, drove like a Fury to her Lodgings, and in the same Coach remov'd the Cabinet to a Place of Safety, pretending to *Clodius*, it was to save some Jewels that were in it. For as he took no notice of the Fraud to her, so she seem'd not to observe it, and to be in Pain only for her Diamonds, resolving however to find out the Truth of it if it was possible. She had more cunning than *Clodius* himself, and dissembled her Concern for her Keys

Keys so well, that he verily believ'd she thought the Robbers had carry'd them off. *Clodius* drank freely that Night, and forgetting he had the Keys in his Pocket went to Bed with them there, and a Dose in his Head, which threw him into a sound Sleep, as soon as he had laid it on the Pillow; *Cloe* presently examin'd his Pockets, found her Keys and put them under her Head. As soon as they awok in the Morning she fell a Laughing, and *Clodius* leaping out of Bed ran to his Breeches, where he was satisfy'd of his Plot's being discover'd, and curs'd the Fumbling Troopers for being no more dextrous; whereas the Fellows had done their Business very cleverly, and did not imagine *Clodius* would have given them leave to carry their Search as far as they were forc'd to do, till he wink'd at them, and gave them to understand they might rummag any where without Offence, they neither of them being very delicate in those Matters. *Clodius* confess'd the Stratagem, and that she had been too hard for him. *Cloe* bid him set his Heart at Rest, for she would conceal nothing from him that concern'd either him or *Horatio*, but that the Content of the Cabinet related entirely to her own Family, and were a Trust committed to her by her Mother, with a Design to keep it from

rom her Father, and deliver it to her Brother when she saw him, for they were then five or Six Thousand Miles asunder. She, who did not use to be serious, speaking his with a grave Air, and it being more than ever she would condescend to tell him before, he was so well pleas'd, that he took her to his Arms, and thank'd her in the most obliging manner for pardoning his Curiosity, and giving him such Satisfaction. After this he thought no more of it; and Cloe perceiving he gave over any Concern about it, brought back the Cabinet to her Closet, whence *Clodius* never knew she had remov'd it. But it happening not long after, that Cloe coming from the Play, which had been crowded that Night, upon an extraordinary Occasion, and being with Child, was so faint for want of Air, that as soon as she got Home, and out of her Chair, where he was ready to receive her, he fell into his Arms, in a gentle Swoon: *Clodius* laying her in an easy Chair in the Parlour, rung for Help. The Servants not coming so quick as he expected, and he hearing something gingle in her Pockets in the Bustle, div'd into them, and was once more Master of the Keys; Cloe having lately taken less Care of them than she us'd to do, and *Clodius* seeming to have forgot them. When the Servants came in,

he

he sent for a Physician and Apothecary, she continuing still in a fainting Fit till she was reviv'd by their Spirits and Cordials, and put to Bed with an Opiate. *Clodius* had now as much Time as he pleas'd to examine her Cabinet, where he indeed discover'd who was hers, and who was her Brother's true Father, and her Mother's dying Charge to her Brother to respect him as such. The Man was a Steward, whom her Husband employ'd to look after an Estate he had in another Country, and whom his reputed Son, *Cloe's* Brother, continu'd in the same Station, not knowing how nearly he was related to him; and the Man, from the Mother's Character, having little reason to think he was more his Son than another's: The young Heir, as great a Brute as ever liv'd, us'd him more like a Slave than a Steward, which his Mother, fearing his Temper, endeavour'd by this Means to prevent. *Clodius*, who had heard a Hundred Tales of her, was not at all surpriz'd at it, and laid the Papers by as he found them. At length he spy'd a small Bundle ty'd with a Green and Silver Ribband, and on the Top written, *From Strephon*. This was the Treasure he wanted. He unty'd the String, open'd the Bundle, and found the Letters of a young City Prentice who had liv'd

y'd with a Friend of Cloe's Father; wherein he discover'd that *Horatio* had been as much a Bubble as himself; and that the Young Citizen had been before both of them, having promis'd her Marriage, and taken earnest of its Joys. That he had been with Child by him, but happily miscarry'd while he was beyond Sea, here he remain'd some Years; and dying while *Cloe* liv'd with *Horatio*, she preserv'd his Letters as the precious Pledges of her first Love and her first Joy. *Cloesus* finding *Horatio* had her on the same foot as himself, was contented, lock'd up the Cabinet, put the Keys in her Pocket, and left her to her Repose, never giving her the least Hint of his Discovery; fearing if she knew it, and he did not use her worse upon it, it might encourage her to have some other Intrigue; of which it was too plain she was very susceptible.



DOMITIUS and the MAIDENHEAD.

THE last Advices from *Atalantis* bring an Account of the Death of *Domitius*; and the Party of the *Zealots* cry up his

his Religion and Politicks to such a Degree, that one would think he had left his Fellow behind him. Now, because it must be own'd he was their Head and the Champion of their Temple and Priests, it will doubtless be a very great Satisfaction to them to know how he came by him, and by what Steps he rose to the highest Offices in the State.

IMMEDIATELY after the Death of the Usurper *Crunvello*, he was very instrumental in the Restoration of King *Roland*, a Prince of a great deal of Wit, and insatiate Appetite in Gallantry. *Domitius* made his Court at first by the Merit of his Services, till he found he might stand with it as did Thousands more, if he had nothing else to recommend him; and perceiving that those who rose fastest, were such as made Use of the Ladies; tho' therwise he had a very great Indifference or rather Aversion to the Sex, he resolved to get into their good Graces, as the rest did, and so make his Fortune. He had a Wife who seem'd to be the Counterpart of *Honestia*, the most Cursed Shrew in all *Atalantis*; and if she once grew jealous of him, King *Roland's* Crown would not have made his Life easy. This Consideration, and his having been rebuff'd in one Attempt or two, made him give over all

Thought

thoughts of advancing himself by the Woman; till luckily an Accident happen'd when he least thought of it, by which, to Woman, he ow'd his Advancement. A Countryman of his, a plain, downright, royal Knight, coming to Town with his Wife and Daughter to buy Cloaths, and the King, carried his Household to Court with him. The King no sooner saw the Young Lady, who was about Sixteen, than he took a Liking to her, and deed lov'd her as much as a King could love, who had so much Business for at Passion, He look'd very kindly on Roger, and would have redubb'd him, had not my Lady told his Majesty Her house had been a Knight from his Cradle. He saluted her Ladyship, and kiss'd Miss over and over; which they were all wonderfully pleas'd with. The Knight, my lady and Miss return'd to their Lodgings Transport, and soon after went into the country to communicate their Happiness their Neighbours, and talk of it as long as they liv'd. When King Roland saw Domitius next, he enquir'd of Miss, and whether she was in Town still? Domitius reply'd, Her Father had carry'd her home with him, and she was never like to come to Court again: No, says the King, 'tis pity such a pretty Creature should be bury'd alive; and if I have

I have ever a Friend in the World, we shall see her again before Christmas. Domitius took the Hint, and making a very low Bow assur'd his Majesty that Charge should be his, and doubted not but in a little while to give a good Account of his Commission. A week past he drive Domitius and his Wife after the Knight, who had not been many Days at his House before he was surpriz'd with a Visit from them. Domitius had been Friend and Companion of his before he follow'd the Court; he then threw him off with the rest of his Old Acquaintance, to have no Clogs in the Way to his Present. 'Tis easy to imagine both Domitius and his Wife were very welcome to the Knight and my Lady, who, besides a Store of Poultry and good Ale, entertain them with Abundance on the Story of how much the King made of them: They have never done with it; and how often he has kiss'd their Daughter. One Day and Night pass'd thus over, and thus another. Domitius, who was all the while on the Ready, his Head being full of other sorts of Things, not having an Opportunity to execute his Commission; at last told his Errand to his Wife, and that if they could accomplish it, they should be made for ever. Then needed not many Arguments in the Case. The good Woman bid him say no more.

or to-morrow he should have Miss in his
coach, and might drive where he pleas'd
with her. Domitius embrac'd her for the
merry, and vow'd she should share with
him in all his good Fortune. His Wife be-
ing press'd to stay, by the Knight and my-
lady, said, Her Husband was a Courtier,
and so taken up with Affairs of State, she
wonder'd how he could be so long absent; ad-
ding, She was sure there was not a Man
alive besides the King and Sir Roger, who
could have kept him so long; but that
she and herself were so delighted with
their Company, especially with Miss's,
which was the most Engaging in the World,
that they cou'd not think of parting. My
lady smil'd, Miss simper'd, and Sir Ro-
ger chuckt her under the Chin: In short,
Domitius and his Wife would stay no lon-
ger on any other Terms, than that they
should have Miss home with them for a
week or two; which, with a great deal of
difficulty, was yielded to by Father and
other. So Domitius and his Wife stay'd
other Day and Night in the best Humour
that could be; and a thousand times they
had it over what a good Kisser King Roland
was; the Wife wishing she was Sixteen a-
gain for his Sake. The next Morning Do-
mitius and his Consort took Miss into their
coach with them, telling her all the way
fine

fine Stories how bravely the King's Ma-
stresses liv'd ; how they went as fine as
many Queens ; were serv'd in Gold ; ha-
d their Coaches and Six ; their City-Hou-
se and Country-Houses ; their Train and Equ-
age like Princesses, and every now an-
then came in a Word of King *Roland*'s good
Humour, and his particular Love for Miss
whom, says she, *He's always talking of*
they had not been at their House above
Day or two, before *Domitius* pretended Let-
ters from Court, requiring him to come
with all possible Speed, and his Wife mu-
st go with him : *Truly not she*, says Madam
Who shall stay with Miss then ? Why I
shall go too, replies *Domitius* : *And when*
Business is done, which it will be in two
three Days, we'll come down into the Countr
and be as merry as Mirth can make us. Mi-
ss was out of her Wits with Hopes of seeing
King *Roland* again, and to Town they
were very jollily, where, as soon as they cam-
to their Inn, *Domitius* took a Hackney
Coach, and drove to Court to acquaint
the King that Miss was there, and to know
his Pleasure what he should do with her.
His Majesty, impatient to see his dearest
Creature, bid him stay, and he wou'd go
with him. *Domitius* dispatch'd a Trusty
Messenger to his Wife to put all things in
Order for his Reception. Miss was dress'd

M was gay as a little Angel, and left alone
the best Room in the House; where
g Roland coming *Incognito*, caught her
his Arms, and she fell into such a Fit
Trembling for Fear and Joy, that she
dly knew what was the Matter, till
was undone. Her Royal Gallant gave
the best Words he could think of,
his Rewards were not more pleasing
his Promises: He kiss'd away the
rs from her Cheeks, presented her
a very fine Jewel, and ordered *Do-*
us to proivde her a Lodging, where
visited her, as often as he had Leisure
Inclination; and in a few Months
wing cold to her, it gave others Encou-
ement to grow warm, which finish'd her
n. The Fury of the Knight when he
rd of his Daughter's Flight to Town,
ot to be expres'd. He follow'd *Domi-*
with a Brace of Pistols, swearing he
ld be the Death of him where-ever he
him. But *Domitius* and his Wife had
ted their Lodgings, as well as their Inn;
he being only to be met with at Court,
Knight was forc'd to carry back his
tols, without meeting either *Domitius* or
Daughter, comforting himself with the
utary Doctrine of *Passive Obedience*:
hile *Domitius* being enter'd thus into the
ng's Confidence, advanc'd further and
further

further, till he jostled out all that stood between him and the first Dignity.



JULIO and BELINDA.

BE L I N D A's Husband had spent his own Fortune and her's, by that time she was Twenty-five Years old. They were both well born, but he was a younger Brother, and never worth above Four or Five Thousand Crowns; whereas she had Twelve Thousand with *Belinda*. They liv'd as long as it lasted, as if their yearly Income had been as much. *Belinda* left to him to take Care of providing for her after, and was very easy in the Life she led. They were so vain as to keep a Coach as some others have done on the same Bottom; who, as soon as they get Tick with a Coach-maker and Jocky, or have a little ready Money before-hand, presently set up their Chariot, tho' in Two or Three Months Time, their whole Equipage is swept by an Execution. It was no wonder to see the Fool *Bævius* in his gilt Chariot this Week, and the next staring through the Counter-Gates, when *Varus*, a Man

Vit, set him the Example. A Humour
hich has prevail'd on more Wits than one,
hom I have known with great Pride loll-
ng it in a gay Chariot in *May*, and foot-
g it with as good a Grace in *December*:
oolishly fancying, when in their Glory,
at it brighten'd their Merit; and when
Eclipse, that their Merit hid their Ob-
urity. Vanity is so much the Mistress
f some Men and Women, that for a Tem-
porary Appearance they become insensible
f Disgrace; and are blind to the Con-
empt which justly attends them, as well
as their borrowed Splendor, as their real
overty. It was thus with *Belinda* and
er Husband. And their Coach was in the
ing all the Season, as constantly as *Corin-*
a's, who knows every Face there, and is
own of no body. The first Thing that
ent was this dear Convenience: Their
ewels and Plate follow'd; then their
household Goods. Thus in Three or Four
ears, they found themselves reduc'd to a
odging and one Servant; which they
ad no Prospect to keep long, unless some-
thing or other happen'd luckily to recruit
hem. *Belinda* was Pretty, Airy, and
ref'sd well to the last. Her Husband try'd
he Groom-Porters, but that was worse
han all the rest. For out of the last Hun-
red Crowns he lost Fifty. He fell there
D into

into the Acquaintance of some Officers, and having Mettle enough was perswaded by them to sollicit a Company. His Elder Brother had Ten Thousand Crowns a Year, and was a Man of Interest with the Party of the *Zealots*: But all he wou'd do for him was a Letter to *Julio*, to tell him the Bearer was his Brother, had spent what he had, and now wanted to get into the Army: In which, if he had an Opportunity to serve him, he shou'd be oblig'd to him. *Julio*, who was us'd to receive such Epistles, put it in his Pocket, and thought no more of it. The Husband attended daily, was the first and last at his Levee. In a word, he waited till he was deny'd Admittance by the Porter; and he swore *he wou'd starve, rather than he wou'd go to him again*. *Belinda*, who did not like to hear of starving, said, *I'll try my Luck*. *Your Pardon for that, Madam*, reply'd the Husband: *There is not a lewder Dog living than Julio; and I will not be a Cuckold for a Commission*. *You may trust me*, says *Belinda*; *but if you think not, I will not make you uneasy*. The remaining Fifty Crowns were gone in half as many Days. Debts began to arise high, and Duns to be insufferable. *Belinda* had pawn'd her Cloaths and Linnen to a Suit or two, and just enough to keep her self clean, which she always

ways took particular Care of. *Julio*, who had seen them often in the Park, met them the Day in the *Mall*, walking together for Want of Money to change their Company, and looking Amourously on *Belinda*, chid her Husband for not coming to him, assuring him that his Commission was ready. *Belinda* and her Spouse return'd him Thanks with great Submission; and the good Man was so transported with this frank Offer, that he cou'd not but take him for a Man of Honour. He was at his Office early the next Morning; but coming alone it was only an Occasion of renewing his Attendance as before, and to as little Purpose: Having every Day thought himself sure of doing the Busines, and bragg'd of it to his Companions, he was ashame'd to be balkt; and said one Night to *Belinda*, *I find you must fetch it; but if you wrong me, it will be the Death of both of us.* *Belinda* bad him not to disturb himself: *For tho' she wou'd put a Constraint on herself so far as to obey him in going to Julio, she wou'd sooner dye than be unfaithful to him.* He embrac'd her, and said, *I will believe thee.* The next Morning *Belinda*, very neatly dress'd, drove in a Hackney-Coach to his Office; and sending for one of the Clerks out, ask'd, *if Julio was there?* Being told he was, she sent

sent in her Name ; and he was so Gallant as to fetch her from the Coach in Person. She let him know her Errand, and he begging a Thousand Pardons for his Forgetfulness, promis'd her, if she wou'd give herself the trouble to call the next Day in the Afternoon, or tell him where he shou'd wait upon her, he wou'd bring the Commission. She thank'd him, and he took the Liberty to kiss her with great Respect. But his Eyes shew'd sufficiently the Mischief that was in his Heart, which drew the Blushes into Belinda's Cheeks ; and he was so fir'd, that he kis'd her Lips and Breasts with a Fierceness that is better conceiv'd than express'd. Belinda, fearing she had gone too far, forc'd herself from him : but so obligingly, that it rather invited a Second Embrace, than forbad it. He presl her to tell him, where he shou'd bring it. She said, Her Husband shou'd pay his Duty to him, and take it. He reply'd, Then he shou'd see her no more, and that wou'd not do. In the end, Belinda, overjoy'd that she had suceeded so well, said, The Place must be his ; for she knew of none, unless he wou'd come to their Lodgings, which, tho' she was not afraid of her Honour, she suppos'd would not be convenient for either of them. A China House was mentioned, and Belinda met him there as by Chance ; where

here he gave her the Commission, and a Cabinet worth a thousand Crowns. They drank a Bottle of Champaigne ; and Julio found Belinda so easy while he contented himself with small Favours, that he put it to her to consent to the last, and nam'd a house of Assignment which he us'd, for their Meeting the next Day. He wou'd not accept of any Denial or Excuse. *It must be so : He shall dye, if she refuses him ; if she complies, they will both be the happiest of Mortals.* Whether it was his Generosity, his Gaiety, his Vigor, his Caresses, or the Wine that warm'd her, she forgot her self ; and amidst a hundred Kisses with which he almost stifled her, she cry'd, *I'll come.* Julio, who forgot himself as much as she, was even then so happy, that had the new Captain seen it, he wou'd have thought he had paid for his Commission. However, he was not as yet a Cuckold. And Belinda, recollecting her self, said, *You will ruin me*, and broke from his Arms. Julio curs'd the Loss of the present Minute ; but flattering himself with the Hopes of To-morrow, they parted. Belinda sent home her Cabinet, and carry'd the Commission with her ; which she gave her Husband, telling him, *He might trust her, for she found she was a Match for Julio ; he having obtain'd nothing of her in return.*

return for both the Commission and Cabinet which she need conceal from him. She prevaricated a little in this, representing the Matter so favourably, and with such an Air of Sincerity, that her Husband believ'd she had been tempted, and had resisted the Tempter. The Cabinet pleased him very much, the Commission much more: And tho' for the Shame of it, he was not willing to be quite a Cuckold yet he wou'd have given his Wife a little more Liberty for two such Presents. He had felt the Smart of Want, and saw plainly it was their own Fault, if they did not secure themselves against it for the future. *Julio* had no great Character for Courage, and the new Captain had convers'd with the Soldiery so much of late that he cou'd act the Brave, as well as any body. He had not much Delicacy in the Point of Honour: An Indifference he acquir'd by his Company, who taught him not to take a Lye, or a Look, on Pain of Death; but to sharp and bite as much as he cou'd with Safety and Secrecy. These Notions, and *Julio's* Reputation for Cowardice, put him upon a Trick, which was unworthy his Birth and his Post. Having heard his Wife's Story out, and she resolving not to give *Julio* the Meeting, he bad her Go, for he wou'd

ventures

venture her, and they wou'd make their Market of it. She dissuaded him with Tears, but he wou'd not hearken to it. He only oblig'd her to promise him to leave the Chamber Door on the Jar, and so to manage her self that *Julio* might not be happier than he had hitherto been. This was a Tryal too strong for human Nature, and very dangerous every Way for *Belinda*. 'Twas not likely that *Julio*, having her in a Place prepar'd for Love, wou'd part with her on any other Terms, than the giving her self up entirely to his Pleasure. Why else comes she there? It is impossible to prevent it: and the Consent of the Husband is so far from extenuating, that it aggravates the Crime, in her being such a Slave to his Interest. Besides, that Consent lasts no longer than he has Occasion for it: He will deny it when he has gain'd his Ends, and throw all the Guilt and Infamy on her. *Belinda*, whether she thought she cou'd keep *Julio* off with kind Words and Kisses; whether she did not care if he was kept off at all, or hop'd her Husband wou'd come time enough to save her from Extremities, yielded to his Command, and met her Lover at the Hour and Place appointed. The Husband watch'd them narrowly. *Julio*, as one might expect, after some struggling

prevail'd upon *Belinda* to go to Bed, into which he leapt immediately after her: So impatient, that he forgot to look to the Door. Indeed the House was so much at his Devotion, that he cared not if it had been open. The Captain endeavour'd to nick them, that he might enter at the Instant. The Chronicle is short here, and in spite to *Belinda*, has left it doubtful whether her Husband came so soon as she pretended. But come he did in a most dreadful Fury: He drew his Sword: *Julio* leapt out of Bed faster than he had leapt in, and, being naked, begg'd his Life of the Captain; who bid him take his Sword, and defend himself. *Julio* made Excuses. The Husband swore he would have Satisfaction. *Julio* demanded what he insisted on? Five Thousand Crowns, says the Captain; who came for Money, and not a Combat. *Julio*, rejoicing at this Turn, cry'd out, Sir, 'tis too little, you shall have Ten; and immediately gave it him in Bills; assuring him, he was sorry for what bad pass'd, and must take it all on himself; who had tempted the most virtuous of Wives to that Indecency, which had gone no farther than he saw; that he wou'd never see her more, but wou'd always be his Friend. The Husband was very well satisfy'd with having the Money in his Pocket,

ocket, took his Wife's and *Julio's* Word, and they all Three with great Frankness turn'd the Matter into a Jest as well as they cou'd, drinking and laughing away the rest of the Evening, and parting the best Friends in the World.



CLODIUS and CLELIA.

CLELIA, with a great deal of Beauty, had so much Simplicity that nobody, but such a Brute as *Clodius*, cou'd have had the Heart to injure her. She was so tender and compassionate, that she felt every one's Pains and Misfortunes; and had so little Cruelty in her Nature, that it was scarce sufficient to defend her Virtue. If the Tale of Love reach'd her Ear, it was plain it wou'd soon melt her soft Bosom; and her Mother kept her under a strict Discipline, to prevent the Danger she was threatned with from the Easiness of her Temper; especially because her Portion, which was thirty thousand Crowns, was at her own Disposal. It was her hard Hap, that *Clodius* was quarter'd in the Neighbourhood of the Place where she liv'd, when he was young and Captain of Horse. His Quality gave

him Access to all Companies ; and *Clelia's* Mother cou'd not handsomely be so singular as to forbid him her House, which he frequented more than others, having from the first Minute he saw the Daughter, form'd a Design against her. She was then about Eighteen, and *Clodius* not Sixteen ; yet his Cunning was an Overmatch for her Age ; and he no sooner talkt to her of Love, than she ask'd, *I be would marry her.* He cou'd not help promising her he wou'd ; and she press'd him to keep his Word with her so prettily, as often as he press'd her to comply with him, that he came to a Resolution to gratify her ; but in such a Manner as might leave him at Liberty to make his Marriage valid or not valid, as he thought fit. The Chaplain to the Regiment was a sickly consumptive Creature, whose Life no-body expected. Him he brought to a Tenant's House of *Clelia's*, and there marry'd her, without Witnesses, as had been concert'd before ; he pretending if his Father knew of it he shou'd be undone, and engaging her to keep from all the World, till he had got him to consent ; which he did not question he shou'd do in a little while. Poor *Clelia* was as faithful to him as his own Wishes ; for with her Hand she had given him her whole Soul, and thought

f nothing but to please him, which was
he only Pleasure she was capable of. *Clodius*, who was very often in Town, made
her pay for the Joy she had in his Presence,
in the Torment his Absence gave her, her
Invention not being strong enough to con-
trive so many Excuses to follow him, for
fear her Mother shou'd find out the A-
mour: Which alas! cou'd be no longer
hid: For it appear'd she was with Child;
and she refusing to confess the Marriage
or the Father, her Mother turn'd her out
of Doors with all the Circumstances of
Rage and Horror, that an incens'd Parent
cou'd shew on such an Occasion; which
she answer'd only with Prayers and Floods
of Tears, and remov'd to that Tenant's
where she us'd to meet her *Clodius*, as
well before as after her Marriage. The
Tenant and his Wife were the Confidants
of the Intrigue, all but the Marriage,
which *Clodius* wou'd have kept from them:
And both he and *Clelia* were so generous
to them, that they made their Meetings
at their House, as convenient as they cou'd
wifh. *Clodius* came to her, comforted her,
and promised her, as soon as the Child
was born he wou'd present it to his Fa-
ther, which he doubted not would re-
concile them to him. All this while he
was pillaging her, and feeding his Extra-
vagancies.

vagancies from her Purse. She gave him whatever he ask'd, with more Joy than he took it, and would never let him leave her without filling his Pockets; Living herself contented at the Farmer's Table, while he was flinging her Crowns away at *Locket's* and the *Blue Posts*; laughing at the Bubble he had left in the Country. A sad Bubble indeed, of whose Honour and Fortune he was so prodigal. *Clelia* in less than a Year was deliver'd of a Daughter, which was kept as private as cou'd be. But however it was known, or violently suspected, and she patiently suffer'd under the Character of a Mistress for his sake, contenting her self that her Conscience was clear, and that he would have it so. *Clodius* visited her with all possible Privacy, having at the same time an Amour on Foot, which was to put an End to this, and to *Clelia's* Comfort for ever. His Father had provided him a Wife with a Fortune suitable to his own; and the Priest who marry'd him to *Clelia* being dead, he made no Scruple to make that Lady his Wife too, and to abandon and disown the former. What was the most barbarous Circumstance of this melancholy Affair, was his chusing to be himself the Messenger of these killing Tidings. He had lately chang'd his Conduct towards *Clelia*, and been

een always out of Humour when he came
to her; which he seldom did but when he
wanted Money. She continu'd to supply
him chearfully, looking on every thing that
was her's to be his own. He had spent her
Thirty Thousand Crowns to Six or Seven
Thousand; and 'twas happy for *Clelia* that
he marry'd as he did, or he had left her
nothing but a Child in the Cradle. Her
Money she did not think of, nor of recov-
ering him any way but by Sweetness,
Obedience, and an entire Resignation to
his Will. When he enter'd her Chamber
she was a-bed, and expected he wou'd have
come to her as usual, he having never for-
born it till now upon his Second Marriage.
Clelia seeing him walk up and down mu-
sing, endeavour'd to divert him as well as
she could, and with her Native Simplicity
desir'd him to come to her. He fullenly
reply'd, *He must do so no more; for he was
Marry'd.* She burst out into a Torrent of
Tears: *Marry'd, My Lord?* says she, *Have
you, can you have any other Wife but me?
Sure I am you can have none who respects you,
who loves you, who doats on you, as I do.* He
cut her short: *Clelia, it was not for my In-
terest or yours, that our Marriage should be
valid: The Priest is dead: There is no Proof
of it; and if you will be satisfied, I'll help
you to a Husband with whom you may be happy;*
if

if not, you will plague your self, not me : For after this Time we shall meet no more, except you comply with these Conditions, and disown your Marriage, as I have done, and shall do as long as I live. Clelia had just Strength enough to throw herself out of Bed at his Feet. *Ah, Clodius, cry'd she, what Husband can I have but you ? Ah, stab me, kill me, but do not leave me. Let me see you live with you ; let me wait on that happy Woman, who is your new Wife, to be always near my Clodius. There is nothing in the World I will not do to please her, if it will please you.* Ah, Clodius, continu'd she seeing him go ; *Ah, my Husband !* With that he broke from her, and she fell into Swoon. In which he left her, telling the People of the House, *She was not well, and they had best see what was the Matter with her.* As Clelia had not Fire enough in her Constitution to transport her to Phrenzy, she sunk under her Sorrow, and became perfectly stupid. She had some Intervals of Reason, which she pass'd in Complaint of Clodius's Ingratitude. All the Satisfaction she met with in the remaining Part of her unhappy Life, was to hear Clodius forsook his Second Wife, as soon as he had forsaken her ; and after an innumerable Variety of Amours, gave himself up to Cloe. Her Revenge was in assuming the Name

ame of *Clodia*, and giving it to her daughter, She liv'd in a pining, lan-
ishing Condition Ten Years, and was
deated of the rest of her Estate by her
enant, who, after her Death, turn'd her
daughter upon *Clodius*; and he could not
for shame but take some Care of her Edu-
cation, tho' he took little of her Marriage;
giving her to an Advocate, who in a few
Months spent what he had with her; and
both she and her Son were afterwards
maintain'd by the Charity even of *Cloe*,
to keep 'em from that of the Parish.



The THREE SISTERS.

N the Reign of King *Roland*, there was a certain Knight who had three Daughters, the maddest Girls in the Country. They hunted with the keenest Sportsmen, leapt every Thing with the boldest of. The Knight was a Man of Temper; at the Three Daughters such furious Zeal, that they preferr'd ev'n *Virginity* to *Ecclesiasm* or *Moderation*, and wou'd have no commerce with any body who was not of their own Faction, the Neighbouring Gentlemen

Gentlemen being mostly of the other Party. The youngest of the Three Sisters was past her Twentieth, and yet none of them had been ever told she was handsome, which made them almost despair of being happier. This gave the sharper Edge to their Zeal, and they were for hanging and burning all that oppos'd them. It happen'd that Three or Four ignorant *Enthusiasts* were condemn'd to the Gallows for a sort of Insurrection thereabouts, to which they were provok'd by the continual Oppressions of Priests and Informers. The Knight's Three Daughters rode in all their Gaiety to be Spectators of the Tragedy, and insulted the Poor Wretches in their last Moments, looking with cruel Pleasure on their dying Agonies. They were always most busy in discovering the forbidden Assemblies of the Schismatics; and treated those of their own Sex whom they found there, with the same Language they would have deserv'd, had they been taken in the Stews. The Knight was continually chiding them for their Religious Impertinence; but that was all. As he was himself no Friend to Schism, so he lov'd his Ease too well to quarrel with them further about it. He had no more Children, and could not tell how to help it. They were all of a Mind; and if he will be easy, he must

just be patient. He contented himself as well as he could with their Management of themselves and him; but they thought his very Presence a Reproof of their Irregularities; and to rid themselves of it, contriv'd to hasten him out of the World by Poyson. This was no hard matter for them to effect: He had all his Food from them, and they might do what they pleas'd with him. Accordingly they poyson'd Mess of Broth, and one of them car'd it herself to see him swallow it, fearing to trust any of the Servants: The Youngest of the three Sisters being struck with Remorse, ran to her Father to discover the Plot: She entred the Room just as he began to eat the Broth, and striking the Porringer out of his Hands, fell on her Knees, and told him the whole Story. The Father, in the most terrible Surprize, call'd his other Daughter to be turn'd out of the Chamber, made the Experiment on a Dog, which dy'd with lapping the Poyson'd Broth; and having expell'd the two Elder Daughters his House forever, settled all he had upon the Youngest: who continued as great a Zealot as before, and out of Hatred to the Principles of her husband, whom some time after she was prevail'd upon to marry, made herself as Infamous

Infamous for her Adulteries, as her Sisters were for their intended Parricide.



The DREAM.

THERE are other Countries in the World besides *Atalantis*, as *England*, *France*, *Spain*, &c. and the Manners of the Inhabitants are so much the same, that one would not think they were so many Thousand Leagues asunder. The Men are alike Faithless, Ungrateful, Tricking, Covetous, Proud, and Revengeful. The Women Intriguing, Interested, Bigotted, Amorous, and Inconstant. Whoever has read *La Bruyere's Description of a People* Eleven Hundred Leagues from the *Hurons* and *Iroquois*, would take them to *French*, as much as if he was at *Paris* or *Versailles*.

I have heard of a Country, says he, where the Old Men are Gallant, Polite and Civil: The young Men, on the contrary, Stubborn, Wild, without either Manners or Civility. They are free from Passion for Women at the Age when in other Countries they

n to feel it; and prefer Beasts, Victuals, and ridiculous Amours before them. Amongst these People, he is Sober who is never drunk with any thing but Wine: The too frequent use of it has render'd it flat and insipid to them: They endeavour by Brandy and other strong Liquors to quicken their Taste, already extinguish'd; and want nothing to compleat their Debaucheries, but to drink Aqua Fortis.

The Women of that Country hasten the Decay of their Beauty, by their Artifices to prevent it: They paint their Cheeks, Eyebrows, and Shoulders, which they lay open, together with their Breasts, Arms, and Ears; as if they were afraid to hide those Places they think will please, and never think they shew enough of them. The Physiognomies of the people of that Country are not at all neat, confus'd and embarrass'd with a Bundle of coarse Hair, which they prefer before their natural: With this they weave something to cover their Heads, which descends down half of their Bodies, hides their Features, and renders you from knowing Men by their Faces. This Nation has besides this, their God and their King. The Grandees go every Day at a certain Hour to a Temple they call a Church: the upper End of that Temple there stands an Altar consecrated to their God, where the Priest celebrates some Mysteries which they call Holy, Sacred, and Tremendous

dous. The great Men make a vast Circle at the Foot of the Altar, standing with their Backs to the Priest and the Holy Mysterie, and their Faces erected towards their King who is seen on his Knees upon a Throne, and to whom they seem to direct the Desires of their Hearts, and all their Devotion. However, in this Custom there is to be remarked a sort of Subordination; for the People appear adoring their Prince, and their Prince adoring God. The Inhabitants of this Region call it —. 'Tis some Forty eight Degrees of Latitude, and more than Elec Hundred Leagues by Sea from the Iroquois and Hurons.

I also have heard talk of a Country where the Old Men are Lewd and Prodigal; the Young, Crafty and Politick. Where one may be a Man of Honour without Morals, and Religious without Charity: Where not to frequent the Temple is the surest Sign of loving it; and to believe Contradictions, the Test of Right Judgment: Where the Reward of Victory is Disgrace, and Gratitude is coupled with Sedition: Where Reason varies with the Seasons; and what was Loyalty one Year is Faction the next. Where Peril is counted with Pride, and Security rejected with Disdain. Where Love produces Hate and Antipathy.

Sympathy's the Mother of Friendship. Where Riches create Contempt, and Poverty's the Way to Popularity. Where Temperance is Brutal, and Riot Polite: it detested, and Beauty shocking. How the Country is from the *Iroquois* and *Hurons*, I never enquir'd, nor concerning their Garb or their Worship; taking it for granted, that a Nation of this Make must be extravagant in every Thing, and that their King must be a God to bring 'em to their Senses.

The Occasion of this Digression was a Dream of *Cloe's*, which, she being an Inhabitant of *Atalantis*, shews the Gallants of all Ages and Climates are the same; and that tho' those Islanders were Ten Thousand Leagues farther from us and the *nch* than they are, we could give 'em little for Tale, as pat as if they had been made on Purpose. If *Cloe* was as Devout as she was Amorous: If she rose from the embraces of her Lover, to participate of their solemn Sacrifices, have not some Christian Mistresses done as much? Do you not read of a King of *England's* Miss, who was continually on her Knees when the King had no Occasion for her, she was not taken up with her Priests contriving the Destruction of the *Lords*: These Devout Ladies having always

ways been the most cruel Persecutors of Religion in others, tho' they thought it amiable in themselves. It was of her King Edward the IVth us'd to say, *She was the Holiest Harlot in the Kingdom*; as whom no Man could get out of a Church unless it was to his Bed; and she scarce express'd more Extasy in his Arms, than in the Transports of her Devotion. The French History furnishes us with another Illustrious Example of this kind, in the Character of the Dutchesse of Valentine, Mistress to Henry the II^d, who was the greatest Enemy the Hugonots ever had, and the most devout and Religious Lady in France. Her Device being a Tomb, of which rose an Arrow with several Green Sprays, and these Words written on it, *Sicut vivit in illo*, as living only in Heaven. A Proof that Cloe's Story is not singular, nor the Island of *Atalantis* much different from our own.

IN Cloe's Village liv'd Halo the Prieur, who solliciting for a Company of Flocksmen, had the Cure of a Country Flock given him; and he exchang'd the Temporal Drum for the Ecclesiastick. The Man was no Fool, but so proud, that he thought it did an Honour to the Services he performed in the Temple, and that the Good Angels were oblig'd to him for doing it. He

on the Men by his Precise Look, and upon the Women by his Prim Dress. He had the Form of Godliness in every Thing but his Morals, and of Eloquence in every thing but his Sermons. He spoke Trifles with as good a Grace as if they had been Sentences; and set a Value upon Nothing the best of any of his Order. He lov'd Money better than Praise, and Respect better than Love. His Learning was like his Religion, all outside. His Zeal Hot, without Judgment; Bold, without Truth; and Rigid, without Virtue. He was as Covetous as he was Covetous; would have sav'd all his Flock for a Ninth instead of Tenth; and for an Eighth would have damn'd them. He ow'd his Chastity to his Impotence, and his Temperance to his Constitution. In short, he was a Hypocrite as he was a Priest, a Coxcomb as he was a Man, a Pedant as he was a Scholar; hated or despis'd by every body but Women and Fools. A fit Confessor for Cloe; whom he sold Heaven for Fifty Crowns a Year in Twelve Monthly Payments, and for a Bribe admitted her to the Holy Mysteries: The Occasion of it was this.

Cloe had several Children by Clodius, liv'd in an habitual Course of Lewdness with him, till she was seiz'd with a Distemper

Distemper which made him forsake his Bed, tho' he was bewitch'd to her Company. This Disgrace was the more grievous, for that it was known to their servants, and the Neighbours began to speak of it as the Fore-runner of their Separation. To prevent the Scandal of a Castle Mistress, she try'd all her Arts; but succeeded only in this, that she render'd herself useful to *Clodius* in his Household-fairs, suffering none of his Domesticks to cheat him, but herself. When she found he had not Courage to leave her, she turned off their parting Bed to her Glory, and gave out she had forworn all future Commerce with him, out of pure Conscience: Being terrify'd by a Dream, that she had conceived a Fire, and having brought it forth, it encompass'd her with sulphurous Flames, in which she continu'd burning till she awoke. This so frightened her that, as she pretended, she made a Publick Vow to live like a Vestal for the Remainder of her Days. *Halo* heard her Confession, took her Money, and gave her a solution. *Cloe* still living with *Clodius*, a Chastity which would be much more Blessing to her, if it was not so much Pain.

CLODIUS and DELIA.

DELIA was young, but not very handsome. She was fat, and had red hair. But she had Money, and that was what *Clodius* wanted most in his Amours; having little besides a moderate Post, to maintain one of the most extravagant Humours in *Atalantis*. *Clodius* possessing in the first and last Stages of his Life, Two of the most opposite Characters in Nature; passing from the lewdest Excess of Profusion, to the vilest Extreme of Avarice. *Delia's* Father was a Mechanick, and her Breeding answerable to her Birth. *Clodius* did not care for that: She was a Fool, and had Ten Thousand Crowns; which was Temptation enough for him. She was so vain as to think he courted her in Marriage; and when he demanded the Favour of her as a Proof of her Passion, she demanded Matrimony as an Evidence of his. This balk'd him at once; and he left her with a Resolution to see her no more. *Delia*, who was proud of a Lover of his Quality, was inconsolable at the Loss of him. A Week's Absence so humbled her, that she condescended to write to him, and did it as passionately as she could.

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Clodius

Clodius was easily reconcil'd. *Delia* talk'd no more of Marriage, nor kept any thing from him which was in her Power to give him. But he had other sorts of Mistresses than *Delia*, and when he found he could not come at her Money, he left her again with the same Resolution as before. She who now had nothing in her Head but Love and *Clodius*, try'd all ways to recover him; but all in vain. He continually teaz'd her for Supplies; which she gave him as long as she had a Crown left at her own Disposal. There was a Law in the City she liv'd in, that all Moneys put into the Town-house for the Use of a Female Orphan, should not be drawn thence, by the Man who swore he was her Husband. *Clodius* could have promis'd Marriage with a safe Conscience, and he had thought of it no more: Yet for a good while he could not bring himself to swear it, not because he thought it was a Crime to do, but because he was afraid an Officer might bind him. This Dilemma he knew not how to get over, and therefore was fain to solv'd to abandon *Delia* to her Despatch. But being as dissolute as the errant Rake in *Atalantis*, in one of his mad Rambles he kill'd a Fellow that happen'd in his Way; and his Father was so far from hastening to deliver him from the Danger,

was in, that he was glad he was like to be by that means rid of him. *Clodius* was afraid to stand Tryal. His Guilt was too evident, and his Character corroborated. What to do he could not tell. He was promis'd a Pardon for Six Thousand Crowns; but he could as easily have rais'd King's Ransom. In this Strait he again had Recourse to *Delia*; told her his Misfortune, and the Peril it had brought him into. The poor Girl was frightened more than he, and would gladly have pawn'd all she had to the last Penny, to save him. There was no other way for him to have her Money, but by swearing she was his Wife. He no longer hesitated at an Oath on which his Life depended: He demanded her Portion in Form, swore he was marry'd to her, receiv'd the Money and purhas'd his Pardon. But as soon as he was safe, he made a Jest of her and his Oath: And *Delia*, who could never set Eyes on him afterwards, liv'd to see the Daughter he had by him subsist by the very Folly that had made the Mother a Beggar.

CLODIUS and PHRYNE's Brother.

PHRYNE was one of the prettiest Women in *Atalantis*. She had marry'd a Gentleman of a good Estate who lov'd his Bottle better than his Wife, and having had an Heir by her, thought all the Ends of Matrimony answer'd. If he did not part Beds, it was more out of Decency than Love he living with her in a Negligence which would have provok'd any Woman but *Phryne* to have taken a severe Vengeance. She was not above Five and Twenty, was Fair, well Shap'd, Witty, and so Virtuous that she would not admit of the least Appearance of Gallantry which was incompatible with Virtue. She had Lovers; but if she knew it she presently avoided them to give no manner of Occasion of Scandal which never touch'd her; and her Husband was look'd upon to be the dullest happiest Wretch in the whole Island. Her Brother was a Companion of *Clodius's* who, having spent what was left him, liv'd by Play, and had Money or none as Luck went. The Run having been a long time against him, and all his Friends be-

ing tir'd with Lending, was at last so reduc'd that he wanted a Crown for his Club, which *Clodius* refus'd to lend him. He had observ'd that he never talk'd of his Sister without Transport, and laid himself open to a Bribe of Five hundred Crowns to procure her for him. *Clodius* gave him a Hundred in Hand to encourage him, and lose to *Phryne*, who lov'd Play as well as her Brother, but had the Discretion not to hurt herself by it. He was for a Week or two very assiduous in his Visits, which she wonder'd at, he seldom coming above once or twice a Year before that Time. He would now lose Ten or Twenty Crowns a Night to her, and *Clodius* constantly reimbur'd him, tho' all that while he was not so much as mention'd; for had *Phryne* conceiv'd the least Jealousy of her Brother's Design upon her, her Doors had always been shut against him. *Clodius* in the end grew impatient, to which the parting with his Money very much contributed, and let *Phryne*'s Brother know, that if he did not find some better Effects of his Management he should with-hold his Bounty. The Brother, fearing to lose the remaining Four Hundred Crowns, so contriv'd the Matter, that some merry Fellows kept the Husband out all Night, and he admitted the Lover privately into his House and Bed-chamber,

where he grop'd his way to Bed, while *Phryne* and her Brother stay'd up at *Picket*. The Brother lock'd *Clodius* in for fear of the Servants, and pretended to his Sister 'twas to prevent her going to Bed a Winner; *Phryne* enquir'd whether her Husband was come, and he telling her he was gone fuddled to Bed, he had no great Difficulty to persuade her to play on. One may imagine what *Clodius*'s Head was full of, and how eager his Expectations were. But *Phryne*'s Brother would not let her stir till it was so late that she had sent all her Servants to Bed, and some time after was for going her self in a wonderful good Humour, having won twenty Crowns running. Her Brother gave her the Key of her Bed-Chamber, and when she had unlock'd the Door put out the Candle, as if by Accident. She would have call'd up her Servants: But he said, *By no means; I can find the Way, if you can; we kept them up too late, and will not disturb the House to Night.* *Phryne* took hold of the Excuse, undress'd her self in the Dark, and threw her self into Bed to *Clodius*, who, as had been before concert'd between him and her Brother, acted the Sot till he thought he had her safe, and then took her to his Arms with such Fury that she soon distinguish'd the Difference between his

his Embrace and her Husband's. It is impossible to express the Surprize she was in. She was a thousand times about to cry out, but Shame stopp'd her Mouth, and Love by degrees became triumphant. It cou'd not be worse than it had been. Her Husband was a Brute. Her Brother was the Occasion of it. Joy made her think her self innocent, because she had been ignorant. She dissembled the Mistake till it was Light, and *Clodius* driving away her Tears with his Kisses, she rose her self to let out her Lover, and let in her Husband, with whom her Servants found her a-bed in the Morning; no body but her self, *Clodius* and her Brother, ever knowing the good Man was a Cuckold; for she liv'd and dy'd with the Character of the most faithful Wife in the World.



O T H O.

O T H O wanted nothing to recommend him to the Esteem of Mankind, but Wit, Manners, and Virtue. He had a fine Name, a large Inheritance, and his Person was every way agreeable: But he was a Bubble to Fools, and a Cully to Jilts.

Jilts. His Friends were such as none else would converse with. His Mistresses such as none else cou'd love. He had the same Sense of Beauty in Women, and Merit in Men, and valu'd neither if there was any Difficulty in coming at it. He lov'd that Company that wou'd be content with his Quality, and those Women who would be satisfy'd with his Purse. Thus he was hardly known among Persons of his own Rank but by his Name; and while he thought himself one of the happiest Men alive, was a general Object of Contempt or Pity. In a word, he was a Courtier without Breeding, a Politician without Sense, and a Zealot without Religion. He had a Wife, whom he was the only Person in the World that did not respect; and a Mistress, whom he was the only Person in the World that did not despise. His Wife with a vast Fortune had every other Quality that makes a Woman amiable. His Mistress had not one that was engaging, but her Sex. She was too young to be capable of the Pleasure of Love, and too old to be innocent. Never did Creature shew so early as she a Disposition to Vice, nor so early put it in Practice. She us'd to steal from the Boarding-School at nine Years old, to tipple in an House of ill Fame, and had lost her Reputation before

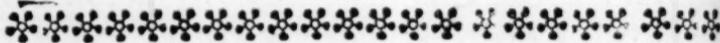
before she could lose her Maiden head. She never knew what Modesty was ; Impudence being so familiar to her, that she look'd on Decency as Impertinence ; and wore Petticoats only because it was the Fashion. *Otho*, whose House was by the Side of a River, seeing her pass by one Summer's Evening in a Boat, spoke to her as rudely as was the manner of the Vulgar, and had as rude an Answer. He took this for Wit and Gaiety, follow'd her to a Garden of Pleasure, and thence to her Lodgings. He grew afterwards so fond of her, that his Constancy became troublesome, and she was so weary of him that even his Money did not please her. *Otho* complain'd of this to a Domestick of his, whose Function made him a very improper Confident in an Amour : He had an Itch of Scribbling ; and because he could rhyme took himself for a Poet. *Otho* was in the same Mistake ; and this usurp'd Talent pass'd him upon his Patron for one of the brightest Genius's, tho, he was the dullest Wight in *Atalantis*. To this Person *Otho* communicated his Misfortune, and begg'd him by his Eloquence, which he took to be irresistible, to endeavour to reclaim her. But alas ! What did all his Endeavours and Eloquence come to ? The young Jilt soon made a Conquest of

the Reverend Bard ; and the Vexation that her Inconstancy gave *Otho*, added a Relish to the Joys of the new Lover. It happen'd some time after, a She-Poet made her sulsom Addresses to the Generous *Otho*, who, not knowing how to distinguish Flattery from Praise, was wonderfully delighted with her fustian Compliments, and employ'd his Domestick to pay her his Acknowledgments, not only in her own Kind, but also in Money. The Man, not considering his own Character and hers, takes that infamous Office upon him, and gives the lewdest Wretch in the Island a Certificate of her Virtue and Honour, which she exposes on all Occasions ; and amidst her Lewdness and Infamy, is the greatest Fury of a Zealot that it ever produc'd. Thus was the unhappy *Otho* surrounded by Persons of both Sexes, who took as little Care of his Reputation as of their own ; putting him upon all the Extravagances that reduce the Noble and Rich to Poverty and Contempt ; assuring him, that fiery Zeal would surmount all Opposition, and the Flame of it out-shine all the impurer Flames that devour'd him. *Otho* had furnish'd a pretty House not far from the City for this inconstant Girl, and thither he us'd to go frequently, when she shew'd him any Tenderness ; but having entrusted his domes-

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tick Bard with his Amour, he waited for the Effects of his sage Admonitions to reclaim her. The Poet told him from time to time, that he did not doubt of bringing her to herself, and routing all the Army of Lovers with which her Castle was daily besieг'd. In the mean while he was himself his most powerful and happy Rival. *Otho*, impatient to have her once more in his Arms, orders his Coach to drive thither one Evening, when the Bard happen'd to be in Bed with his Mistress. He rapt at the Chamber Door. The Girl knew his Lordly Knock; and tho' she was not much frightened, as not much valuing him, the Terrors of the Poet put her Wits to work to conceal him. As good Luck would have it, the Chimney was full of Boughs and Greens, and the Bard, at a hint from her, crept in behind them. *Otho* was then admitted; the Girl acted the fond Part to the Life. The Lover was transported, and having staid with her about Two Hours, he rose to play away the rest of the Night at the Groom-Porters; but having occasion to make use of a Looking-Glass, which had unhappily been forgotten by the Chamber-maid, he in haste ran to the Chimney, and discharg'd his liquid Burthen on the Boughs and his Rival, which he water'd all over as cleverly as if a Gardener.

a Gardener had done it with his Watering-pot ; his Face, his Eyes, his Nose, his Mouth, every Part had its Share of the Shower. The Girl had Compassion of him as soon as *Otho* was gone ; she took off his Shirt and sent him home in one of her Shifts. *Otho* and his Poet being not more constant than their Mistress, she threw herself on the World, and before she was Twenty had had as many Gallants as the *Roman Harlot*, who was careſſ'd by a whole Legion.



M A U R A.

THE Reign of King *Roland* was one of the merriest that ever was : Love and a Bottle were the main Business ; and the Politician found his Wit was worth nothing, unless it was to improve his own Pleasures, and contribute to his Master's. There was a Gentleman of a very particular *Gout* in his Way of Living. He rose always when others went to Bed ; lay at the Top of his House, and lodg'd his Servants in the first Floor ; painted the Outside of it, and left it Wainscot within ; and had as many Names as the Knight of St.

St. George, all alluding to his Contempt of Day; as *Lucifer*, *Break-a-Day*, and the like; in which he was only rival'd by a puny Sot, who never got drunk for two or three Days, but he was forced to diet himself a Month afterwards. *Lucifer*, about some forty Years ago, coming home before Day-light, which he always us'd to bring along with him, in a fond Fit got his Wife with Child, and by this Means has the World been so happy in *Maura*, who nine Months after made her self first known to it. Her amorous Disposition was visible before she got into her Teens; and at Twelve it was a Question, who cou'd drink most, She or her Father. Wine is not the best Guaranty of a Maidenhead; and whether she made a Present of it to her Husband *Maurus* or to the Butler, my Memoirs do not determine. *Maurus* was of all Mankind the fittest Match she cou'd have met with. He was vain and prodigal; he lov'd Shew and Luxury. He was a great Pretender to Business; and if he was not rich, he had Cunning enough to live as if he was, and to be thought so. His Birth was mean, his Education in a Pantry. The first Traffick he drove was in Old Shoos and broken Bottles; but Fortune and his Conscience acted so happily in Concert, that having

having left his Master just enough to bury him, he set up for himself with his Stock; and by Gaming, Jobbing, Tricking, and good Luck, if he did not get an Estate, he got the Credit of one; to which he in time added the Appearance, by rais'g a stately Edifice for *Maura* in the Country, where he was willing to send her, that if she cou'd not give over her Intrigues, she might at least conceal them. But that was not at all agreeable to *Maura's* Humour: If she had a Lover she would have it known, to raise the Envy of all the Neighbouring Belles and Coquets. the Pleasure of Love was nothing to her to the Pleasure of shewing it. She took a Pride to dress her self like a *Diana*, and rid about the Woods with her Swains array'd all in their Rural Liveries. Her Lovers knew her Vanity, and gave themselves no Trouble to keep their Happiness a Secret. They boasted of her Favours, and she boasted of theirs. Every body knew *Maurus* was a Cuckold; and as he would often say himself, that was the only Thing that made Cuckoldom troublesome; People were so impertinent as to point at him where-ever he went, as if a Cuckold had been as rare an Animal as a *Rhinoceros*. *Maurus* often begg'd his Wife to have a little Compassion of him,

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and she might do what she would if she did it with Discretion. *Maura* laugh'd at the Fool's Stupidity, who was not sensible of the Glory there is in Gallantry: And leaving him to the Flouts and Fleers of all the Clowns in the Country (for when he travell'd through the Villages, it was as bad as running the Gauntlet) she was every Day visited by some new Gallant; and at last the Number of her Lovers became so large, that had they been muster'd together, they would have look'd rather like an Army than an Assembly. The most distinguish'd of them was *Nessus* a Common Sharper, who, to the Scandal of the Quality of the Island, was admitted into their Cabinets when he ought to have been sent to the Gibbet. The Fellow was an odd Composition of Cowardise and Impudence, of Pleasantry and Non-sense; and had he not been too much a Rascal would have made a finish'd Coxcomb. But a Rogue has something too horrible in him to make a Subject for Satyr, and instead of making a Jest of *Nessus*, one cannot think of him without trembling: So many Bubbles has he reduc'd to Beggary, so many Heirs sent to the Armies, so many Heireffes to the Stews; yet in all publick Places who but *Nessus*, for the Marshal of their Pleasures? *Nessus* is Treasurer

furer to the Ball, and Banker to the Basset. *Nessus* raps at my Lady's Bed-chamber, and enters it as freely as if he was to dress her: *Nessus* calls for Chocolate, and cries, Damn him, if it is not ready he'll vanish, for he has Fifty Visits to make, and the Ladies will be all stirring else. *Nessus* kisses the Wife and cocks at the Husbands; lives with the Women as *Horner* did, because their Husbands are in hopes that he'll be contented with cheating them. He had the Reputation of Courage, till he was kick'd out of a Coffee-house for want of Half a Crown to pay an old Debt, and denying it rather than discover his Indigence. For with all his Bubbles, *Nessus* is himself a Bubble, and spends on a common Strumpet, what the less common ones lavish on him. This *Man of Honour* was *Maura*'s Reigning Favourite, and to entertain him in the cool Summer Evenings she had an Arbor built over a River, about half a Mile from her House, where she us'd to lock her self up to give a Loose to Love and Wine, and that with so much Excess and Extravagance, that one dares not suffer it to live in one's Memory. The open Sashes, joyous Airs, amorous Toy-ing, flowing Glasses; the wild Mixture of Intemperance and Passion, the glowing Cheeks,

Cheeks, humid Eyes, and all the wanton Images of Riot and Lust, were there display'd, and with so much Licence as if they both were proud of giving such Offence to the blushing Spectators. When *Maurus* return'd to his *Villa*, this Incident was too flagrant not to come to his Knowledge; he had put up a Thousand Affronts of this kind, but this he could not bear; it was too outrageous. He flies to *Lucifer*, breaks out into the most violent Passion; ' damns him and his Daughter, and threatens to be reveng'd in the most exemplary manner. The Father curses her as much as the Husband, exasperates him the more, and swears he will himself be Witness of his Vengeance. In this Rage they ran to *Maura's* Chamber, where they find her a-bed meditating on the Extasy of the past Evening, and enjoying those Raptures in Imagination. *Maurus* with inexpressible Vehemence upbraided her with her Infamy and his, and taking her out of Bed lash'd her with his Horse-whip in her Father's Presence: The old Man animating him to continue his Discipline, when he was about to give over; till she fell on her Knees, promis'd Amendment of Life, and begg'd both their Pardons: Which having obtain'd, she went to Bed again, slept

Maurus's

Maurus's Lashes out of her Head, and *Nessus's* softer Embraces into it ; order'd her Coach to be got ready as soon as her Husband was a Horseback, to return to the City ; and before he was Two Leagues on his Way, *Nessus* and *Maura*, the one like a River God, the other like a River Nymph, acted the former Scene over again ; which she compleated with the Loss of Four Hundred Crowns to her Lover ; and not having Money enough to pay him, he had the Gallantry to take her Necklace in Pawn for it ; and at the next Assembly his own dirty Mistrels appear'd with it, to the terrible Mortification of *Maura*, and the wonderful Delight of the whole Company. The Priest of the *Villa* having at the Desire of *Maurus* undertaken to school his Wife for her late Pranks, she flung a Glass of Wine in his Face ; and what mortify'd him much more, turn'd him out without giving him another. The Priest takes an Opportunity to shew his Resentment, and by a set Discourse reproves her ill Conduct, which was so far from having any Effect upon *Maura*, that the next Time she went to the Temple she carry'd her Monkey with her, and plac'd him over-against the *Tripos*, to chatter and make Mouths while the Sacred Oracles were dispensing. The Scandal

Scandal of which was the greater, for that no body was so zealous for the Temple as was *Maura*. She would drink, She would love, She would play with none that were not for the *Temple*. *Maura* was a Leader of that Party, and had by his affected Zeal acquir'd the Reputation of a Wise, Experienc'd Person; insomuch that he and his Wife thought the State could not subsist without him. But as to his other Abilities, *Maura* always made a Jest of him; and as she was far from endeavouring to conceal her Lewdness, so was she from Ambition in the Practice of it. Her very Servants were in the List of her Lovers, and the Butler so forward and familiar, that he could not help kissing her, and toying with her, even before Company; to which she would only say, *What an impudent Rascal he is; but, hang him, he's such a pleasant Rogue, I can't have the Heart to part with him.* She did not serve a Footman of her's so tenderly. *Maura* after the fashion of the French Ladies, made no scruple to let her Footman buckle her shoes, and if she lik'd any one of them she wou'd often be garter'd by him to view her fine Leg. She had once a Fellow, who was either ignorant of her Meaning, or out of Respect to her pretended

ed to be so. He having ty'd her Garters, she ask'd him, *If that Favour had no Effect upon him?* The Fool bow'd, and was going away. *Ay, Ay, Get thee gone,* said she, *for a Blockhead.* I will have no such stupid Creatures about me; and the next Day paid him off, and turn'd him out of her Service. Not content with this open Enjoyment of her own lewd Desires, she encourag'd it in her Servants of both Sexes. And her whole House follow'd the Example of their Mistress. She her self would frequently be one among them, and took a Delight to see them play their wanton Pranks when they were tipsy. She had a very capacious Bowl of the finest *China*, which she us'd to fill with a certain Liquor, call'd, in the Language of the Country, *Punch*, and *Nessus* and his Companions were her most welcome Guests to it; when, with a noble Emulation she endeavour'd to demonstrate to them, that she was not the weakest Vessel. This Bowl in one of her Frolicks she fill'd for her Servants only making an Order that none of the Females should partake of it, unless they cou'd leap over it. The Bowl was plac'd in the middle of the Room. The Maids as their Mistress had done before 'em, flung all that was under their Petticoats

over it with great Nimblenes; and just as they were about to begin the Combat with it, comes *Maurus*, to the Terror of his Wife and Domesticks. As for being caught over a Punch-bowl, that gave her no manner of Disquiet; but to be surpriz'd in that Company, she was afraid would expose her too much; and that she might not be thought to have made it for them, she presently snatch'd it up and threw it out at the Window, where, what she valu'd much more than the Bowl, the dear Liquor as well as the *China*, became a Sacrifice to her Fears of *Maurus*. At other Times she wou'd give them Wine and Money for merry Bouts and amorous Assignations; and when they were in the Middle of their Jollity, the Candles must be put out, that she might come in for a Share of the Pastime. She happen'd one Night to fall to the Coachman's Lot; who finding by Dress that his Fortune was better than he expected, resolv'd to know who she was, and made a Cross in her Back with a Piece of Chalk, which he told to the Laundry-maid, and she to the rest of the Household. A little after, she came into the Hall and call'd for a Light; the Servants ran in with Candles, and she march'd in the midst of them, dress'd in a Black-Silk Mantua, with

with the Cross of St. Andrew starin
them in the Face; at which they all bur
out a laughing; and one of them rub
bing it out, she was so far from being a
sham'd of it, that she only cry'd, *I'll*
too hard for him next Time, I'll warranty
This Incident, tho' not of the same Kin
in all the Parts of it, puts me in mind
the Story of a great Lady of the Cou
in the same Reign, which was a Reign
Love and Pleasure. This Lady, who w
by no means a Vestal, cast her Eyes
a Valet belonging to a Prince of the
Court, one of the handsomest Men of his
Time; and his Valet did not come short
of him; which procur'd him many
Blessing, that the greatest Lords sough
after in vain. The Lady had a Confidence
in her Family, whom she made use of in her
Amours, and him she engag'd to go on
her Errand to the Valet, with whom he
had till then no Acquaintance. In Ob
dience to his Lady's Commands he took
the Valet to the Tavern, gave him a
Bottle of Wine, and told him, it was
his Power to be as happy as even his
Master. In short, he confess'd to him
that there was a Lady of great Quality
in love with him, but for Reasons she did
not think fit to declare, he must not see
her, nor know her. The Fellow mad

no Difficulty of embracing the Party on my Lady's own Terms ; which were, that he should come to a certain Place appointed, where he was to be led blind-fold to that of Assignation with the Lady. Accordingly, he met his Brother Valet, put himself into his Hands, who ty'd his Handkerchife before his Eyes. led him thro' many Turnings and Windings to an Apartment, where there was not the least Glimpse of Light. But as far as his other Senses cou'd help him, every Thing was inviting. The Valet found that he was left by a Lady's Bed-side; and as he had ventur'd so far, he was resolv'd to go into it. A Word was not said on either Side : He was receiv'd as well as he cou'd have wish'd for ; and about two Hours after, his Brother Valet came for him, help'd dress him ; and, blindfold as he was, led him back the same Way as they came. This Adventure, as extraordinary as it was, he renew'd several times, and was well enough paid for it. But at last his Curiosity was such, that he resolv'd to regale his Sight, as well as his other Senses, and carrying a Wax-Candle in his Pocket, with Tools to strike a Light, he took hold of an Opportunity while my Lady was taking a Nap, struck a Light, discover'd who she was

was, put it out again, and was afterwards led off as usual. The Lady had an Intrigue with his Master, whom he acquainted with what had happen'd, and the Novelty of the Adventure made him desirous to experiment it. As there was no great Dissemblance between them, either in Shape or Features; and as the Time of Assignation was generally in the Dusk of the Evening, it was no hard Matter for the Prince, disguis'd in his own Livery, to put himself in the Valet's Place; which he did at the next Appointment; was blinded, and led as his Man us'd to be to her Ladyship, whom he soon made acquainted with his Person and Quality. The Agreement being, that not a Word shou'd be said; the Lady took no Notice of the Discovery, but when he was napping, stole out of Bed and put a dirty old Drab of her Family in her Room. The Prince lay till Day light, and the Handkerchief being drop off, found, to his Confusion, a wither'd wrinkled Hag in his Arms. The old Woman endeavour'd to make up with Fondness, what she wanted in Youth and Beauty, as her Lady had instructed her. The Prince thinking he had no body else in Bed with him, was enrag'd at his Vale for putting that Trick upon him; wen

Home

Home immediately, said nothing, but drubb'd him soundly, and sent him packing. Thus was the Lady's Reputation sav'd, and by the very Means the Rogue took to ruin it; every one laugh'd at the Prince's Amour, and no body believ'd it to be any thing but a Trick of the Lady to be reveng'd on him for his Inconstancy.

To return to *Maura*. It happen'd that her Husband was oblig'd to make a Voyage on some important Negotiation: For the World was as much mistaken in *Maurus's* Politicks as they were in his Fortune. They took him to be Rich, and he was a Beggar. They took him to be Wife, and he was a Fool. In this Absence of his, *Nessus* was not content to come within half a Mile of her; *Maurus's* House and Bed were his. There was nothing but Balls and Entertainments. The whole Time was one continual Riot. *Maurus* at his Return found his Purse and his Cellar empty. But the Traffick he had made fill'd both again. And if Wine did not put an end to his Wife's Amours with her Life, the Law was most likely to make a Widow of her.



The AFFRIGHTED LOVER.

UNDER the Reign of a late Vice-Roy of *Hibernia*, who was a Person of great Magnificence, and besides the Favour of his Master, which he enjoyed in a great Portion, was Lord of a vast Patrimonial Estate, which enabled him to keep one of the best Provincial Courts in the whole Empire: His own Family was numerous; his Daughters were arrived to that Age, in which their Sex begins to be sensible of their Privileges; and their Beauties gave them no unreasonable Pretences to think they had the Prerogative of all others of the Country, as well in Right of their Perfections as Quality. His Three Sons were now all well accomplish'd; but the eldest, *Ossorio*, was a Person who had given those Proofs of his Courage and Abilities to the World, that he was deservedly reputed one of the bravest Gentlemen alive; his Successes in the Wars, and in his Amours, were always glorious, and in both his Merits and his Fortune still made it disputable which of

them

them most promoted his Conquests. The Authority of the Father, the Virtue and Prudence of the Mother, the Gallantry and Beauty of the Children, drew together such a Concourse of the Nobility and Gentry, that the *Viceroy's* Court had no small Resemblance of the King's; and yet when *Clarinda* first appear'd there, she presently became the Idol of one Sex, but the Envy of the other: The Ladies, who cou'd spy no Fault in her Face, in her Stature or Mien, in her Wit or Deportment, in a short time began to blame her Conduct: The Gallants of the Court and Town made their Resort where she frequented, she was desired of every one that had Quality enough to pretend to her Favour; Comedies and Balls were more frequently appointed than it was usual in *Hibernia*; and some of the Court Wits, who would not allow themselves Thought enough to write Plays, made Prologues, to give.

At every publick Meeting, some one or other took the Opportunity to pay her some extraordinary Instance of his Respect. *Ossorio* had so many Advantages over all the rest, that it is not to be wonder'd at, if his Addresses met the best Reception. He visited her often; he omit-
ted no Occasion of seeing her, either in

publick or private, and gave her such Evidences of his Passion, as could not but convince her of it; he made Presents to *Philenis*, and by that Means had her own Council in Pension; so that she could take no Resolutions, but what were in his Favour, nor discover her Sentiments, but immediately he had notice of them. For *Philenis* was the only Person she had entire Confidence in, and for whom she had nothing of Reserve. One Morning, says *Clarinda* to her, How impossible is it to resist the Courtship of *Ossorio*? My Lord, since his coming to his own Country, having tempted me from mine, either despites me as a Stranger, or has received some former Commerce, or has abandoned himself to the Debauch; I have little of his Company, and his Kindnesses are both rarer and less agreeable than formerly. What Reason is there I should reserve my self for him only, that never gives himself to me, but when he knows not what else to do with himself? None in the World, Madam, replied *Philenis*, no more than that you should fast, when he does not come Home to Dinner; if he neglects, must you therefore neglect your self? If he has found out other Ways of passing his Time to his Content, does it oblige you to spend your Days in Misery and Complaints? Alas,

Madam!

Madam! Life is an uncertain Thing, and at the best, those Minutes of it that are designed by Fate for Happiness, are so few, that to let any of them pass unemploy'd, is an incorrigible Error, and a Loss that is but meanly recompensed, by the Opinion one gains among those only that are past the relishing of Pleasures. I did not think, says *Clarinda*, so much Reason cou'd be given for Sinning; I thought the most that cou'd be said for it, was that Passion might excuse Women in Love, as it does Men in Murder: But be it as it will, my Heart has betrayed me to *Ossorio*, and I blush to think what his Success will be at the next Assault. It was not long before the diligent Intelligencer sent Advice of this to *Ossorio*. The Hour of his Visit was assigned, and all Things so contrived, that he must needs be infinitely happy, if there were as much Felicity in Fruition as Men fancy to themselves beforehand. However these two Lovers were so well satisfied with one another, that they lived in an exact Correspondence; no Jealousies, no Caprices, no little Peeks disturbed good Humour; no unhappy Accidents put them out of their Measures; till *Clarinda*, weary of so easy Delights, took a Freak in her Head, and would needs appoint her Gallant a Rendezvous Abroad; she told him,

she had by Accident been at one of the Gardens near the Town, where they sell their Fruit, and the choicest of all Sorts, and where was the prettiest Labyrinth for Lovers to lose themselves in, that could be imagined ; she desired he would meet her there the next Day, an Hour before Sun, without any Retinue, that they might not be known ; he easily agreed to any Thing she propos'd, and it being a Frolick of her own, she was the earliest up ; she and her Woman put on a Dress of the sprucest of those Sort of Girls, that carry Fruit among the Persons of Quality, at the Theatres and publick Parades, and with their Baskets on their Arms went privately out of her Lodgings to the Place appointed ; they knock'd up the Gardeners, and demanded to have Entrance, and have such and such Fruits gathered ; the Fellows went about what they were directed ; and one of them a lusty young Springle, casting his Eye upon these new Customers, and observing a more than ordinary Beauty in them, when he had gathered what he was bid, presented them their Baskets ; and *Phelenis* looking for Money to pay them, pull'd out a piece of Gold, and offered him ; but the Youth laying hold of *Clarinda*, said he had rather be paid in another Coin, and began rudely to kiss her ; whilst they were

were struggling, *Ossorio* came in, but not thinking himself concerned, was walking in, when the Lady called him to her Assistance; he knew the Voice, and turning about with some Disorder, advanced in haste towards the Scuffle, which the Fellow perceiving, left his Rudeness and stept aside, and she addressing her self to him, said, Sir, I had like to have paid too dear for this Fruit, and it is but just I should present it to my Rescuer. He thought he knew the Sound, but the Disguise had so altered the Person, that looking on her as one of the Condition she appeared in, he said, he had no mind to eat any so early, and was turning away from her, when she laid hold of his Arm, and said, Sir, here is somewhat you will have a mind to if you look upon it; this little Importunity, with the Tone in which she spoke, and the Glance of her Eye opened his; *Clarinda*, says he, I did not think I should have had so dangerous a Rival, I must chaffise the Insolence of this Fellow; says she, I believe his Fear of you has already done that, and his Ignorance may excuse him from any other Punishment; and besides, it's best for us he should be indemnified by that, for we have no desire to be known here. She took him by the Hand, and they walked into the Labyrinth, *Philenis* following them

at a Distance ; and, after some Entertainment there, they returned, and went out of the Garden ; he waited on her to the Vineyard behind her Gardens; where, when she was enter'd, he went off to the Place he appointed his Servants and Chariot to attend him. After he parted from her, he began to reflect upon his Morning Adventure ; he could not conceive her Design, to give her self and him that Trouble to no End, but the Hazard of giving Scandal ; he judged she had not been long enough in the Country, to have used this Way of Assignation to other Persons that had not his Opportunities. He was not at all satisfied with her, and concluded it a Lightness of Mind, which he could not approve of. The young Gardener *Cornelius*, who, after his Fright was a little over, found the Relish of the ravished Kisses on his Lips, set himself to watch the two Women and this Gentleman ; he followed them at a Distance, till he observed where the Women enter'd, and then returned, with a thousand Imaginations in his Noddle that a long time after disquieted him. *Offorio* continued his ordinary Visits, and the Lady's Charms quickly put away the Disgust he had taken, and he was more in Love than ever ; yet a while after it happened, that being engaged in some Affair, that he could

ould not free himself from, he miss'd an Appointment given him; Clarinda spent the Time very unquietly, she began to be jealous, that Ossorio's Passion might be growing cool, or that he had some new intrigue; she impeached *Philenis*, for often magnifying his Riches and good Qualities; she accused him of Infidelity, and said, that a Man in his Circumstances, that was guilty of the least Neglect, was never to be pardoned, or at least not till he had suffered ten-fold in the same kind; she threatened him severely, and was going towards the dreadful Sentence of Indifference against him: When she chekt herself; well, says she, 'tis Folly to determine any thing of him, till I am truly informed of all the Aggravations of his Crime; if the Expressions of my Resentment be not proportioned to his Offence, he will think me easy to be imposed on, and he will take a Liberty in a short time to use me as a Wife, which none must ever have a Privilege to do. But, my Lord, I must know the Secret of this Absence, and I will be the Discoverer of my self, for you are too much his Friend, to be entirely relied on in the Enquiry. This Evening a new Habit was brought Home for the Page, which was ordered against the next approaching Solemnity; do you send for it into your Chamber,

on pretence that I have directed somewhat to be altered about it; and let that, with the other Accoutrements of such an Officer, be provided ready in the Garden-house, in the Morning by the dawn of Day; I will carry him a Message, as from my self, and by that Pretence will learn among his Servants how he spent this Night. The next Day very early this was put in Execution; the Lady was dress'd in her Page's Habit, left *Philenis* in the Garden-house to attend her Return, and goes to the Palace of the *Viceroy*, and coming to *Ossorio's* Apartment she went up into his Anti-chamber very briskly, where two of the Officers of his Chamber were attending half asleep; but being rouzed by the bustling the young Gentleman made, they beckon'd him to make less Noise, which he taking no Notice of advanced in the same manner to them, and desired to be admitted to their Lord, with a Message he had to deliver from the Lady *Clarinda*. The Officers seeing this Rudeness, told him, they believed he had not been long in the Service of any Person of Quality, or he would have understood better how he ought to make his Approaches towards them. They said, their Lord went late to Bed, and that none should come in till he call'd: She was incensed at this Answer, so little satisfactory

to her to the Point she had given her self so much trouble to be resolved in. She press'd between them to the Door, and knock'd hard, which made the Gentlemen lay hold of her, to take her away by Force, and turn her out of the Palace; but she strug-gling with them, made such a Stir, that the Lord call'd to know what was the Matter; and one going in, he angrily ask'd what meant that Noise? who was told the whole Rudeness of the Page: He ordered his Ad-mittance and being willing to receive the Message privately, commanded his Servant to stay without, and shut the Door. The Struggling had raised a most lovely Red in her Face, and so disorder'd her Hair that was truis'd up under a Peruке, that the long Trails of it falling down as she made her Bows in advancing to the Bed-side, he needed no other Discovery, but rais-ing himself in his Bed, he reached out his Arm and pull'd her to him, and embracing her, after a thousand Kisses, told her, Madam, I confess the Crime you come to reproach me with, and declare the committing it was it self a cruel Punishment, since it pre-vented me the Happiness of seeing you last Night. Those are no Punishments, my Lord, says she, which we chuse; and since you have chosen other Employments for that little Time you promised to set apart
for

for me, I come to ease you of the Trouble
of making any Excuses, and to resign back
into your Hands, all your Obligations and
Vows of Perseverance; it is better to be-
stow Liberty upon the Prisoner that has
broke his Chains, than to leave him the
Glory of having been his own Deliverer.
You shall never have it to boast of, that
you have forsaken *Clarinda*. She was pro-
ceeding to more Bitterness, when he inter-
rupted her with a Sigh: Ah, Madam! says
he, you are too sudden in passing your
Judgment on me before you hear me. It
was an unforeseen and irresistible Accident
that kept me from you, and when you
hear it, you will confess that you ought
not to be angry with me, unless you will
impute Misfortune as a Crime, and believe
Punishments were devised for the Unhappy,
not for the Guilty. I was last Night in-
vited to a Treat, by some of the Officers
of my Army; I do not often engage in
those Entertainments, but to endear those
brave Men, who are ready to venture their
Lives at my Command, I sometimes spend
an Hour or Two, at the most, chearfully
with them. The Time appointed for
this Meeting, and the ordinary Mea-
sure of my Stay with them, agreed so well
with my Appointment with you, that I
could not refuse them; but as we were rea-
dy

dy to break up, your Lord came in upon us either wanting other Company, or being in quest of some of ours. We were all very forward to pay him those Respects that are due to his Quality, and to the Reputation he justly holds among Soldiers; and a Glass or two going round, had so improved the Humour he had put himself into in some other Place, that he would take upon him to give Law to us all, which I wou'd not have allow'd to any body, not so nearly related to you; he press'd so upon us, that without being rude to him, we could not break up, till we all were become as unruly as he, and I believe 'tis not two Hours since we parted. This, says she (kissing him, rather to try if his Zeal justified his Words than out of Kindness at that Time) shall serve for once; for the future, when any thing is preferable by you to my Company, I shall believe you begin not to value it. Madam, says he, I refer myself to my future Services, which shall sufficiently clear me of all Suspicion: Upon those Terms, I leave you to your Rest, says she, which I perceive is now more necessary for you, than any further Justifications, which I refer to our Meeting this Evening: He would have kept her, but she sprang from the Bed-side, and he called his Servants, and commanded the discreetest of them

them, to wait on that young Gentleman out of the Palace, but first, that they should beg her Pardon for their Incivility to her, and that from thenceforth they should not at any time refuse Admittance to any that came from *Clarinda*, whatever Orders they had given them in the general. She departed pretty well satisfied, and return'd to the Garden-house where *Philenis* attended her, and the Lord composed himself to Rest as soon as he could for the Reflections he could not avoid to make upon this Adventure: About three Hours after, when he was rising, *Polyphon*, one of those Commanders who had been with him over Night, came to visit him, and to enquire how he did, after that unusual Skirmish he had been engag'd in. He told him, he suffer'd deeply for that Excess, and was resolved not to allow himself the like Liberty again for any Respect; *Polyphon* told him, it was for want of Use, and he would find it to agree with him after a little Practice: I had rather, said *Ossorio*, you and the rest of my Friends would find it as inconvenient as I do, for I look upon Drinking to be a Vice as unbecoming Soldiers as any Profession whatsoever. My Lord, says he merrily, that is a Doctrine will hardly obtain among us, whilst we are out of Action; in Time of War, 'tis enough to be sober; in Peace, we have

have nothing else to do but drink and make Love. Does your Lordship hear nothing of the King's Design this Spring?

heard, said *Ossorio*, some Ships of the *Batavians* have, contrary to the late Peace, made a Descent on the Coast of *Ossorio*, and that they are preparing to set out a great Fleet to Sea; but how the King resents it, we do not yet understand. Within a few Days after, *Ossorio* received Orders to repair to Court, to take the Command of a Squadron of the Fleet, that was preparing to punish the Insolences of those *Barbarians*; and some Days afterwards, he told *Polyphon*, in the Discourse of his Preparations for his Voyage, that he had been engaged in an Affair of Love, that would have been troublesome to him upon this Occasion, if his Passion had not been a little rebated, by some Indiscretions of the Person he was engaged with. But, says he, I leave amongst you one of the most beautiful Persons in the World; and if she were not somewhat importune, the most agreeable. My Lord, says *Polyphon*, you need not name her, for your Amour has not been so great Secrecy as you imagined, and if you abandon your Interests in her, every one may, without disobliging you, pretend to his own Advantages. I am not so ill-natured, lays *Ossorio*, to envy my Friends their good Fortune

Fortune; nor so great a Fool, to expect to confine a Humour that I know hates all Constraint. And since I can make her no Assurances of my Return, it is just I should leave her to her own Liberty. This was a sufficient Evidence of an Indifferency, that not long before all the World could not have convinced him he should ever be guilty of. The News of the Town carried the Intimation of his being commanded to Court, before he himself brought it to *Clarinda*; it put her in a thousand Troubles, which she did not long defer to let him know; for his Affairs having kept him one Day from waiting on her, the next Morning he received this Billet from her. *You need not join Unkindness with the Necessity of your leaving me; the one or the other has Force enough to kill Clarinda.* This passionate Reprehension of his Neglect, made him hasten to wait on her, to make his best Excuses.

But *Clarinda*, after a while, thought she lost too much Time in this desolate State she was in by his Absence; during the Weakness of her Lord, she was obliged by the Decencies and Rules of a conjugal State, to pass the whole Days in his Chamber, to receive all her Visits there, and could have no Conversation, but what he or the old Lady *Sophonio* his Mother, or some of his

his Relations, were privy to: She resolved therefore to take her Satisfaction in any manner she could: She had entertained a little before the Combat, a sprightly young Fellow, in Quality of a Footman, who, from the Time of being entertained in her Service, had expressed all the Diligence and Observance that was possible; he was of a middle Stature, well set, active of Body, of a ruddy Complexion; and when she began to observe him, she soon perceived that he used to look on her often, with more Concern than Servants of that sort have Audacity to do on Persons of her Rank; she began to think she had seen his Face some where before he came into her Family, and this inflamed her Desires, and she began to fancy he might be some Person of better Condition than he appeared, who, overcome by his Passion for her, had in that Disguise, sought to be near her Person. Whilst she flattered herself with this Imagination, she began to find an Inclination for him, and judging the Opportunity favourable, to shew Pity, as well as to gratify her own Appetite, one Night, as he was called to take the Lights to carry them before her to her own Apartment from her Lord's, she took Occasion to send away her other Attendants, in some Employments she found for them: When he

he had set down the Candles, says she with a pleasant Countenance, and with a Look that might encourage the most timorous Lover; *Cornelius*, I cannot put it out of my Thoughts, that I have seen you somewhere, before you came into my Service pray tell me, if I did, on what Occasion was? The young Man, surprized between Joy and Fear at that unexpected Question immediately falling on his Knees, said Madam, you have seen me, but if I tell you the Occasion, perhaps you will turn me out of your Service, and then I am undone for ever; I am sure it will cost me my little Wits, if not my Life; for in the Condition I am now, I know not what to do, when I am out of your Sight, and am once a Day in the mind to hang myself but when I think I shall never see you afterwards, I cannot find in my Heart to do it. This foolish Way of expressing himself, made her lose the Opinion she had conceived of his Quality, but increased her Curiosity to know what he was, and what he meant; and then looking sternly on him she said, I must know what and from whence you are, or else I shall certainly turn you away To-morrow: She heard her Woman coming, and therefore commanded him to rise, and resolve to satisfy her the next Morning, when she should send for him,

and

and so dimiss'd him, to hasten *Philenis* to
her, who met her coming into the Cham-
ber as he went out. The next Morning,
Larinda, who, though she had some time
after she went to Bed ruminated on the
Answer *Cornelius* made her, and the Man-
ner of his expressing himself, could not un-
riddle the Meaning of it, as soon as she
was up, sent for him, and dismissing her
attendants till she should send for them,
said to him, You must now give me a true
account of what I demanded of you last
night, or I shall immediately cause you to
be dismissed, with Directions that if after-
wards you are seen about my House, you
will be driven away with Cudgels. Ma-
dam, says he, falling on his Knees, if you
will pardon me the Fault you make me
myself, I will tell you all the Truth. I
will pardon you, says she, whatever it be,
condition you hide nothing from me;
and if any other be concerned with you,
cover them likewise. Madam, says he,
the Offence is all my own, nor does any
one in the the World, but your Ladyship
and *Philenis*, know any thing of it. About
two Months since I was a Servant to *Melon*,
that keeps the great Gardens near the old
labyrinth, where attending one Morning
early, to deliver out Fruits to the Huck-
ers who came to buy, there came into
the

the Garden two young Women, dress'd in
the Habits of those Fruit-sellers that
about among Persons of Quality, but who
were much better dress'd and a thousand
times handsomer than any that ever I saw
there before on that Busines: It was my
Fortune to attend them, and to gather
what they call'd for; whilst I was at work
they ask'd me so many pretty Questions
and then talked to one another about some
thing I did not understand, but which I
perceived made them very merry, though
I could not but take notice of them, espe-
cially of one who seemed to be the better
Woman; on whom I had no sooner fix'd
my Eye, but I found something stick'd
in my Heart; when I had delivered them their
Fruit, I could not forbear to venture to
kiss the Person I liked so well, though she
refused me with a great deal of Anger.
Whilst we were struggling, a Gentleman
came towards us, threatening me for my
Rudeness; I withdrew hastily, to declin'd
his Fury, and getting behind a Hedge,
observed him to join the two Women, and
then separating her that I had engag'd with
they walked into a Wilderness: I durst not
go too near, to discover what they did, and
to over-hear what they said; for beside
that I was really afraid of the Gentleman,
the other Woman kept that Distance from

them

em, that no body could come near
ough to observe them, without being
t descried. I watch'd notwithstanding
they went out of the Garden, and at
Distance followed till I saw the Gentle-
man put the two Women into your Ladi-
p's Vineyard. All the Day after, and
several others, I cou'd do nothing but
ink of those two Women, and cast
out, how I might know who they were ;
concluded they were some of the Maids
your Family, who appointed to meet
s Gentleman, yet I could not rest, till
aw them again ; I took all Occasions to
about your House, to observe all that
nt in and out, to seek Pretences to come
the Laundry and other Offices of your
mily, but could not set Eye on the Per-
I look'd for, till one Day thus, as I was
nding in the Court, your Ladiship came
t to take Coach, talking pleasantly with
adam *Philenis* ; by the Sound of your
ice and the Air of your Face, I was
stantly convinced that you were the Lady
had been so rude to ; which struck such
Terror into me, that as soon as your
ariot was gone, and I could not see it
longer, I came home to my Master,
ring that if you had taken notice of me,
ould have been punished for my Saw-
ess, as I deserved ; but I found it was
in

in vain to keep from you ; my Mind was so employed in the Thoughts of what had done, and to whom, that I could not follow my Work as I was used to do ; many Rebukes and some Blows I received from my Master, and in Five Days was turned out of my Service, as being become Fool or Madman. It was then much worse with me, and I had not wherewithal to maintain my self, and found no Inclination to Labour. But hanging about this House not being able to be from it, nor knowing why I staid here, I happened among your Ladiship's Footmen, who were making a Running-match between two of them to disputed which had the best Heels ; when they ran, I started with them, and being used to constant Labour and so better winded, I beat them both ; by which I gained Credit amongst them, that in a few Days was offered your Ladiship's Livery ; then your Ladiship knows the Diligence I have used in my Waiting. Well, says *Clarinda*, I have promised you my Pardon, and must keep my Word ; but take care you carry your self so, that no one in the World may perceive by your Carriage or Language that you love, or at least who it is you love ; with that she bid him call her Woman, and that Evening told *Philis*, she heard the Night before a Noise

the Door of the Anti-chamber towards the Terrace; she did not know what it meant, and therefore would have her master *Cornelius* to bring his Bed into that room after she was a-bed, and lye there. She made her at that Time no further pri-
to her Design, nor did *Philenis* make any reflection upon it, but pursued her Direc-
tion that Night. After all were gone to their Rest, and *Clarinda* observed by the Silence of the Night, that her Man was nestled in his Bed; she called with a loud voice, *Cornelius, Cornelius*; at which he being, opened the Door of his Lady's chamber, and going to the Bed-side, said he, did you call? Ay, says she in some Disorder, did you hear no noise? None, says he, but your Call. I called you, says she, because I heard some noise at the Terrace Door; I'll go and see, says he, if any one be there: No, says she, perhaps it may be some Spirits that are about; then I'll hide my self in my Bed, says he, for I am afraid of Spirits, of all things in the World; then you'll leave me to be frightened; you must hide your self here, says she: With that, in a great fright, and not knowing what he did, he

two or three Days after, *Cornelius* being very joy'd, could not hold; he must needs give

give Vent to his Thoughts, which were too full of his undeserved Happiness to be contained in the Breast of a wiser Man; he took one of his Fellows aside, with whom he had most Familiarity, and told him how good an Office he was preferred to in being placed to keep the Spirits from his Lady in the Night now she lay alone. I do not envy you that Employment, says *Pardelis*, I had rather sleep at Night, and not dream of the Devil; besides, are you not afraid of Spirits? I was extreamly when she told me first what I was to do, and was running away to hide my self under my Bed-cloaths, says *Cornelius*; but she call'd me Fool, and told me, she would keep the Spirits from me then, and bid me hide my self in her Bed-cloaths; *Pardelis* who designed a further Explication, was call'd away, and could discover no further at that Time; but he had learnt enough and being one that was placed in the Family by *Zenices*, a malicious Lord, who having something of Confidence with *Offorio*, and thereby a Knowledge of *Clarinda's* Temper, had made some unsuccessful Addresses, and therefore was resolved to discover her Intrigues, which he was assured she could not live without. His Spy soon gave him an Account of this Passage, and his Curiosity pressed him to pry farther into

into the Affair. He ordered *Pardelis* to get his Lord or Lady's Master-Key, that opened all the Locks of the House and Gardens, and to bring it to him as soon as possibly he could; and it was not difficult for him to do so: For during his Lord's Sicknes, his Key had lain on his Toilet, remminded of any; which he conveyed the next Day to *Zenescis*; the next Night he enter'd the Garden, and came to the Terrace, where he observed *Cornelius* bringing in his Bed and lying down, and soon after, rising in his Shirt, and going into his Lady's chamber; after a very little Pause, he stily opens the Terrace Door, and comes stily into the Chamber to the Bed-side, and opening a Dark Lanthorn which he had in one Hand, with the other opens the Curtains, and views the kind Couple in their Embraces; he made a terrible roaring Noise, the Lady shriek'd, and the footman frighted at the Noife and Flash of the Light, as if the Devil were come to take him in the Faſt, swooned away; *Zenescis* retired immediately, and locking the door after him, went off, maliciously laughing to himself at the Prank he had play'd, and studying how to improve it, to be revenged for the Neglects and Slights he had received. The Noife waken'd *Phle-*
s, whose Chamber was next her Lady's;

she ran in to see what was the Matter, and there found her in her Smock, rising out of her Bed, and pulling the Footman by the Nose, to bring him to Life. O, Madam! says she, what is the Matter? Ask me no Questions, says she, but help to pull this Fellow away, and carry him to his Bed, the House will be all up presently, and I shall be undone; they pull'd him out by the Hair and the Nose, the Violence and falling on the Ground brought him to himself, and they thrust him out into his own Bed, and bid him lie still, as if he were yet in a Swoon, whatever happened. By this time several of the Family were raised, and some running where the Noise was heard (for the Lady and *Philenis* both call'd out as loud as they could) found them in great Disorder complaining of a strange Apparition, which had put them into a terrible Fright; they went to pull up *Cornelius*, but he holding the Cloaths fast about him, cryed, Good Devil let me alone, do not take me, take my Lady. Which she hearing, and fearing the Fool might make some Confession, bid the Company withdraw, and that *Philenis* should come to Bed to her; she bid them see if the Terrace Doors were lock'd, and make no more Noise in the House. *Cornelius* hearing these Orders, got up, dress'd himself, and went

went away to his Fellow's Lodgings, and Pardelis sat up the rest of the Night to secure the frightened Lady, who knew the supposed Devil too well, to be afraid of him; the next Morning the House was all in an Uproar; the old Lady *Sophonia* was much scandalized at her Daughter's appointing the Footman to lye in her Antichamber, and suspected there was some unhandsome Prank play'd, that would be discovered, to the Dishonour of her Family. She spake to *Clarinda* with some severe Reflections upon her Conduct, which coming from a Mother-in-Law, galled so cruelly, that afterwards she could not endure the gentlest Advice from her. All that were of any Discretion, endeavoured to conceal this from her Lord; but in a few Days there wanted not some impudent Visitor, that would needs be satisfied by him, of the Truth of this Apparition, that was so much talk'd of about the Town, to have frightened his Lady: This bred a new Disturbance, and upon his Enquiry, the Story being told him, it seemed to them who knew well the whole Truth (which few did) he fell into an extravagant Passion, being a Man of a choleric Temper, and one that had known the World enough; and he had broken out into some Outrages, but that his Lady's Quality,

lity, and the Consideration of her Relations, cooling him into Thoughts more becoming his Condition, he immediately directed that *Cornelius* should be discharged the Family and commanded privately to withdraw himself out of the City, with Threats, that if he appeared there, he would give order to have him sold a Slave to the *Indies*.



The IRISH GALLANT; or the Gallant's Fate.

There are not in my Opinion any Men so infamous and so injurious to Society, as those who make it their Business to corrupt Men's Wives either for their Pleasure or their Profit, but especially the latter; for they not only alienate the Affection of the Wife from her Husband, but rob him of Part of that Substance, which shou'd be employ'd in Provisions for the spurious Offspring they shuffle into the Family.

Sir *Anthony Pride* was one of those Gentlemen who spent his Life, after he had squander'd his Estate, in the Pursuit of Ladies of Quality, into whose Favours

when

he had work'd himself, he had always the Address of making them pay for the Crimes he had tempted them to commit.

Sir *Anthony* was a Man of a good Family in *Ireland*, and was born to a good Estate in that Country, tho' it came to his Hands a little encumber'd; which a prudent Management, and a good Fortune with a Wife, wou'd easily have made clear. But our young Hero was too much a Man of Pleasure to trouble his Head about Things of this Nature: If he cou'd supply his Gaming and his Mistresses, it was all he thought of, and all he was follicitous about. Sir *Anthony* was likewise a Dabbler in Poetry, at least as far as a Sonnet to his *Sylvia*'s bright Eyes, or an Anagram on her Name, and such weighty Performances; which how little soever valuable in themselves, were a mighty Recommendation of his Person to the Ladies, who are none of the nicest Judges of Merit of that Kind.

Sir *Anthony* had now run through his Estate, marry'd a common Whore, and had only one Thousand Pounds left in the World, when he left off Gaming (at which he seldom found Fortune his Friend) and wholly devoted himself to the Service of Love, from whence alone he promis'd himself a Gentleman's Support. The first

Attempt he made was on a Maiden Lady of a pretty good Fortune, whom he courted for a Wife, having quitted his former to her primitive Vocation, which she chose as a more elegible Fate than starving with him as a Wife.

Belinda knew nothing of his having been marry'd, and his Person not being despisable, gave Ear to his Addresses, soon granted his Desire, and the nuptial Knot was ty'd with all imaginable Secrecy, under pretence of keeping his Creditors quiet till he could manage them to the greater Advantage. But as secret as he kept it, *Thais* his past Wife, in less than a Month after the Celebration, had notice of the whole Transaction, and promis'd her self some Share of the Purchase. She let him know she had discover'd his new Marriage, and that she expected to have her Dividend. Sir *Anthony* was not a little surpriz'd at this News, and as much disturb'd how to manage this Affair, which threaten'd him with so sudden a Disquiet in the opening Scenes of his Pleasure with his new Bride. But he was so long meditating within himself how to disengage himself from so troublesome an Affair, that *Thais*, provok'd at his Delays, comes early one Morning in a Chair, and demands Admittance to Sir *Anthony*, sending Word by his

his Servant that her Name was *Pride*. *Belinda* took it for some Relation, yet cou'd not but observe the Surprize of Sir *Anthony*, who got on his Night-gown and Slippers, in order to go down Stairs to the angry *Thais*, who had prevented him by following the Servant up Stairs, and enter'd the Dining-Room the Moment that he did, saluting him in this Manner: " 'Tis very well, Sir *Anthony*; you use me like a Man of Honour and Sense; sure you forget what Right I have in you: Surely you think I'm so foolishly easy as quietly to let you enjoy the Fruit of your Villany, whilst I am forc'd to expose my Person for a scandalous Subsistence. These Words were spoken with too much Heat not to be over-heard by *Belinda*, who immediately began to dress her self with what Speed she cou'd without hindering her hearing of this Conversation, which had already given her too great an Alarm.

Sir *Anthony* was not easily put out of Countenance, and thought at that Time it wou'd be his safest Way to plead Ignorance of the Lady who attack'd him so furiously. He therefore reply'd, — " Madam, I know not what you mean by this odd Way of Salute to a Man who never saw you before; you have receiv'd a very false Instruction, if you have been

" directed to treat me after such a manner ; I desire you to withdraw, lest I be forc'd to use you in a Manner I should be unwilling to use any of your Sex.

Thais was all on Fire at this Reply.—" How (cry'd she) can there be such Impudence in Nature ? What did you never see your Married, Wedded, Bedded Wife before. At these Words *Belinda* came into the Room, and desir'd the Lady to be a little more calm, and inform her of the Truth of what she had heard her utter in such a Rage.

Thais immediately grew more calm, and as she had her Tears at Command, let them fall in a plentiful manner.—" Alas ! " Madam (said she) are you the most unfortunate Lady, whom his Treachery has betray'd to inevitable Ruin ? But Women are his common Sacrifices, whose Destruction he beholds with a Smile. I am his lawful Wife ; but after he was satisfy'd with my Embraces, he turn'd me to the wide World to pick up a Livelihood the best Way I could. But hearing that he had ventur'd to take another Wife of a good Fortune, I found him out, sollicited some Relief more than once by Letters, of which he never took the least notice, till enrag'd with his Silence on so important an Occasion,

" I

I came this Morning to expose him to your Mercy ; and if you joyn with me in it he shall not be long without the Punishment of his Villany.

Sir *Anthony* forswore all she said, and wou'd have us'd her ill had not *Belinda* interpos'd, who was willing to be satisfy'd in a Point which so nearly concern'd her. She examin'd *Thais* in such a Manner, that there was no room left to doubt the Truth of the Matter ; and rather than stand the Proof that *Thais* had proffer'd to bring, he own'd, " That in his Drink he had marry'd her, tho' he had had sufficient Familiarity with her before, as many more besides him had had ; and that he did by no means believe that a lawful Marriage ; but that if *Belinda* thought fit he wou'd give her a small Matter to put her in a Way of honest Support.

" Hold, Sir *Anthony*, (said *Belinda* very calmly) " you have confess'd enough to let me see your Honour and my Misfortune ; yet at the same time sufficient to deliver me from Hands so injurious to my Peace and Reputation. It is plain, Sir *Anthony*, that you are not my Husband, her prior Right has set me free ; nor can you therefore have any Power over me or mine. I am Mistress of my self again ; our Marriage

“ is not so much known, but that we may
“ part without Noise. I confess it were
“ but just to arraign you for this Base-
“ ness, and let your Name be expos'd so
“ in Publick, that you may do no more
“ Injuries of this Nature; but I having yet
“ some Reserve to secure me a sufficient
“ Happiness, we will mutually quit each
“ other of all Claim or Demand, and these
“ are the only Terms of my suffering you
“ to go unpunish'd.

Both *Thais* and Sir *Anthony* were Thunder-struck at this Declaration: *Thais* had his Curses and immediately departed; the Knight, as soon as he had dress'd himself follow'd his dear Spouse; and *Belinda* retir'd from Town to Places unknown to Sir *Anthony*, and was never heard of more by him or any of his Acquaintance.

Matrimonial Adventures having prov'd thus unlucky, he turn'd all his Application to some with whom he cou'd not meet with the Temptation of Marrying again; but other Mens Wives were fain to supply his Pleasure and Purse. But of all the Ladies of this Kind, none threw him into more Danger in his Attempt than *Leonora*, a beautiful young Wife to an old Gouty Lord. Sir *Anthony* had long made his Address to her, and he thought not without a suitable Return; so that one Day

paying

saying her a Visit in her Bed-chamber, her Lord being in the Country, he threw her on the Bed; she shriek'd and at last cry'd out: He leap'd from the Bed before the Servants cou'd enter the Room: On enquiry into the Cause of this Noise, Sir Anthony told them, " That whilst he was talking with their Lady, a monstrous large Rat had jump'd on her Petticoat, which had made her to scream out, and him to draw his Sword in order to kill it; but he believ'd it had made its Escape, for he cou'd not find it all round the Room. The Lady confirm'd the Story; so all retir'd, and he was gain left alone with his Desires.

Her joining in the Excuse confirm'd him, what he had offer'd was not wholly disagreeable to her Inclinations, and therefore with Resolution seizes her again; and while she struggled, he told her, " Madam, to cry out will be a Conviction of your self, as well as of me and the Family; the Rat will not pass on them a second Time; you had therefore better patiently suffer the Gratification of my Passion, than incur the Disgrace without the Pleasure. The Lady fairly allowing the Reason for good, yielded all her Charms to the Possession of so Polick a Lover.

This

This Intrigue over, others still succeeded in their Order, till he found himself a little reduc'd; till he met an Opportunity of a Lady of a considerable Fortune, as being a Co-heiress to a very rich Old Fellow who doated upon her. *Isabella* (for that Name we must know her by) was past her Bloom a good many Years, and accidentally falling into his Company at a Masquerade, was so well pleas'd with his Address, as to like him at first sight so well as to assure him of her Heart on the Terms of Matrimony.

The last ill Luck he had met with this Way was entirely forgot, and he fully resolv'd once more to venture on Matrimony, in spight of *Thais* and her termagant Temper; to prevent the ill Effect of which he consulted her in it, and mov'd by her Directions, having promis'd to maintain her according to her Desires. In short, *Isabella* and Sir *Anthony* were privately Marry'd without her Father's Knowledge, affuring themselves, that by her Interest in his Tenderness, and the Mediation of Friends, the Old Gentleman wou'd easily be reconcil'd.

Whilst his and her Friends were managing their Affairs, Sir *Anthony* tir'd with the Delay, and with Embraces, which he had only desir'd for the Profit they promis'd him,

him; cast his wandering Eyes on a pretty Girl, both Young an Innocent; and by Aſſiduous Addresses, he won her to his Possession. He is ſo pleas'd with his new Conqueſt that he left *Isabella*, in the midſt of the Negotiations carry'd on with her Father in his Behalfe. This was ſoon known to *Thais*, who, mad with his Folly, discover'd to *Isabella's* Father, for a ſmall Reward; that ſhe was Sir *Anthony*'s real Wife, and proffer'd her ſelf to appear at the Seſſions againſt him if he wou'd prosecute him on his Daughter's Account.

The Old Gentleman was extremely ſurpriz'd, and in his Rage order'd a Warrant to be taken out againſt him; but Sir *Anthony* having notice, kept himſelf incognoito with his little dear *Dolly* for ſome time. But Money falling ſhort, his Paſſion abated, and *Dolly*, for mutual Supply, was fain to expoſe her Person to Sale to supply Sir *Anthony* with Money. This was a Life not agreeable to the Knight's Inclinations. There was a worthy Gentleman his Relation took Compaffion upon him, and ſecretly convey'd him a great many Miles from the City, and *Isabella's* Father and Friends; whom, in his Absence, they persuaded to a more moderate Course of Proceeding; urging that it wou'd be more for his Daughter's Reputation than to bring

bring a thing of that Nature upon the publick Stage, since the Punishment, when carry'd to the utmost, was only burning in the Hand, and that a small Bribe wou'd purchase a Cold Iron.

Whilst these Things were negotiating, the Knight was confin'd to a melancholy Country Retreat; but the Spirit of Love still reign'd in his Bosom; and the Wife of his Freind and Protector cou'd not escape him. He made Way to her Heart, and having gain'd Possession of her Person, ventur'd to Town plentifully supply'd with Money by his new Mistress. The Correspondence was kept up with all the Caution imaginable; yet where there are Confidants, there are Accidents or Troubles which generally make a Discovery. Sir *Anthony*'s Friend had intercepted a Letter, which, tho' very obscurely written, and direct'd to another, he found in his Wife's Cabinet. This was sufficient Ground for his Jealousie, and produc'd a Rencounter, in which being parted there was no Mischief done. And Friends of very great Credit and Power interpos'd, to persuade the Husband, that it was a false Surmise that abus'd him with an ill Opinion of Sir *Anthony*, who tho' he was unfortunate was always held a Man of Honour, and having so many signal Obligations, besides a near

Kin-

Kindred to himself, cou'd never be so base as to do such an Act of Injustice and Ingratitude. Sir *Anthony* seconded these Remonstrances of his Friends, with the utmost Assverations of his Innocence in this Particular. The Husband seem'd contented, and return'd home to his House, but found his Lady gone and a Letter only left for him, that tho' he shou'd be satisfy'd (as she doubted not) of her Innocence, yet his Baseness to suspect her Virtue wou'd not let her live longer with him, and that she was return'd to her Father where he might hear of her.

The real Cause of her coming to Town was not only to avoid the Reproaches and ill Usage of her Husband, but to enjoy the Embraces of Sir *Anthony*, which she frequently did in such Disguises as were not to be discover'd. She made her Story good to her Father, who had no other Child, and he resolv'd she shou'd go no more home to her Husband, and dying left her a Fortune sufficient to support both her and her Gallant.

Now was Sir *Anthony* in his full Glory, and many Ladies of the first Quality fell into his Snares and mutually contributed to his Support. Nay, he wou'd now pass for something more important than a meer Lover. He set up for a Zealot against the Danger

Danger of the Church. Religion was on his Tongue, and the Honour of the Church ; his Exclamations against the *Whigs* were as frequent as his Vows to the Ladies. By this Means he not only ingratiated himself with several Men of Power, but even with their Ladies, who cou'd deny nothing to so zealous a Churchman,

All Things run well, but that *Thais* his old Plague too frequently teaz'd him for Money, till tir'd at last, he swore, as he had no Estate, she cou'd force him to no Maintenance ; and that the Infamy of her Life wou'd soon give him Relief in *Doctors Commons*. *Thais* was too sensible that her Virtues were pretty well known, and wou'd not therefore venture to put them to the Tryal, but as often as she cou'd, attack'd him for Money ; when his Servants wou'd not admit her, she sent her Friends on the same Errand, till the Knight pronounced a terrible Oath, that he wou'd never give her a Farthing more as long as she liv'd; perhaps he might bury her.

Thais took the Hint, and soon after sent him Word that she was desperately ill, and desir'd his Charity ; but not one Farthing wou'd the obstinate Sir *Anthony* part with till she was dead : At last, Word was brought him that she was dead; he swore he wou'd do nothing till he saw her

on her very Corps ; he was therefore desir'd
the to repair to her Lodging where he might
the see her lie Dead in her Coffin. He soon
akes Coach, and finds her as he thought
the Condition you have heard, and with
hearty Curse on her Soul he threw down
Twenty Guineas, and went his Way.
hais and the Company were very merry
with the Prize ; for she had caus'd
her Face to be taken off in Wax, which
perfectly express'd her Countenance in
the Coffin, that the Knight was sufficiently
sur'd of her Death, and went away with
great deal of Satisfaction. The next Day
(having gain'd the Maid of the House)
when his Servants were not in the way,
hais was admitted into the Dining Room,
and passing into the Bed-chamber, she o-
pen'd the Curtains, and glaring him in the
face; told him she was come to haunt him
or being the Cause of her Death by his
barbarous Treatment. Sir *Anthony* was
at a little startled at first, and tho' he had
a great Opinion in Ghosts and Hobgob-
lins, did not know what to make of it ; he
saw her the Day before dead in her Coffin,
and now sees her in all appearance alive at
his Bed's Feet. At last he gathers Cou-
rage, and leaps out of his Bed, seizes her
Arm, finds it Flesh and Blood, and was
soon inform'd of the Stratagem she had
us'd

us'd ; but she promis'd that if he would now and then remember her in her Distress she wou'd be no more troublesome to him He approv'd of her Proposition, and *Thais* retir'd.

It was not long after e'er his Friend the Husband of the Lady who had set him up, and still contributed to his Maintenance, had fresh Assurances from a Servant of all that had pass'd, and therefore did not think such a Monster in Nature deserv'd what they call fair Play for his Life. One Night as he was reeling home from a Neighbouring Tavern all alone, he was stabb'd to the Heart, and left weltering in his own Blood ; an End worthy of such a Life.



S E M P R O N I O.

S E M P R O N I O was not always a Zealot : He was once a Friend to Liberty, and having every other Qualification that gains the Esteem of his own Sex, and the Love of the other ; 'twas with Envy that the Youth of the Court of *Atalantis*, saw no body so much in the good

Grace

Graces of the Fair as *Sempronio*, and no body more admir'd and caress'd by Men of the highest Characters in Wit and Politicks. If he was not a Wit and a Politician himself, he had at least a Way of raising his own Merit by the Value he set on theirs. He was Tall, Handsome, Generous, Gailant, and 'twas a Wonder that *Drusilla*, a Maid of ordinary Birth, but a Princely Fortune, cou'd resist the Charms and Courtship of a Person of his Quality and Accomplishments. *Drusilla* was not insensible, as the Gay, the Polite, and the Worthy *Camillo* found afterwards. Whether it was the Preference that *Drusilla's* Friends, who were of the Party opposite to the Zealots, made of *Camillo* to *Sempronio*: Whether it was the Love of a Court, which *Sempronio* wou'd always shine in; or whatever else was the Reason, *Sempronio* abandon'd at once the Society of Men of Merit and Wit, Lovers of Freedom and Joy, and fell in with those that had nothing but Poverty and Insolence to distinguish them. 'Twas a sensible Affliction to People of the greatest Worth, that *Sempronio* shou'd become a State-Apostate. A Man of his excellent Temper was likely to be corrupted by the Sullenness and severity of those whose Party he had espous'd; and whatever Colours they had given their Pretences to deceive him, 'twas plain,

plain, that when he had taken one such false Step he wou'd be betray'd into many Company in Mischief being as infectious as in Mirth. 'Tis in Politicks as in Gallantry ; when a Man's Credit is sunk, he thinks 'tis e'en as good to sin, as to have the Name of it ; and like Women, whose Reputation is blown upon, they will no long have the Scandal without the Pleasure. This wicked Reflection has made many *Whore*, and many a *Zealot*. They have done something they cou'd not justify, and therefore they will do every Thing : They have gone one Length, and therefore they will go all. It was doubtless thus with *Sempronio* ; if he had not been surpriz'd into one Fault of Politicks, he had still been faultless. But he fell once, and he continu'd falling ; having either too little Strength to recover himself, or too much Shame to attempt it. To give himself entirely up to his new Friends, he made his Addresses to *Sempronia*, Sister to *Otho*, Lady, who, without being a Beauty, had Charms enough to render her Lovely. Her Virtue was the most shining of them, and the Licence *Sempronio* took in his amours was like to be an eternal Bar between them. He had a Favourite Mistress who more than once had made him Father. He was fond of her, and she doated

him. But the Establishment of his Fortune requir'd that he should enter into some Noble Alliance; and nothing could be more Noble than *Sempronia's*. The Custom of *Atalantis* made it excusable in the Great not to think themselves bound by the Conjugal Vow; and *Sempronio* flater'd himself he might live with *Lais* he us'd to do, if *Sempronia* had no Knowledge of it. Nothing is so discerning andquisitive as Jealousy. *Sempronia*, who had a real Passion for him, discover'd the intrigue, told him of it, and at the same time assur'd him, he must never think of her, unless he cou'd resolve to part with his prize for ever. Such Resolutions are easily made when there are easie Means of breaking them. *Sempronio* acquaints *Lais* with the Necessity he lay under to marry, with the Terms that were exacted of him, and the Method he had thought to evade them. *Sempronia* was too generous to let *Lais* be discarded, without providing for her and her Children. Eight Hundred Pounds a Year were settled upon her them, on condition she left the Island his And liv'd on the Continent. *Lais*, as had been concerted, comply'd with the Terms in her Mi appearance. She embarks, and was no more heard of till *Sempronio* was marry'd. The Ship landed her fifty Miles from the City,

City, to which she return'd ; and *Sempronio* knowing where to continue his Commerce ; it happen'd so luckily, that in the same Month *Sempronia* and *Lais* added Son and a Daughter to his Illustrious Family. To rave, to quarrel is in vain *Lais* is at least as beautiful as *Sempronia* and if she cannot bear Rivalship, there is Seat and separate Maintenance ready for her. *Sempronia* is too amorous to abandon *Lais* ; too courtly to live ill with *Sempronio*. To be a Zealot will not compound for Inconstancy. And *Sempronio* got nothing by quitting Sides, but a Wife whom he will be oblig'd to quit, or bid adieu to all the Comforts of Life.



BIBULUS.

WAS of a Noble Family, and one that had long distinguisht it self by Love to their Country. He had Wit and some Learning. He lov'd Letters and Money. He had an extream Passion for Play, and understood it as well as *Nessa Balbus*, or any of the Fraternity of Sharperers. To satisfy this Lust of his, he condescended

converse with Fellows of the meanest condition and Fortune. If they had but Crown, *Bibulus* wou'd get it of them; res them as much as if they had been Equals, as long as they play'd with him; and when that was over, turn his back upon them and treat them like roudrels as they deserv'd: For with all his interested Humility, *Bibulus* was as hughty and imperious as if there had ben no body above him. Among the rest his Gaming Companions, there were two Cooks; one of them turn'd Robber and was hang'd; the other left his Shop, Family, and every thing, to have the honour of losing what he had got to so eat a Man as *Bibulus*. When they met Publick, *Bibulus* had a Hat, and sometimes a Hug for him, as his Hopes were more or less of the Cook's Pocket being full. This Trade was not likely to last long: And *Bibulus* happening to be advanced to an Office of Profit and Dignity, the Cook address'd to him for an Employment under him in his own Way. *Bibulus* said one in his Gift, but he had made a penny of it. The Cook came the next morning, but he came too late, all the Offices depending on *Bibulus* were dispos'd before his own Patent was verify'd. The Cook put in Petition after Petition, and

and waited whole Days without seeing *Bibulus*, or without hearing from him: At last he met him in his Court-yard attended by a Train of Servants and Dependents. He made up boldy to him, and demanded the Favour with an Assurance which he thought became him as one of *Bibulus's* Favourites. But the Great Man put him off with his Hand, saying, *Fellow, I don't know you.* The Cook in a Rage cry'd out *You knew me well enough when you were getting my Money; but by Jupiter you shall have no more of it.* Not long after *Bibulus* returns to his former Pleasure, or rather Busines, of Gaming; and the Cook meeting him at the Place of Rendezvous with a Look that promis'd a full Purse *Bibulus's* Eye was immediately upon him and the next Time he had a good Lay *Ten Crowns, Friend,* says he to the Cook, such a Bet. The Cook made as if he did not hear him. *Ten Crowns,* again cries *Bibulus* and calls him by his Name. *I don't know you Sir,* replies the Cook, and turns about with an Air of Contempt; which put him in mind of what had past between them, and made the Company inquisitive; and when they knew it, had not *Bibulus* been insensible of Shame, he cou'd not have stood so many Reproaches. It had however this good Effect; the Cook forswore playing with him

him, went home as rich as he came out, & minded his Cookery ever after, and was claim'd by the Insolence of a Man whose complacency had been his Ruin. *Francus* as a rich Heir: He had Twenty Thousand Crowns a Year before he was Twenty. His Constitution was weak, and he was forc'd to leave the Country to have the advice of the Town Physicians. His Mother came along with him to take care of him, and never suffer'd him to go out of her sight unless it was to go for a Mile or two with his Tutor for the Air. *Francus* delighted to see the Humours of a certain Play on a Green at that distance from the City. *Bibulus* was a sort of a sovereign there, and had generally the Title of *King of the Place*. He was practis'd in all sorts of Play, and in one particularly, which was an Excercise in the Field depending on Skill more than Fortune. *Francus* was tempted to Bet on one Side or other, and wou'd throw away Ten or Twenty Crowns for his Diversion. *Bibulus* observ'd it, and encourag'd him to venture farther, not only on others Heads, but at last on his own. One Day, as they were at this Play, it rain'd a little, and *Francus*'s Tutor advis'd his Charge to take Coach if he should catch Cold by the Moisture of the Air. *Bibulus* press'd him very hard

to stay, assuring him that Moisture had a healing Quality, and there was nothing better than wet for a Consumption. *Francus* was all the while losing his Money, and the Tutor was impatient to take him home with him. *Bibulus* finding his Reasons were not receiv'd as Oracles, to secure *Francus* from any Inconvenience that might arise from the Weather stript himself to his Waistcoat, and oblig'd the Youth to put on his Coat, adorn'd with the Ensigns of his Offices and Dignities. *Francus*, proud of the Honours that were done him, defy'd the Rain to hurt him; and *Bibulus* felt no Cold as long as *Francus* had a Piece left to lose to him. At last, having eas'd him of four hundred Crowns, *Bibulus* was himself of Opinion, that *Francus* might live as long, if he kept his Money, and kept himself dry.

ONE would not thing that a Person of this Make should be a Leader among the *Zealots*: But alas! It was common in *Atlantis* for Zeal to associate with Cruelty, Avarice, Rapine, Lust, and all the Vices which are the Bane of Society. Zeal is a very active, warm Virtue; and when it is blind, as it is its Misfortune for the most part to be, it lays about it so furiously, that it forbids all Approach to the Men or Women who are possess'd by it,

or in that case 'tis a sort of Demon, and
whoever is acted by it have all the Signs
of Possession while the Fit is upon them.
Bibulus had his Reasons for abandoning
himself to that Side. Wit was on the o-
ther, and there were so many to out-shine
him, he thought it his Interest to join with
those that had no Rival among them to dis-
pute that Character with him. He would
be at the top, or at least would be thought
to be so and sided with those who had
least Merit, that his own might be the more
valued. *Bibulus* had Wit, but it was stiff
and unsociable. *Bibulus* could write, but
it was as he convers'd: His Writings had
nothing in them either fine or agreeable.
One could not say they were Unpolish'd,
neither could one say they were Polite.
They were of the Kind which is term'd
Mediocrity, and is worth nothing. For
every thing that is indifferent in the *Belles*
Lettres is detestable. *Bibulus* was a Cour-
tier, and could therefore promise what he
never intended to perform; but he was
not courtly enough to be believed, and you
saw that whatever he said was only to get
rid of you. If he oblig'd a Man, he did
it as if he could not help it, and none had
an Obligation to him but thought the very
Receipt was a Discharge. His Humani-
ty was a part of his good Husbandry: He
H 2 would

would give good Words and good Looks where Money was expected, and wait upon a Person to the Stair-case, that should have been rewarded in his Closet. *Draco* was a Man of Learning and Worth: Indeed he believ'd nothing in Religion, but he was a Zealot, and in this he and his Patrons were much of a Complexion. *Draco* courted *Bibulus* with Flattery, *Bibulus* always paid him in Kind, and profess'd the greatest Esteem for him; and when he was starving, would in *Draco* complain of the Ingratitude of the Age. He might eat with him if he would; but he never enabled him to eat out of his Company. *Draco* was ill: *Bibulus* sent daily to enquire how he did? And when *Draco* was well, being ask'd what besides Compliments was brought from *Bibulus*? He reply'd, *The Water out of his own Fountain, the best Spring in Atalantis.* Nevertheless, *Draco* had spent many a cold Night in the Service of *Bibulus* and his Party. To them he devoted all his Time and Studies: For them he wrote, he talk'd, he rav'd, and for them amidst the Cries of a wanting Wife and Children, he dy'd of Drunkenness and Despair. For whom was *Bibulus* so greedy of Gain? Had he himself a Wife and Children to give Whet to his Avarice? Did his Mistresses drain him?

Were

Were they not of the cheapest sort, and have not twenty Crowns been enough both for *Delia* and the Doctor. Ask his Slave the Confident and Treasurer of his Amours; His Slave that has often brought him the Maid when he has kept the Mistres for himself? Ask what Injunctions he has receiv'd, and to what Price he was always stinted? But *Bibulus* had had Ambition in Love as well as in Power. *Bibulus* had made himself Wings, and flatter'd himself he could soar above all other Mortals; but his Wings like *Dædalus's* forsook him; and had his Soul been of any other Make, the Confusion which follow'd it wou'd have been Eternal. Let us imagine then, 'twas rather out of Indignation than Choice, that he descended in his Intrigues from the highest to the lowest; that he was resolv'd to use the Sex as a Lord of the Creation, and deal with those, who like the rest of the Beasts submit to Man out of Fear rather than Affection, or for Fodder, not for Love. Gold was the Tyrant of his Heart; the only Treasure he was afraid of losing; and if he held *Celia* in one Arm, the other was always in his Purse; his Mistresses being generally of those Beauties who steal more with their Fingers than with their Eyes; and when he set his *Argus's* upon them, it was not for fear they

should cuckold him, but for fear they should rob him.

The remainder of this Story is reserv'd for the Notable History of the Ten Champions, of whom Bibulus was one; in which his Political and Gallant Adventures will be set forth more at large, together with those of Orlando the Sorcerer, and the Knight of the Burning Pestle, and Six more of them taken from the Manuscript of a Person of Quality, lately deceas'd, whose Name has been mor than once mentioned in this Collection.



C A I U S.

HAD not *Caius* been a Zealot and a Politician, he wou'd have been one of the greatest Coxcombs in *Atalantis*. He was a Beau without Beauty, a Bully without Courage, an Orator without Eloquence, a Critic without Learning, a Satyrift without Wit, a Prodigal without Generosity, and at last a Miser without Money. One wou'd have thought by his Name that he had descended from the Emperors of Rome, but he had only an honest Country Gentleman to his Father; and who was his Grandfather is not at all to our Purpose, or any body's to enquire. But tho' he pretended

to

to be of an *Italian* Origin, 'tis much easier to be prov'd that his Ancestry were of the *Russian* Breed, and that *Caius* was indeed *Katzki* in the Original. Having distinguish'd himself at the *Academy*, and in the Town Suburbs, by demolishing of Signs, and breaking of Windows, he quitted that *Diversion* for *Gallantry*, which he commenc'd on the *Common*, and did not at first dare to invade his Neighbour's Inclosure. But at last a Fancy took him to make *Love* to a Shoomaker's Wife. The Woman, who had marry'd without having ever been Courted, or heard it said that she was handsome, took *Caius* at his Word, believ'd that he lov'd her because he swore it, and what follow'd was as kind as that was credulous. *Caius* was mighty well pleas'd with his good Fortune, He laid out his Money very lavishly in *Shoos*, and Treats. He shod himself and his Servants for Seven Years; and the *Shoomaker* was envy'd by all the Alley for having the best Customer of the Fraternity. It happen'd in the End, that his Wife who was not so fond of *Caius*'s Person as of his Pocket, began to tease him too unmercifully for Money, and to with-hold her Favours when he with-held his Presents. *Caius* complain'd to her of it, and she heard him as one that did not care what he said if she

made him pay for't. This Indifferenc
of hers begat the same in him; and he
was resolv'd to let her see that he was no
so ty'd to her but he knew how to get loose
and fear'd neither her Anger nor her Hus-
band's Resentment. She had several times
insinuated, that having never had a Child
by the *Shoomaker* he wou'd be mortally
jealous, and murder her if she shou'd have
one by another Man. This at first made
Caius bleed pretty freely, but he soon
grew weary of it, and came to a Resolution
to rid himself both of the Trouble and the
Expence, and that in such a manner as
shou'd shew her she had nothing more to
expect from him, whether her Husband
was jealous or not. In order to this, he
caress'd her more passionately than ever,
and invited her to come to his Lodgings,
where he had never receiv'd her before.
This extraordinary Civility made her ima-
gine his fond Fit was returning, and that
she shou'd have a new Market of him.
She answer'd his Careffes with equal Pa-
ssion, and went to his Lodgings, where a
noble Entertainment was provided for her:
Love, Wine, and Musick, contributed to the
Extravagance of their Joy. *Caius* engag'd
Alicia to be one of the Company, a Wo-
man who got as much by her Singing as
she did by Love, and for the Humour sake
he

he made a Rhyming Friend of his to give him a Song and a Tune to it on the merry Subject. *Alicia* had her Cue given her by Caius; and the first Song she sung was the History of the Entertainment he intended for his Mistress the *Shoomaker's Wife*.



SONG.

1.

WHILE Crispin whistling o're his Last :
Thought less of his Work than his Kan :
With one she lov'd better her Time hisse
Wife past,
For the Woman's too hard for the Man.

2.

He thought her shut in Garret safe,
A Stitching, or Knitting, at least :
While she all the while at the Cuckold didi
laugh,
And was happy with him she lov'd best.

3.

The Table with good Cheer was spread ;
And o're a Song briskly they drank it :
At last the young Spark put Crispina to Bed,
And muffled her up in a Blanket.

4.

*But Crispin coming in by chance ;
 The Gentleman bad him to seize her
 By the White Naked Foot, as she lay in
 Trance,
 And of his own Dear to take Measure.*

5.

*The Cuckold to his Maker swore
 That to a Hair's Breadth he would take it;
 And as for the Shoo he'd be damn'd for
 the Whore,
 If any Man better cou'd make it.*

6.

*The Squire was tickled with the Jest ;
 And Crispin cries 'tis a queer Fancy ;
 I care not a Fig, if the worst or the best,
 Nor to see all the rest a Man can see.*

7.

*I'll fit her from the Toe to Heel
 For so much of your ready Coin, Sir ;
 And as for the rest, Master, do what you will,
 I'm sure 'tis no Business of mine, Sir.*

8.

*This done the Shoomaker withdrew,
 But it put his Wife into the Colick.
 The Spark was so dainty he nothing wou'd do
 And thus ended all the whole Frolick.*

All

Alicia so humour'd the Song, that the Shoomaker's Wife was wonderfully delighted with it: But as she grew Maudlin she grew peevish, and began to think it was a Trick, which was either to be practis'd upon her, or was brought up on purpose to affront her. *Caius* did what he cou'd to drive it out of her Head. He kiss'd, he toy'd, he drank, but she seem'd to have too much of the latter, and too little of the former. To please her he bid *Alicia* give them a Love Song, of which she had good Store, and such as exactly fitted the Humour of *Caius* and his Doxy. But tho' she could sing, and the good Woman could hear them, we shall only repeat those of 'em which will give no Offence.

SONG.

I.

If I love a Man for his Money,
As many have done before;
Tho' to Night he may call me his Honey,
To morrow he'll call me his Whore.

2.

Then better be frank and free,
And love him for loving's sake;
The sooner we Women agree,
The better's the Bargain we make. Chuse

3.

*Chuse you a Dear Man that is kind,
That's generous, easy, and true ;
And to keep him still in the same Mind,
Do you keep yourself in the same too.*

4.

*If when he begins to change
You fiercely the Fault reprove,
He may like others out of Revenge,
He ne'r cou'd have lik'd out of Love.*

5.

*To all his Follies be blind,
But mostly to that of Roving :
When he is most cross be you most kind,
And teach him to Love you by Loving.*

7.

*If with a hard Word he is vex'd,
A Kiss will soon heal the Sore ;
But if not one Kiss, then try the next,
And if not the next, the next Score.*

7.

*Thus soften him by Degrees,
And bring him to your Lure :
By pleasing him, your self you may please,
And when you've half lost him, secure.*

The

The Shoomaker's Wife was so very much affected by this Song, that she cou'd not help acting it over as *Alicia* sung. The latter grew jealous, and *Caius* had Diversion enough to see them wrangle and quarrel about him. *Alicia* had the Advantage, she was a new Face and could sing; the other was an old one and could scold. The Farce was too busy among them to last, and *Caius* was impatient for the Catastrophe, as well to possess himself of *Alicia*, as to rid himself of *Crispina*. The former to be reveng'd of her Rival, rally'd her on her Grimaces and awkward Fondness, closing her Rillery with a Song which *Caius* and his old Mistress were not equally pleas'd with; the one taking as much Pleasure, as the other conceiv'd Spite in hearing it.

SONG.

I.

A Topping Beau there was, whose Name
The Muse forbears to tell,
Who keeping once a clumsy Dame
She thought herself a Belle.

And

2.

*And as the Ass, a fawning Beast,
Wou'd lick his Master's Face,
Her Lover she as ill caress'd
And held a Beauty's Place.*

3.

*Bat every Hug, and every Kiss,
So rudely did she toy,
Was more a Surfeit than a Bliss,
A Torment than a Joy,*

4.

*She had not Sense enough to see
How he her Passion scorn'd;
How Faint, tho' Fond he seem'd to be,
Her Fondness he return'd.*

5.

*Such forward Creatures Men despise ;
Their loath'd Embraces shun ;
Who let them see they do not prize
Their Pleasure, but their own.*

6.

*An odder Couple than these Two
No Story sure can tell :
There never was so fine a Beau,
And ne'er so foul a Belle.*

*Caius to prevent further Mischief took
Alicia by the Hand, and put her into another*

other Room, having without much Difficulty prevail'd upon *Crispina* to go into his Bed. When she was there expecting him, he dismiss'd the Equipage of Musick and Wine, and sent privately for the *Shoemaker*. The Wife was very impatient with *Caius* to come after her; he made a hundred Excuses; and at last seem'd to be in a terrible Fright, that her Husband had discover'd them and was coming up Stairs. The Woman was really as much frighted as he seem'd to be, and wou'd have jumpt out of Bed to throw herself into an adjoining Closet. But *Caius* held her down till the good Man was enter'd the Chamber. His Wife shrunk into the Bed and covered her self up with the Cloaths. *Caius* told the *Shoomaker* how he wou'd not make any thing a Secret to a Person in whom he put so entire a Confidence as he did in him; that he confess'd frankly he had another Man's Wife in Bed with him; that he had told her what an excellent Workman he was, and she wanted to have a pair of Shoos of his making; he then gave him a *Guinea*, and bid him go take measure of her. The Woman not daring to lift her Head above the Bed-cloaths, *Caius* cry'd to her, *Prithee don't be foolish, but let the Man take measure of you; he has seen*

a na-

a naked Foot before now ; and with that pulling up the Cloaths at the Feet, he made the Shoomaker to measure the Foot of his own dear Spouse. Crispin with a Smirk and a Fillup of his Finger said, *he'd warrant he'd fit her*, cring'd and withdrew. And Caius having born a Volley of Reproaches and Curies from the Wife, made her Rig herself, led her to the Door, saw her fairly down Stairs, and in her stead took the Woman he had brought to give them a Song at parting. Alicia had been very free of her Favours to others, and pass'd under the Discipline of a jealous, morose Husband, who being tir'd of her took hold of the Opportunity to use her as ill as he pleas'd. Alicia was afraid of him, and kept Caius off for some time ; but he tempted her so strongly that in the end she told him, if he could get her Husband's Consent he should have her's, and she believ'd the Reasons he offer'd her wou'd gain her Husband. Caius desir'd a Friend of his who knew the Man to fist him. The Friend made no Scruple to let him know every body took him for a Cuckold : nor did he make any more Scruple to confess that he knew his Wife was a Jilt, and that he shou'd be glad to get rid of her, but he cou'd not spare the Profit he made of her Singing. Pugh ! replies

replies his Acquaintance, *You shall have enough paid you Yearly, and never more be troubled with her, if you will assign her over to Caius.* *With all my Heart,* says the Husband of *Alicia*, *let me have one Year down, and he shall have all my Right and Title in her.* The Bargain was struck; he had two hundred Crowns paid in Hand, and a Promise of as many yearly, for which he deliver'd up *Alicia* to *Caius*, and oblig'd himself never to give him or her any Disturbance. *Caius* receiv'd her as the richest Present that could have been made him, carry'd her home to his Lodgings, and when he shut the Door upon the *Shoomaker's Wife* put *Alicia* in her Place, which she kept, till her Inconstancy and ill Luck were the occasion of her own Death, and put *Caius's* Life in the utmost Peril. This Danger so far reclaim'd him that he resolv'd to lay aside the *Gallant Mien* and take up the *Politician*. As every body was of one Opinion in *Atalantis*, so he was at a Loss which Side to chuse: But that Loss was soon over, for the right Side would not receive him, and he was forc'd to throw himself upon the wrong; where he distinguish'd himself as far as he could by a Pertness and Forwardness, which were mistaken for Boldness and Wit. And he rais'd a Character of a *Statesman* by the very Means

Means that other People will be sure to lose it. He spoke to every thing, and understood nothing: If there was any desperate Counsel to be started, *Caius* was the Man, for no body expected any thing from him that was just or reasonable. He treated the most serious Affairs with the same whimsical Humour, as he did the most gay and frolicksome.

IT happen'd unluckily, that he ventur'd at a certain time on a Speech in a most August Assembly, and thought to make himself a Great Man by abusing the greatest in the Kingdom. He had a Friend and Patron who put him upon it, and having that Patron of his always in his Head, he needed only to say what he knew of him, and apply it to another to draw the vilest Picture that a Man's Wit and Malice are capable of. But 'twas very unlike the Person he intended it for so that *Caius* was glad to get off with a Reprimand and a Prison, where he was visited by those of both Sexes who lov'd Pleasure of all Kinds, especially Women and Wine, which were never wanting when *Caius* was of the Company.

'Tis pity indeed he had not spar'd his Friend *Perseus*. *Perseus* was a well-meaning Creature: His whole Life was spent over a Bottle: He lov'd nothing else, nor

even his Wife, tho' she was pretty, good-
humour'd, and as amorous even as *Caius*,
which as soon made them Friends as they
were made Acquaintance. She had an In-
trigue before *Perseus* met with her: He
was not over delicate in such Matters,
and having more Occasion as he thought
for her Money than her Virtue, Twelve
Thousand Crowns made him sufficient A-
ends for the Defect of her Reputation:
Perseus was too merry a Spark to trouble
himself much about Religion: He pleas'd
himself however with bragging, that he
was of that which was in the Fashion, and
the same that his Father and Grandfather
were of before him. His Mother he did
not mention on that Article, who, tho'
she was of a Profession that contributed
only to the Peopling of this World, yet
she was as much of the Fashion too in
that Point, as was her Son *Perseus*; and
her Zeal was every whit as furious and
as loud as his could be. *Caius* and *Per-
seus* being thus of a Side, 'twas not pos-
sible they could meet often, without be-
ing of a Club too. And *Perseus* having
his Cellar well stor'd with the best Wines,
Caius did not fail to have his Portion of
them. The first Night he spent with
Perseus, he drank him to such a Pitch,
that both his Eyes and his Ears were use-
less

les to him. The Wife knew his Frailty, and would not leave *Caius*, tho' her Husband had left him, and that without going out of the Room too. The Wine, the Hour, the Opportunity, but above all, the Charms and the pleasant Humour of *Persea*, whom we shall so call for her Husband's Sake, made him forget what indeed he very seldom remember'd, the Laws of Hospitality and Honour, and venturing every thing he had *Chere entiere*, the very Height of French Civility and Entertainment, without shifting the Scene; fancying surely that *Bacchus* was as blind as *Cupid*: Or that Cuckolds, like Partridges, can't see whilst the Mischief is doing to them. *Caius* was transported with his good Fortune, and *Perseus* slept away one of the happiest Hours his Friend was ever blest with: When he awak'd, *Caius* was ready to pledge him with a Bumper, and the Wife with a malicious Smile left him, as she said, with better Company. *Perseus* and *Caius* toasted it away till Morning; when they parted: *Caius* to dream over the Rapture of his new Adventure; and *Perseus* to serve his Wife as he had done his Glass, which was much more dear to him; and yet he had had such a Surfeit that he could not help sleeping over it.

WHEN he went into the Country, *Perseus* always stay'd behind him, and then *Caius* applied his Place. He did not value the scandal; and she was as careless as he wou'd be. He wou'd take her for a Month or two to a neighbouring Village, and she was as much *Caia* there, as she was *Perseus* at Home. *Caius* did not mind the expence, and as long as *Perseus* never heard from his Wife for Money, he was very well contented, giving no Ear to Fame, who never had a good Word for her. *Caius's* Pocket maintain'd her a fine Equipe, which *Perseus* had the Credit of. And if the Ladies sometimes said with a sneer, it was his Coach, they as often en'd the Splendor and Ease of the Lady that rode in it. This Amour took up so much of *Caius's* Time and Thoughts, that quite wean'd him from the State, and he was for several Years no more heard of as a statesman, being so useless and forgot, that his Zeal and his Politicks did himself no more good than they have since done the world. *Perseus* having so much Money to spare, by the Bounty of *Caius*, gave himself up so intirely to the Bottle, that in a year or two he drank away the Remains of his Estate and Constitution, and was quickly put into his Grave, when for want of Money and Privilege he must otherwife

have been thrown into a Goal. *Caius* took *Persea* as his own; and she was far from missing a Husband that had been all his Life time extremely deficient to her both in Money and Love. *Caia* having got Possession of *Caius's* Heart as well as his Person, pray'd him to marry her, but he put her off with a Settlement of Two Thousand Crowns a Year, with which she could not but be satisfy'd, he having not left himself so much as he had given her. 'Twas not long after, that he consider'd with himself, a Mistress with a Settlement is as dull a Thing as a Wife; and they began to treat one another as if they had been marry'd. *Caia* never wanted for Lovers; and few of them who cou'd pay for her Favours, had Reason to complain of her Cruelty. Tho' *Caius* was a Maker of so many Cuckolds, it did not hinder but he was as much Jilted himself; and as he never was true to one of his Mistresses, never was one of them true to him. Scandal pretended to give several Reasons for it. The most malicious of 'em was, that he was as impotent in his Body, as in his Mind, and Intrigu'd as much out of Vanity as Lust. 'Twas objected to this, that no Man can hardly be such a Coxcomb, as to be at the Expence, if he had not the Enjoyment. Which does not always hold true

or how many Blockheads do we meet with
that are every Day ruining themselves for
Pleasure, of which they are insensible ;
is that of *Politicks* to Fellows who can't
think ? And yet in our Days there is no-
thing so common with us, as *thoughtless*
politicians, Machiavels without Experience,
Wisdom, Sobriety, or Discretion ; Polit-
ical Rakes, that for fear of the Fate of *Al-
ciades*, do not fall upon the Temple, nor
front the holy Images, nor insult the
priests, but spare nothing else, either *Hu-
mane or Divine.*

IT was generally thought, that *Caius*
had never been a wise Man, had he never
been a Fool : That had he no settled so
much of his Fortune on his Mistress, he
wou'd never have mended it. But finding
the Impertinence of Duns to grow into-
table, and being not so dull but he cou'd
serve that Wretches, as stupid as him-
self, became Men of Importance by Pre-
tences he had as much Right to as any
body ; he resolv'd to try his Luck in State
matters, and get Distinction by his Noise
and his Heat, as others did. 'Twas a
cheap Way of getting into Vogue, and that
made it so much practis'd. There was room
ough for *Caius*, only he had the Clog of
Mistress, who endeavour'd to beat Bu-
ness out of his Head as much as she
cou'd

cou'd, to have him to herself, and make the most of him. Tho' he had never a true Friend in the World, for how cou'd he, when he was never himself a true Friend to any Man? Yet there was one or two that seemed to have more Concern for his Interests than other Men, and one of 'em advis'd him to marry; the Person he propos'd was indeed one he was to get by in putting her off, it being a Sister who lay more on his Hands than any body's but her own. She was older than *Caius*, and not so handsome that she needed have thought it such a Miracle, that the Men had let her alone so long. She had Twenty Thousand Crowns to her Portion: for having liv'd upon her Brother, her Economy had almost doubled what her Father left her. She had been a proper Match to have preserv'd *Caius's* Estate, but not so proper to recover it; her Money being not sufficient to clear even the Incumbrance of *Caia*. However *Caius* flatter'd himself, that an Alliance with one of the greatest Zealots in *Atalantis*, would very much improve his Credit and Interest, and he should have this Comfort at least in his Marriage, that he might hope to live without a Rival. He address'd himself to the Sister and Brother, but to his great Surprize found the Lady more difficult

ult than the Gentleman. The Brother
was not to be undone by the Ruin of *Caius*
and took his Word for the Condition he
was in, with Respect to his Circumstances;
but the Sister enquir'd narrowly into them,
and discover'd that the Settlement which
was offer'd to her was pre-engag'd to *Caia*.
Caius did not think of the Deeds he had
set his Hand to: At least he thought a
Lover's Covenant was no more binding than
his Oath; and that he cou'd as easily
come off in Law as he cou'd in Honour,
for abandoning a Woman he had given his
Word and Estate to. *Caia* finding he was
about to leave her in good earnest, was
not at a Loss how to provide for herself.
She had a Friend that liv'd by his Luck,
and was acquainted with every Quirk and
Trick that *Rogues* make use of to defend
by Law what they have got by *Roguery*.
She struck up a Bargain with him: He
was to Bully *Caius* with a Duel and a
Law-Suit, and she to give him her Bed
and her Board till the Business was over.
So on a sudden 'twas given out that *Caia*
had got her a Husband, and when he went
next to visit her he found the Door shut
against him. He clamour'd in the Street
and she threaten'd him out of the Win-
dows: In this Instant the Man, whom
she pretended to have married, comes home,

forbids *Caius* his House, and tells him 'twas well he came off so.

'Twas in vain for him to rave and abuse her. She matters not his Rage; she had the Deeds and Possession, and she was resolv'd to keep it. The Man gave the Brother of *Caius*'s intended Bride notice how his Estate was incumber'd, and the Match was for a while no more talk'd of. He was now in most terrible Circumstances: He had neither Wife, Mistress, Estate nor Reputation. Every body made a Jest of him, for pretending to marry before he had secur'd the Deeds that were sure to be his Hindrance. He too late saw his Error, and got as great a Rogue as *Caia*'s new Spark was, to manage the Matter for him. The Thing was very difficult. The Writings were authentick, and the Gift, tho' for a Consideration which was not thought fit to be mention'd, as valid as a Covenant cou'd make it. Both *Caia* and her Bully insisted on the whole Sum that *Caius* was to have with his Spouse, no less than Twenty Thousand Crowns; and 'twas with much a-do, many good Words, and more good Pounds, that the Affair was at last adjusted. Ten Thousand Crowns were secur'd to *Caia*: The Deeds of the Land were deliver'd up: A Jointer of it made for the Bride, who succeeded the Fair Jilt

Jilt a little while after in her Bed, and her Settlement.



ERMINIO and VINELLA.

A BOUT Ten Leagues from the Capital of *Atalantis*, liv'd an old Lady, who had a Daughter whom we shall call *Vinella*. Her Father left her a Hundred Thousand Crowns when he dy'd. She was in her Fourteenth Year when her Mother marry'd again. Her Person was agreeable enough, only she was too little to pass for perfect Beauty. She had Wit and a Vicinity, which turn'd every thing that was said to her by those that pretended Love, into Ridicule. She had liv'd in the strictest Friendship, and the freest Familiarity, with a young Gentleman whom we shall call *Erminio*, who was but two Years older than her self. His Father and hers were such intimate Friends, that they often mix'd Families for a Month, and the Children *Erminio* and *Vinella* were so fond of one another, that they were always Bed-fellows according to the Freedoms of the Ancient

Manners. Now indeed, 'tis not so common for Boys and Girls to lye together before they enter their *Teens*; but they make it up afterwards, and when they are Men and Women correct that ill Custom of putting Children into separate Beds. *Erminio* was Heir to an Estate of about Four Thousand Crowns Yearly Rent, which was thought too little for so great a Fortune as was *Vinella*. But her Father was so much a Friend to *Erminio's*, that had he liv'd he intended her for him. Both Families all along look'd upon them as future Man and Wife. As such they also look'd upon themselves, and it being a common Thing for the two Families, when they met, to entertain themselves with *Plays*; the most tender Scenes always were acted by *Erminio* and *Vinella*. They did every thing of that Kind to the Life. Their Sentiments were the same with those of the Persons they acted, and it was easie to see their Hearts were so united 'twould be a very difficult Matter ever to divide them. When they were not practising their Parts for their Dramatical Diversions, they would run to some Arbor or shady Walk and read Romances, sometimes *Erminio*, and sometimes *Vinella*, having the Book: When they came to the passionate Parts, they would look upon one another,

smile

smile and make Parallels. They would argue on the Cruelty of the Damosel, on the Constancy of the Knight ; and *Erminio* has often spoken of him so movingly, that he has drawn a Sigh, and sometimes a Tear, from the sympathizing Heart of his dear *Vinella*. This Education naturally led them to the Love of Poetry ; and they were impatient to learn to write, that they might communicate their Thoughts to each other in Verse. They began with Pastoral ; and the first Verses that *Erminio* wrote to his fair Shepherdess, having come to my Hands, I cannot help repeating them, as I shall do several Poems of theirs, all relating to their Loves ; not so much for the Beauty of them, as the Sincerity and Simplicity, Qualities that will recommend Love Verses to good Judges more than the affected Wit and forc'd Similes of our modern Poets, who are so fond of them that they cannot leave them out even of their Tragedies.

To Morrow is a merry Day :
While our Sheep are Shearing,
I, and my true Love will play ;
None shall be so blith as we :
She'll a Favour give to me,
And I'll give her an Ear-ring.

*To the May-pole then we'll hie,
And will dance about it :
Boys and Maids their Heels shall try
For the Prize upon the Green ;
And if we the Garlands win
Oh ! how we will shout it.*

Vinella, to shew she would never be behind him in any Thing, set her young Muse to work too, and an Hour or two after gave him what follows :

*If I were a Woman,
I'd not be so kind ;
Nor tell you, dear Minny,
So freely my Mind :*

*But since I'm a Girl, and
To Morrow's the May ;
I think there's no hurt in't,
If we meet and play.*

*And, as we see always
The young Maids and Men,
Dance till we are weary,
And Buss now and then.*

Thus did they grow in Affection as they grew in Years ; and it was resolv'd on, that as soon as they came from their several Schools they should be marry'd : But it happen'd unfortunately that Vinella's Father

ther dy'd when she was entring her *Teens*, and *Erminio's* not long after. The Mother of *Vinella* continu'd her Intimacy with the Widow of her Husband's Friend till she left the Country, and taking a House in Town carry'd her Daughter with her. As she soon had Thoughts of marrying again, she purpos'd to make her Market of *Vinella*, and to get herself a Husband when she got one for her Daughter. *Erminio* miss'd no Opportunity of coming to Town to visit his Mistress, and he was for some time welcome to her Mother, who invited him to her House, and he lodg'd there as long as it was her own. As blind as Love is, he never wants Eyes to see a Rival; and *Erminio* might observe the House she liv'd in was more haunted by Suitors than ever *Penelope's* was: Some came to the Mother, and some to the Daughter; the Mother told all those that made Pretences to *Vinella*, and had nothing to offer to her self, that her Father had given his Word to *Erminio*, that the young People were agreed upon it, and there was no altering the Course of an Affair so well settled: But if ever a Gentleman came, who had a Nephew or a Friend for her Daughter, and a good Estate for herself, she never refus'd to enter into a Treaty; she was worth as much as *Vinella*,

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and that she was very willing to be married, and did not care to buy a Husband, but to have a true and Knight, who should be fit for her. The King and Knight, who succeeded in his suit, to her, was not at first able to obtain her. He told the King of his Design upon her, and besought his Majesty to speak a good Word for him when the Widow came next to Court. The King, out of the Abundance of his Good Nature, and something of Gratitude, for the Knight us'd frequently to bring him Tickets and lend him Money and other necessaries, but on very slender service, or returning but his own Word Royal, which he did in the End to be no better than to make the Conqueror Faustus, at the Between world's destruction, and get himself a Waterkerchief his Hat and Puffe that he durst not let his face be seen; and was in such haste and trouble to get his to the Possession of her Fair and fortunate Countess many Disputments. It happened to the Queen of France to have many occasions of visiting about her Country, all owing thereto her to go over the way to the Park, the Fay, and other parts of Sussex and Oxford as a faire bough and to see her inheritance, yet her Conqueror said that they were a greater hindrance to the good cause of his Country; wherefore was down in her a rebellion in May, and so began to be

impatient at the Delays that he met with
in the Befiefs of his Marriage. To him,
Wmells always was in and Out, and the
Mother was in very little, passing all the
Time only upon several Preachers, and ne-
ver offering to object against the Match
till her new Husband engag'd her in the
Interests of *Domitian*, the Son of *Domi-
tius*, the greatest Lord in the Island, con-
sidering the Post he was in. Before we
proceed further in this History, it will
not be improper to give a Sketch of the
Character of *Domitian*, as in another Place
we have done of *Domitius*.

'Tis poor *Domitian* was a Madman, be-
cause his Courage and his Wit did him no
Credit; for whether he did a good Thing,
or did a bad one, 'twas all imputed to
his Distemper, and his Wit and his Cour-
age were taken to be the mere Effects of
his Frenzy. If he had been in some Bet-
ters, he had been in more Broils, and the
Enemies, upon whom he gild'd the most
remarkable Triumphs, were Drawers, Coach-men, and Chamber-men. His Gener-
osity, or rather Prodigy, was one of his
most dangerous Qualities; for if he could
get a Man to accept of a Train from him,
he was sure also to accept of a Beating;
and when he paid his Club, he always took
it out in a Drubbing; as for his Debts,

and tho' she was very willing to be marry'd again, she did not care to buy a Husband too dear. The old Knight, who succeeded in his Addresses to her, was not at much Trouble to obtain her. He told King *Roland* of his Design upon her, and begg'd his Majesty to speak a good Word for him when the Widow came next to Court. The King, out of the Abundance of his good Nature, and something of Gratitude too, for the Knight us'd frequently to give him Treats and lend him Money at exorbitant Interest, but on very slender Security, nothing but his own Word Royal, which was found in the End to be no better a Fund than the Conjurer *Faustus's*, did what the Usurer would have him, and gave her such a Character of his Parts and his Purse, that she surrender'd her self at Discretion, and was in such haste that the old Usurer took Possession of her Person and Fortune without any Capitulation.

IT went to the Soul of *Erminio* to see so many Fops come whiffling about *Vinella*, following her where ever she went, to the Park, the Play, and casting Amorous Sighs and Ogles at her; which tho' she seem'd insensible of, yet he could not but see that they were a great Hindrance to the good Effect of his own; for she was now in her Fifteenth Year, and he began to be impatient

impatient at the Delays that he met with in the Business of his Marriage. 'Tis true, *Vinella* always was in one Tone, and the Mother vary'd very little, putting off the Time only upon several Pretences, and never offering to object against the Match till her new Husband engag'd her in the Interests of *Domitian*, the Son of *Domitius*, the greatest Lord in the Island, considering the Post he was in. Before we proceed further in this History, it will not be improper to give a Sketch of the Character of *Domitian*, as in another Place we have done of *Domitius*.

'Tis Pity *Domitian* was a Madman, because his Courage and his Wit did him no Credit; for whether he said a good Thing, or did a bad one, 'twas all imputed to his Distemper, and his Wit and his Courage were taken to be the meer Effects of his Frenzy. If he had been in some Battles, he had been in more Broils; and the Enemies, upon whom he gain'd the most remarkable Triumphs, were Drawers, Coach-men, and Chair-men. His Generosity, or rather Profusion, was one of his most dangerous Qualities; for if he could get a Man to accept of a Treat from him, he was sure also to accept of a Beating; and when he paid his Club, he always took it out in a Drubbing; as for his Debts,

This Creditors had all like Reason to be content with him; for there was not one of them who could take it ill that another was paid.

There was a religious Custom in *Atlantis*, of initiating even Children into their Holy Mysteries; and two or three Persons of mature Age were always invited to represent them. This Distinction was look'd upon as a sort of a Compliment; but 'twas also Expensive, and the greedy Priestesses took such large Fees, that it made it very chargeable; and as much a Compliment as it was, almost every body avoided it. *Domitian's Taylor* having dunn'd him to no Purpose, before the Ceremony was perform'd, thought at least of having the Honour of his Presence at the Initiation of his Son, and invited him to be the Child's Representative. *Domitian* readily consented, and the Taylor, and all about him, were overjoy'd at the News of so noble a Guest to assist at the Mysteries: People paying more or less, according to their Quality. *Domitian* came at the Time, and when the Ceremony was over, took the Taylor aside, swore he had not a Farthing to pay the Priestesses, and desir'd him to lend him Fifty Crowns. The Money was rais'd by a Loan of an whole Family, and some of the Neighbourhood: *Domitian* gave the

Priestesses ten of the Crowns, and spent the other Forty the same Night at the Tavern, leaving the Taylor to pay himself with the Honour of what had been done him. There wou'd be no End of it, if we shou'd go about to tell all the Pranks he play'd of this Kind ; for *Domitius* was so poor when he came into Post, that he cou'd hardly get rich when he went out of it ; and had his Revenue been as great as his Master's, *Domitian* would have squander'd it as fast as King *Roland* did. I shall only remember one Incident more in the Story of *Domitian*, and then continue that of *Erminio* and *Vinella*.

THERE liv'd in the same City with the old Knight, a Seller of Essences, to whom *Domitian* did the Favour to drink up his Wine, and run in his Debt. The Man sold Wares, that he stood in Need of as much as any body, he being very deficient in Personal Fragancy. The Man was a Coxcomb, but he was a credulous one ; and tho' *Domitian* never kept his Word with him or any body else, he trusted on, and very often was permitted to spend Ten or Twenty Crowns in such honourable Company. During this Friendly Commerce between them, the *Essence-monger* marry'd a Wife of more Beauty than Virtue ; and he was so fond of her that he took

took the Way to make the whole Town his Rivals. He made her dress out to the Height of the Modes, and set her in his Shop in as much Order as if she was one of the Commodities that were there to be dispos'd of. He depended entirely on the Advantages of his own Person for his Security against Cuckoldom, in which he very un-happily prov'd mistaken: For his Wife had her Senses and Experience, and understood Personal Merit as well as any Woman in *Atalantis*. He ventur'd too much on his own, as he soon found to his Cost: However, she acted the *Prude* for some time, and would not suffer the best Men that came to his Shop to take Snuff out of her Box, or to touch her Petticoats, she set up for such an uncommon Pitch of Virtue, that no body had Courage enough to put it to the Trial; and she began to be afraid she had over-acted her Part, when *Domitian* sav'd her the Mortification of changing her Conduct to procure her Lovers. One would think he reckon'd every Thing that was the Essence-Man's to be his own; for he no sooner saw his Wife but he form'd a Design to have Possession of her. To this end he was very frequent and very civil in his Visits. He seem'd not to take any Notice of the good Woman, but to come wholly out of Love and

and Kindness to the good Man. He did not so much as offer to kiss her, which she was mightily surpriz'd at, having dress'd for him from the first Time she saw him. *Domitian* took occasion often to commend the Convenience and Neatness of the House and Lodgings, the Oeconomy and Plenty of their Way of Living, and at last desir'd the Man to admit a Relation of his who was coming to Town, to lodge and board there a Month or two during her Stay. There was no Difficulty in the Matter: *Domitian* brought his Kinswoman who was really no way related to him, but by the good Offices she had done him in her own Person, and those of her Friends and Acquaintance. He gave the *Essence-Man* and his Wife a noble Entertainment, and left his Cousin in Charge with them. The Gentlewoman was receiv'd with extraordinary Civilities, and every one wonder'd at the great Alteration in *Domitian's* Manners, that he should be so free in the *Essencer's* Family, and not be freer. But the Wonder did not last long; His Cousin soon let the Wife know what she was sent there for, what a Passion *Domitian* had for her, and the Provision he had made to receive her according to his Quality, whenever she would be so kind as to give him a Meeting.

ing. In about a Month the Wife was brought to consent to meet *Domitian* at his Cousin's own Lodging, where a hundred Women had met him before: And to this Day neither her Husband nor I can tell what he did with her; but I doubt not we can both give a good Guess at it. As for his other Amours, we must leave them to his Historian, and have no more to do with him in this History than he has to do in that of *Erminio* and *Vinella*.

THE Season drawing on for *Vinella*'s Mother to retire to her Country Seat, which she always did, as well after she was marry'd as before; *Erminio* hasten'd down to his, to prepare for the Reception of his Mistress. Every one that has been in Love, will easily imagine the Transport he was in to think that he should now be rid of all his Rivals, and have *Vinella* to himself in those happy Shades where they had so often walk'd and told a Thousand Tales of Love. But they were now of an Age, when telling of Tales began to seem very insipid to them. They had not read so many Romances and Novels, nor acted so many Pastorals and Plays, but they knew very well what it was that so many Lovers dy'd for; and *Erminio*, whose Heart was not entirely free from all Thoughts

of

of Interest, consider'd, that if a Hundred Thousand Crowns and a fair Lady could be secur'd by pushing for it, there would be twenty Ways of excusing it to one's self. I shall not plead in his behalf, and if the Customs of *Atalantis* were the same with ours, he certainly was most inexcusable, and had ill improv'd himself in the Studies of Love and Honour which he had learn'd in his youthful Exercises. In a word, he came to a Resolution to engage *Vinella* by all the means he could think of to put her self into his Possession: And rather than he would not be sure of her, to make her so fit for no body else as for himself: When *Vinella*'s old Lady came into the Country, he gave her and her Family a Reception at his House much above his Fortune. The old Sports were reviv'd: And her Ladyship, who lov'd Mirth and good Cheer seem'd to be in a mighty good Humour with him, at the same time that she had given a Charge to her Daughter never to be alone with him. For tho' she had not yet resolv'd that he should not have her, she had not resolv'd that he should, but intended to make her Market by marrying her, whether it was to *Erminio* or another. *Domitian* had been propos'd, and a Bribe of Twenty Thousand Crowns offer'd to her Husband if he cou'd bring about

about the Match. The old Usurer at first endeavour'd to do it without communicating that Offer to his Wife for fear she should cry halves. And when he did it, my Lady objected to the Lewdness of his Character, and the Profusion of his Temper, saying she had rather see her Daughter bury'd alive. Thus the Business hung when she left the Town for the Spring Season, and *Erminio* had the whole Story from her Woman, who had been alway a Friend to him and *Vinella*: She too being of great Experience in Love Matters advis'd the young Couple to come together as soon as they could, with this old Proverb on her Side, that *many Things happen between the Cup and the Lip.*

IT was about the Beginning of May and not quite a Century ago, that *Erminio* and *Vinella* met one Afternoon by a particular Assignation in a Grove adjoining to her Mother's Garden. No Umbrage could have been taken by any body that saw them there, it having been so usual for them to meet in such retir'd Places, to read of those Things which they were now of an Age to know in Practice as well as Theory. *Erminio* resolv'd not to miss that Opportunity; the House, Garden and Grove were all free to them, the old Lady being gone to Town for a Day or two, and left

left *Vinella* behind on account of an affected Indisposition. When her Mother was gone, the Joy in her Countenance shew'd plainly enough the Health of her Body and Mind, and she went to the Rendezvous with the same Transport as she would have gone to her Nuptials. Their Youth was ignorant of the Consequences of Lovers meeting in solitary Places with no Guard on themselves but their Wishes. *Erminio*, who never till then felt the Power of Love so irresistibly said so many tender things to his *Vinella*, that she could not help being touch'd by them to the quick. They were not content with Vows and Sighs. They fill'd up all the Intervals with Kisses and Embraces, and having walk'd themselves weary, lay down under a spreading Beach, which had, for many Years before they had seen the Light of the Sun, been the Pride of the Grove. *Vinella* vow'd again and again she wou'd be his or nobody's; that neither Titles nor Riches should change her. And *Erminio* swore, that neither Riches, Honour, nor the whole World, should ever part them. But he could not help observing the Danger he was in of losing her, not only from *Domitian*, but a Croud of Lovers, who courted her Fortune, not her; whereas were she as naked as he could then almost wish her,

her, and he in Possession of the Wealth of the Indies, he would give all even for that dear Minute. And Oh, cry'd he with a languishing Look that struck to the Heart of *Vinella*, How many Worlds would I give, my Dear, to secure thee my own for ever. With that he took her in his Arms, and *Vinella* so forgot herself that had not a Bird happen'd to flutter over their Heads, and to take off her Eyes in the Instant, the Joy of that Minute might have sav'd them whole Years of Trouble. *Vinella* starting at the Noise the Bird made, and turning her Eyes to *Erminio's*, saw them flame with his Desire and in a Fright sprung from his Arms and run into the House, hiding her Disorder in her Closet, where she stay'd till it was over, while *Erminio* was cursing himself and his Stars for losing an Opportunity which he knew not when he should recover; for *Vinella* was now sensible of the Danger there was in meeting him, and that Fright would probably prevent another.

HE durst not speak to his Mistress that Evening, and the next Morning she went to London, an Express bringing her Word that the old Usurer, her Father in Law, was taken very ill; that her Mother could not return into the Country, and requiring

healthing her to come to Town the next Day. Erminio had notice of it, and was early d he in the Morning to take his leave of her. When she saw him, she blush'd, he trem- bled; however he quickly perceiv'd he had my not committed so great a Fault, but that would be forgiven; and perhaps, if it had been greater, a Pardon would not have been very difficult. *Vinella* confess'd all her to the Woman that waited on her Mother, and was also her Guardian. She made a Jest of her Fright, and told *Erminio* between Jest and Earnest, if he was not more a Man next time, her Mistress should not come thirty Miles to meet him.

SOME who are not acquainted with the *Atalantick Codes*, may wonder that *Erminio*, who had *Vinella* so much in his Power, did not secure her marry her, which he might have done when he wou'd; but they must know that of all the People upon Earth the *Atalanticks* were the fondest of their Land; insomuch that tho' to marry a Woman worth a Million of Crowns, without her Father and Mother's Consent, was not criminal; yet to steal an Heiress, as they call'd it, tho' she had but a Hundred Crowns a Year, was a capital Crime, and a Man that marry'd such a one without her Father's, or if she had no Father, without her Mother's Consent, was

was hang'd for it. Now *Vinella* had unluckily just a Hundred Crowns a Year in Land, and all the rest of her Fortune was in Money: Thus if he had marry'd her without her Mother's Consent, the old Usurer would most certainly have prosecuted him to the utmost: Nor were there any Hopes of Pardon, *Domitius* ruling all at Court, under his Master. It was this that put it into his Head to make sure of *Vinella*, as Love and good Policy directed him; and he had the Example of a Kinsman of his before him. Indeed the young Woman his Kinsman marry'd was not an Heiress, neither was he under any Necessity to marry her; but it being safe as well as honourable, he took the following Course to possess himself of her.



The STORY of ERGANTHUS and ERGANTHE.

ERGANTHUS was Brother's Son to *Erminio*'s Father and had Ten Thousand Crowns to his Portion. It was become

become a Custom in *Atalantis*, for Gentlemen, and even Noblemen, to put their Sons to Trades, and *Erganthus* was plac'd for a Term of Years with a *Dealer of Silks*. When his Time was expir'd, himself followed the same Business, and frequenting a Country Village about four Leagues from the City, took a liking to an old rich Navigator's Daughter. He address'd himself first to the Father, and afterwards to the Daughter, and was encourag'd by both of them. The Father enquiring into his Circumstances, and finding he was likely to have also a good Estate in Land, after his Elder Brother, who had no Children, to engage him the faster made no Scruple to boast of his Riches, closing it always with saying, *It must all come among his Daughters, and he had but two of them.* *Erganthus* gave him the Ear, but would not be put off with Words. To the Daughter he pretended Love only, to the Father he insisted on 15000 Crowns, which he thought his Possessions and Expectances deserv'd. The old Man always evaded coming to the Point, in Hopes he wou'd marry her without his Consent, and then the honest Man, a very great Zealot, resolv'd not to give her a Farthing. *Erganthus*, who was a Man of Sense and Spirit, told his Mind freely to the Daughter,

That

That he lov'd her as well as she could wish
to be belov'd, and so well that he would not
ruin her; that he saw her Father dallied
with him, and intended they should marry,
and have nothing of his to live upon. But
that if she would consent to it, he fancy'd
he had thought of a Way to balk him, and
to accomplish their own Design. The young
Lady was very earnest to know how it
could be done, and assur'd him, that no-
thing should be wanting on her Part; for
she wou'd be plain with him as to own she
lov'd him. Can you, says he, give me such
a Proof of it, as to expose your Reputation
only for a Month or two. Since you are
to be my Wife, your Reputation is mine;
and I will be as jealous of it as of my
own. If you agree to it, we will be mar-
ry'd, but you must be sure to deny it with
the last Obstinacy; and I cannot help tell-
ing it you, my Project depends upon it:
If you are with Child, he will do that for
his own Credit, which he would not do
for yours; and for the Honour of his
Family give me that which he would not
do for its Interest. The Lady blush'd,
but her Smiles and Silence explain'd her
Meaning; they were marry'd a few Days
after. He had several Opportunities to
consummate the Marriage, and in three
Months the Mother discover'd that Er-

ganthe,

ganthe, for so we must now call her, was Breeding. The old Woman fell into Fits, the old Man into a Fury; 'twas all in vain; Erganthe fell upon her Knees, and with a Flood of Tears beg'd them to forgive her. Are you marry'd, Hussy? cries the Father. Erganthe continu'd weeping and made no Answer. *The Wench is a Whore, and will be an eternal Disgrace to my Family; we shall be the Jest of the Country. Who is the Father?* Erganthus, replied the Daughter. Oh the Rogue! says the Navigator, has he play'd such a Trick? no wonder I have not seen him of late: *The Dog will turn thee off to the Parish, and will have nothing to do with thee. I'll keep none of his Basts; thou shalt e'en pack after him.* And out flew the old Fellow, swearing bloodily to do as he threaten'd. But at Night his Wife, who had been for five or six Hours schooling her Daughter, representing to him, *That it was his own Fault in encouraging Erganthus to come to their House, giving him Access to their Daughter at all Hours, and then endeavouring to put him off with a Song. That the Matter would make such a Noise as would spoil their other Daughter's Fortune; That what was done, was done, and the best Way wou'd be to make as good an End as they cou'd of a bad Beginning, to see whether Erganthus wou'd marry*

marry her for two or three Thousand Crowns more, which they could spare; and the Business being bush'd up immediately, and they married out of hand, it might be, there woud be no harm done. For you know, my Dear, continued she, 'tis what we did ourselves before, and we can't blame our Children for it. The old Man with a little Persuasion came to, and took Horse the next Morning at Break of Day, to speak with Erganthus in Town. He sent for him to a Tavern where they had formerly met: But Erganthus, who was sure of his Errand, pretended a great Hurry, and made him send five or six times before he went to him; when he came, the old Man upbraided him with Ingratitude and Breach of the Laws of Hospitality. But Erganthus reply'd, if he had no more to say to him, he was his humble Servant; that as for what had past, he was sorry, and hop'd he woud take care it should not be made a Town-talk. That 'tis true, he had look'd upon her as his Wife, as long as he thought he himself look'd upon her as his Daughter: But as for Marriage, he had Friends of his own to please and was threaten'd to be disinherited if he took less with a Wife than Thirty Thousand Crowns. Cries the Navigator, why you never mention'd above half that Sum. True says the Silkman, but you know, Sir, Thing

are not as they were; and besides, I am offer'd as much with another, as handsome a Lady as your Daughter, no Disparagement to her; and a Woman of a clear Reputation. But as for that, I say nothing, I wou'd act the fair Part as far as I can with Prudence; and if you'll give me as much with her as I can have with another, I will make her a kind Husband, and provide for her Child as much as if we had been marry'd. The old Fellow lik'd that, but pleaded hard for an Abatement. *Erganthus* saw he was in earnest, and wou'd not abate a Penny. Well, says the Father-in-Law that was to be, you are positive: Come you shall have it—when. No Whens, Sir, replies the Silkman, when I come to your House with the Licence. Let it be To-morrow then, says the Father: With all my Heart, quoth the Silkman. And the next Morning having receiv'd Bills for the 30000 Crowns, he led his Wife into the Temple, to be marry'd by the very Priest who had marry'd them before. The Priest no sooner saw them, but he cry'd, What do you make a jest of me, I marry'd this Man and Woman above three Months since. Upon which they both fell upon their Knees, and ask'd the Father and Mother's Blessing. The Silkman telling the old Man, He had put that honest Trick upon him, more for his

Daughter's Sake than his own; and that what he had given him more than he intended, shou'd be made up in Affection to his Wife, and Duty and Love to themselves and all their Family. The Old Man and Woman burst out into Tears of Joy, crying, If he had not been worth a Farthing, he deserv'd her for his Ingenuity: And as for Erganthe, that was not all that would come to her, for she might always expect to have a Child's Portion.

THE Example of *Erganthus* put it into *Erminio*'s Head, that if he was driven to Necessity, he must try the same Stratagem, excepting only the Marriage, which was as much as his Life was worth.

'TWAS a long while after *Vinella* went to Town before she return'd into the Country. *Domitius* had enter'd into a Treaty with the Usurer to buy his Daughter-in-Law of him for Ten Thousand Crowns, and the Mother was almost persuaded to consent to it; but she could not presently bring herself to break her Word with *Erminio*. Her Woman heard what pass'd between her and her Husband on that Subject, and gave *Vinella* constant Intelligence of it. She had a Mixture of Vanity in her Composition, and the Honour that wou'd

wou'd accrue to her by marrying *Domitian*, made her think of it with less Horror; but Love had still Possession of her Heart, and she could not resolve to think of being false to so true a Lover as was *Erminio*, and one infinitely more deserving than *Domitian* in all Respects, but his Quality and Fortune. *Erminio* continued to sollicite her Mother to have their Marriage solemnized. He was equally impatient for Consumption and the Marriage Portion; not that he wanted it, but to secure it. Excuses cou'd not always be fram'd that carry'd a Colour with them; and both *Erminio* and *Vinella*, seeing she dally'd with them, combin'd how to frustrate all her and her Husband's Counsels. *Erminio*'s Method was the more gallant, and being once Master of her Person, he doubted not but all the rest would follow. He met her often privately in Town at a Relation of her Mother's Woman, and she renew'd her Vows to him, but they could not marry without *Erminio*'s running the greatest Peril of his Life. During her Abode in Town, they by a Trufty Messenger maintain'd an Amorous Correspondence; and Love and Poetry were so much in their Heads that they did it mostly in Verse. From the same Person that I had this History, I had also the Papers relating to

it, and took especial Care to preserve as many of the Poems as I could. I believe there pass'd no more between them than those that follow, the Connexion being preserv'd all along. The first Poem appears to be written immediately after their meeting in the Grove, upon her telling him why she was afraid to stay with him there any longer.

E'RE the Use of Words I knew,
By my Eyes to speak I strove ;
Fondly ever fix'd on you,
They so early said, I love.

I from Nurse and Mother fled,
And to dear Vinella ran ;
One House held us, and one Bed :
Pugh, you cry, you're now a Man.

Is to be à Man a Crime ?
You'd be of another Mind,
If you weigh'd the worth of Time,
And how long you've to be kind.

Once you wish'd the Years wou'd fly
And bring on the Teens apace :
I too wish'd, but knew not why,
Till I learn'd it in your Face.

That you lov'd me you confess'd,
When we us'd to kiss and toy :
If you will not grant the rest,
Oh ! that I were still a Boy.

IT was not long before she return'd him an Answer, which was enough to shew him he might again offend so, and be still as much in her good Graces.

*WELL, Erminio ! I, to please ye,
On your Childhood own I smil'd.
You were forward, I was easy ;
You a Baby, I a Child.*

*As a Play-thing I might use you ;
But you mayn't be play'd with now :
Yet methinks if I refuse you,
'Tis I know not why or how.*

*What has chang'd you ? Be a Boy still :
I'll to Time his Teens restore,
That our Play we may enjoy still
Guiltless, and ne'er think of more.*

Erminio, embolden'd by the Pardon she had given him, put her in mind of the Happiness he was so near, with an Intention to prepare her for another such Adventure.

*CAN you forget ? I never can,
When this unlucky Change began ?
When underneath the Beachen Shade
The trembling Youth, the blushing Maid,
All on a sudden ceas'd their Play,
And lost in sweet Confusion lay.*

Frighted, you fled the Faithful Swain,
 And ne're wou'd trust the Shade again.
 What Danger threaten'd in the Grove,
 For who were there but Me and Love?
 And what is there in Love to harm ye?
 And what in Me that could alarm ye?
 Trust me, we better should agree,
 If you knew better Love and Me.

THESE tender Sentiments infus'd the same into the Heart of *Vinella*, and in her Answer she plainly confesses, that she was not more afraid of him than of herself when they met under the Beach-tree. Such a Confession could not but enflame a Youth less sensible of the Passion of Love than was *Erminio*.

TH E more I know, the more I fear you,
 And durst not venture to come near you:
 But that which does this Fear create,
 Is more a Sign of Love than Hate.
 Did you know all as well as I,
 Your self would say 'twas time to fly;
 For when I fled, I hardly knew
 If more I fear'd my self or you.
 A Minute longer had I stay'd,
 We both might long have curs'd the Shade.
 An Ear to Love if we should lend,
 In what may such Compliance end?

For always on the watch he lies,
Fond heedless Creatures to surprize.
And might not I, a foolish Maid,
By Love, and you, have been betray'd?
Ah! Might not I, my Reason gone,
By my own Heart have been undone?
Love breath'd on every Breeze of Wind,
And left his poisonous Breath behind.
The kind Infection seiz'd my Heart;
It throb'd and flam'd in ev'ry Part..
I felt his Power in ev'ry Vein,
And in the Pleasure lost the Pain.
This Justice to your Passion's due,
I saw the same Disease in you.
I ne'er beheld such dying Eyes,
Till then, or heard such moving Sighs.
What cou'd all that Disorder mean,
And what that new, that melting Scene?
Be gone, returning Reason cry'd,
Thy Strength thou hast too boldly try'd.
If e'er again we haunt the Grove
I'll bargain for a Truce with Love;
The Shade and Silence fan his Fires,
Against us every thing conspires.
Without him any where we're safe,
And at his Bow and Darts may laugh:
But with him, whither can we roam,
As safely as we went to come.
Without him we no Danger run;
But with him both will be undone.

Erminio makes slight of a Fear which she owns had as much Respect to herself as him, and would persuade her that she was a Person so dear both to him and to herself, that they could certainly never consent to a Thing that would do her any Injury. People out of Love will easily see thro' the Fallacy of this Argument; but Lovers are as blind in all Things as their Master Cupid.

VINELLA, *Why d'ye dream of Ruin,
Can I consent to your Undoing?
I rather wou'd myself undo,
Than in a Thought once injure you :
Not my Heart's Blood is half so dear,
As you, fair Image, living there.
What hurts your Quiet, mine destroys ;
Your Griefs are mine, and mine your Joys.
Your Hopes, your Fears are all my own ;
And can you be by me undone ?
A vain Pretence ; full well you know,
No Mischief I, nor Love, can do.
The lonely Shade, the lively Green ;
The Fragance of the Sylvan Scene,
So safe to Youth, so sweet to Sense,
Inspire both Love and Innocence ;
And when we kiss, and when we toy,
And when we ev'ry Wish enjoy,
We ne're offend, we do no Wrong,
For Love's a Duty in the young.*

You

You own his powerful Call you heard :
 And had you in obeying err'd ?
 D'ye think to baffle by your Flight
 That Power to which you must submit ?
 So Nature bids, so Love enjoins ;
 So Youth, which you confess, inclines :
 Why then this Stir, this much ado,
 As if the Matter was so new,
 And never Swain beneath the Shade
 E're met before a Lovely Maid ?

Vinella gives him to understand she was not insensible of his Design, and the Danger she was in to lose him, by the Means he propos'd to secure her. She however gets over all her Scruples in the End, and tells him she will trust him again, notwithstanding the Peril she ran before. But then she will have her Consent imputed to her Fate, not to her Forwardness: And Fate is indeed the best Excuse that Lovers have for their Follies.

YES, Yes, the Matter's not so new ;
 There have been many Swains like you ;
 And many a Nymph has dearly paid
 For staying where she shou'd not have stay'd ;
 For wand'ring in the lonely Grove,
 And trusting to herself and Love.
 With what are fill'd your Sylvan Songs,
 But poor believing Virgins Wrongs ?

With easy Maids who saw too late
 Their Error and their hapless State ;
 Who curs'd the Minute they were found
 Alone, on Love's forbidden Ground :
 But all their Wailing is in vain,
 And all their Comfort to complain.
 Their Murmurs soon are chang'd to Moans,
 And their soft Sighs to piteous Groans.
 Echo, that with her Cooings play'd,
 Will mock the sad deluded Maid.
 The faithless Lover from her flies ;
 She first had fled, had she been wise.
 To call him perjur'd, is no more
 Than Thousands have been call'd before.
 Can fierce Upbraidings give Relief ;
 Or vented Spleen discharge her Grief ?
 Ah, No ! Despairing and forlorn,
 He sees her bitter Woe with Scorn.
 But tho' these Tales perhaps are true,
 I can't think so much ill of you :
 If on your Vows I had rely'd,
 Your Truth so often plighted try'd ;
 I can't think, had you been forsworn,
 You wou'd have seen my Grief with Scorn ;
 But must have blam'd your fickle Heart,
 And in my Sorrow born a Part.
 To trust you I'm so well inclin'd ;
 So well I know your gen'rrous Mind ;
 You'd with new Oaths my Charge confute,
 And to your Sex the Fault impute.

When

When to upbraid you I began,
Alas, you'd cry, I'm but a Man!
And if as such I cou'd be true,
I ne'er wou'd be unjust to you.
Why shou'd you hope in me to find
A Lover of so new a kind?
Why shou'd you think, that I shou'd prove
The only constant Thing in Love?
Too partial must your Judgment be
In favour of your self and me:
That your fair Face wou'd never change,
And my fix'd Heart wou'd never range.
No Man his Heart an Hour can rule,
No Maid believe him but a Fool.
And if you call'd to mind the Time,
That turn'd your Folly to a Crime;
You'd wish, but wishing will not do,
That Time till Death we both shou'd rue,
We ne'er had met, or met alone,
For ever was there Mischief done,
Where Love was by to help it on.
Yet hap what will, I'll not forswear
To meet Erminio here or there:
If 'tis our Fate, I fly in vain,
And we shall once more meet again.

Erminio now thinks he's sure of her, and, as a great Part of the Year had been spent in this Capitulation, he begins to grow out of Patience for a Surrender. The Spring

was

was coming on again ; but *Vinella's* Mother had wean'd her self pretty much of the Country, and did not talk of visiting it. Her Woman and *Vinella* were very importunate with her, but she would not stir. They then set their Heads together to contrive an Errand thither themselves; for *Erminio* was more pressing than ever, and *Vinella*, now in her Seventeenth Year, did not like him the worse for it. In the next Poem he declares plainly, that he does not expect to be one of those unhappy Shepherds who hang themselves on the Willows out of Despair, or pine away out of Shame ; but that like *Paris* he will carry away his *Hellen*, if ever he can come at her again.

*WE shall surely meet again ;
But my great Concern is when ?
Hardly can one tell the Smart
Of a fond impatient Heart :
Or which is the greater Pain,
Long Delay, or quick Disdain.

Did you love me, you would feel
The same Torment I endure ;
Kindly you my Wounds would heal,
As to yours you wish'd a Cure.*

By

By your self you'd judge of me :

Have no Patience in your Stay.

And when two young Hearts agree,

What should their Content delay ?

Why is Cupid drawn with Wings ?

But to mark the Lover's Haste ;

Autumns yet, and tedious Springs,

Are without Vinella past.

Come, my Love, and crown the May,

Bless me and the Blooming Year ;

'Twill be Winter while you stay,

And no Spring till you appear.

If returning Seasons come,

What's the cheerful Spring to me ?

Blowing Flower, and fragrant Bloom,

Heedless of its Sweets I see.

The dear Shade I oft frequent,

And my absent Fair lament.

Come, my Fair, the Season sues,

Love with warm Inviting woes ;

Love will wing the flying Hours,

And Flora deck the Scene with Flowers.

The Bird shall sing, the balmy Breeze

Shall sweetly murmur thro' the Trees.

No Tell-tale Witness shall be by,

To vex our sacred Privacy.

Give me one happy Minute more !

And if it 'scape me as before,

I'll

*I'll ne'er for such another sue,
Nor lay the Fault on Love or you :
My Folly I will only blame,
And fly, as you, for Fear, for Shame.*

AFTER so open a Declaration, he might assure himself if she return'd him a kind Answer, his Business was done by Love and her, and all he had to hope for was an Opportunity. The *Bergere*, the *Shepherdess* was willing, and *L'Heure de Bergere*, the happy Minute only wanting; yet not so wanting, but that he might hope it would be the first which Love should give them together: Nor did he flatter himself too much with such pleasing Hopes, as we may see by what follows from his yielding Mistress.

*IN the Garden t'other Day,
Pensive as I walk'd alone,
Ah ! Cry'd I, a merrier May
Have I with Erminio known,
What's more pleasing to the Sight,
Than in Spring the painted Fields ?
What Perfume gives more Delight
To the Smell, than Nature yields ?*

And

*And yet what's the beauteous Spring
To a longing love-sick Mind?*

*Where e'er you come, more Joy you bring,
And more Sorrow leave behind.*

*Think then, since I speak my Heart,
If with Pleasure here I stay,
If I use not all my Art
To cut short this long Delay.*

*Women's Wit has oft been try'd,
All have more Success than I:
Oft I've ask'd, and been deny'd;
And If I had Wings would fly.*

*In my kind Inchanting Dreams
Our once much lov'd Paths I tread;
Haunt the Groves and Silver Streams,
On whose Banks we oft have play'd.*

*On the Trees methinks I view
The dear Marks we us'd to leave:
Crop a Flower and give it you,
Or the Flower you crop receive.*

*Sweetly busy'd till I wake,
And the Morn that wak'd me blame.
Ah! Why mayn't we give and take
The same Favours that we dream.*

*For Erminio, to be free,
We who such a Pother keep,
We nice Maids as kind can be
As you'd wish, when we're asleep.*

Honest

*Honest Nature acts her Part,
There's no Force upon the Mind ;
All our Scruples are but Art,
We're awake as well inclin'd.*

*Since I have so much confess'd,
Think me innocent, tho' weak ;
Love, a Babler in the best,
First or last his Mind will speak.*

*Save my Blushes when we meet,
If too forward now I seem ;
Think that I my self forgot,
And that still I'm in a Dream.*

Erminio must have been stupid, had he not perceived that she was every whit as well disposed as himself; and speaks to her now as one who lies under an Obligation to make him happy, and whose own Happiness consists in his. He hints to her, that the Satisfaction of her Mind in loving, and being beloved, will more than balance the Displeasure of her Mother and her Father-in-Law; a Lesson she needed no more to be taught than others of her Sex, who had come to a Resolution to follow no other Dictates but those of Love. Her Mother put an entire Confidence in her Woman, and Erminio brib'd her to the height of his Ability. Thus her Lessons and his were always much the same;

and

and *Vinella* had nothing to object against the Persuasions of her own Heart, *Erminio*, and her Governess. She had but one Poetical Epistle from her Lover more, before she found an Opportunity to give him a Meeting, accompany'd by her Mother's Woman. This, and the following, seems to let us into the Mystery of the Madness of Lovers, who are ever looking on Things with false Views, who turn their Ruin to their Advantage; and are like People who wink at a Precipice, thinking that their Blindness will save their Fall. I should not have moraliz'd so much on these Verses, had not the Occasion of them been such a terrible Example of the Weakness and Inconstancy of Love.

THERE's not a Pair beneath the Sky

So fair as you, so bless'd as I,
So strong my Love, my Joy, so nigh.
Your Promise is indeed possessing,
And Love it self its proper Blessing.

When once the yielding Fair complies,
With Love's last wish, and crowns his Joys;
When most he lives, the Lover dies.

But such a Death would have more Charms
*Than Life in my *Vinella*'s Arms.*

Ah!

*Ab ! fly, my Love, for now you're kind ;
I can no Rest without you find,
No Peace for my impatient Mind.*

*No Hope a Lover's Fear destroys ;
Nor is he sure till he enjoys.*

*And while he burns in every Part,
While fierce Desire consumes my Heart,
Ab, Think if you could bear the Smart !*

*To bless me since you have decreed,
Double the Blessing by your Speed.*

*So far we'll fly from jealous Eyes,
That none our soft Retreat shall find.*

*Love, tho' a Boy, will cheat the Wise,
And be our safest Guide, tho' blind.*

*Where-e'er he leads us, let us go ;
Whatever he commands us, do.*

*Let us each rebel Thought suppress,
In all our Lives his Power confess.*

*In all our Lives then, hap what will,
He'll be our sure Protection still.*

*If Friends, and even if Parents frown,
His Smiles will for their Frowns attone.*

THE Woman that was their Friend easily contriv'd a Pretence to carry her into the Country with her, where Erminio met them, and one may imagine with what Extacy. In the Evening they walk'd all Three in the Grove, where they met at first ;

and *Erminio* gave them a Collation of Wine first; which clear'd the Heart of the Elder, and warm'd a little too that of the younger of the Women, which was before well enough warm'd by Love. The waiting Woman stay'd with them till she found they wou'd excuse her if she left them, which she cou'd not now do as willingly as she might have done before, for there fell out an Accident such as often falls out in Love, that was fatal to *Erminio's* Intrigue with *Vinella*. *Delia*, the Name the old Lady's Woman shall go by, being Witness of the Tenderneffes that had pafs'd between him and *Vinella* in the Grove, had seen the Fire of his Wishes flaming in his Eyes, his eager Kisses, his close Embraces, and all the Scene of their Transports; but that which crown'd all the rest, felt her own Imagination so enflam'd by it, that from that Moment she conceiv'd a Paffion for *Erminio* stronger even than *Vinella's*. She was not too old either to love or be belov'd; and tho' she had never been handsome, she could not be said to be disagreeable. She was fair, well-shap'd, had a good Skin, and a Humour that made her Company always pleasing. She was a sort of Cousin to her Lady, and had on that account more Liberties and Privileges than a common waiting Woman. The scandalous

scandalous Chronicle will have it, that she had not been insensible of Love before, but she never had known it to such an Extravagance. The Gaiety of her Temper often hinder'd the Effects of the Softness of it; and she had so many other Things in her Head, that a Man found little room there till her Desire was kindled by the Fire of these two happy Lovers.

WHEN *Vinella* came to her Chamber, she found *Delia* lying on her Bed, and throwing herself by her she claspt her in her Arms, crying, *Oh that 'twas Erminio!* The very Name was such a Charm to *Delia*, that forgetting what she did, she return'd her Embrace with equal Rapture, cry'd out too, *Oh that 'twas Erminio.* *Vinella* thinking she said so to please her, open'd all her young Heart to her, and made a Confession, which so wrought upon *Delia* that she was forc'd to make an Excuse to leave her, lest she should discover the true Cause of her Emotion. *Erminio* was early with her the next Morning to enquire of his and her Mistress's Health. *How can she be well*, says *Delia*, *when you have ruin'd her?* *Erminio* was surpriz'd at that Compliment from a Person who had so much contributed to his Happiness, and taking it rather as a Raillery than a Reflection, he kiss'd her to bring her into a good Hu-

mour.

mour. She was transported with the Kisses, and so far forgot herself that she return'd a hundred Kisses for his one, calling him *her Love, her Life*, and giving him to understand, that it would be his Fault if she was not as happy as *Vinella* had been. *Erminio* was young enough to be sensible of all such Attacks from the Fair Sex, and to forget her Age and Condition, had not his Mistress been under her Governance. While he was in suspence how to behave himself, *Vinella*, who had heard his Voice below, got up and ran down to him. Her Presence remov'd the Difficulty he was labouring with, and she could not help observing that *Delia* would have been better pleas'd with her Absence. *Erminio* fearing to alarm her Jealousy, made a Secret of that Adventure which she was impatient to know, and his concealing it from her was the beginning of that Coldness which afterwards lost him both her Heart and her Fortune.

Delia, to prevent their Meeting again, which was now Death for her to think of, took her to Town the same Day, under Pretence of a Command sent her by the old Lady, to whom she began to express her Concern for *Vinella's* Honour, and to drop Hints, that she was afraid if some speedy Care was not taken, *Erminio* would carry

her off by means that she durst not speak of. The old Lady press'd her to tell her the Reason of her Fears, and promis'd her a Reward of a Thousand Crowns, if she could break off the Amour between them. *Delia*, who would gladly have done it for nothing, engag'd to do it, provided her Lady would do what she could towards it, and they ever after a^tted in concert. All *Erminio*'s Letters were, as usual, conveyed to *Vinella* by *Delia*, and she shew'd them first to the Mother. *Domitian* was admitted to the young Lady when he pleas'd, but the Remembrance of *Erminio* was so strong, that she paid him nothing but Civility. *Delia* represented the absent as faithless and covetous, one that lov'd her for her Money only ; and to set her against him she funk several of his Letters to her, to shew her his Neglect. That, and the Passage at parting, now made such ill Impressions on her Mind, that it was not long before she could hear him rail'd at without being angry. *Erminio* forgot presently what had pass'd between him and *Delia*, and would never have thought on it more, had not the Change of *Vinella*'s Conduct towards him, given him Cause to conclude that *Delia* was doing him ill Offices, and that not so much for *Domitian*'s Sake as for her own.

He

HE wrote the first Letter after their Meeting, in Prose, his Passion being too lively to stay for the Invention of Poesie, but when he reflected on their Loves at more Leisure he sent her this Billet in Verse.

If you love beyond all Measure,
And to be belov'd's a Pleasure ;
Sure no Mortals e're could be
Half so bless'd as you and me.
Oh ! the Bliss is past believing,
Past expressing, past conceiving.
I' the rest now my Faith secures,
I am less myself than yours.
If I now should prove untrue,
Twould be to my self, not you.
Twould be madly to renounce
All that Life has sweet at once.
When of Lightness you accuse me,
And pretend you fear to lose me,
Tis a Jest ; you know your Charms
Bind me ever to your Arms.
Were my Heart as light as Air,
What need you, my Charmer, care ?
Air itself would gladly stay
With your flowing Robe to play ;
Leave the Sweets of opening Flow'r's.
And perfume it self with yours.
Never may the happy Grove
Hear the Voice of hapless Love :

But

But let ev'ry loving Pair,
 Be as blest as we were there.
 If, as ne'er 'twill be so more,
 Love has so much Bliss in Store.
 Does not oft the secret Joy
 All your Thoughts like mine employ?
 But what e're your Thoughts may be,
 Sure you cannot think like me.
 Ah! 'Twas Night, and Night you know
 Never was a Lover's Foe.
 To my longing Arms she flies;
 Hence ye Sullen, Hence ye Wise,
 You, who ne'er Love's Empire knew;
 Hence the Scene's too soft for you.
 You, who judge by rigorous Rules,
 Think all Lovers must be Fools.
 But their Bliss your Rules belies:
 He that's happy must be Wise.
 When a loving Pair are met,
 As Vinella was and I,
 Soon the wise Man wou'd forget
 All his grave Philosophy.
 Did he hear one am'rous Sigh,
 And one dying Glance behold;
 He'd when young with Love comply,
 With the Sages when he's old.
 All their Precepts are Grimace,
 Youth and Nature teach us best:
 Give me once more Time and Place,
 I to Love will leave the rest.

Vinella

Vinella had not as yet given way to ill
Thoughts of him, and she sent him an
Answer, that one would think was a good
Security for her Constancy.

*I So hate you I cou'd beat you,
But my self was more in fault;
What a Fool was I to meet you,
When I knew your wicked Thought.*

*Cou'd I think you'd be so cruel
To a foolish loving Creature :
'Tis not just that when you do ill,
You shou'd lay the Blame on Nature.*

*Useless thus you make our Reason,
As to my sad Cost, I find it ;
Better you'd excuse your Treason,
If you swore you ne're design'd it.*

*Reason sure of little Use is,
When the silly Maid surrenders ;
Since the injur'd find Excuses
For the forward dear Offenders.*

*Fire of Youth, and Force of Passion,
All perplexing Fears remove :
There's no Temper like Occasion,
And no Friend so false as Love.*

This I knew, and yet I met you :

*Blindly to your Arms I ran ;
Well, I never will forget you,
Ah ! I fear I never can.*

*There's no Room for Affection,
No Reserve for Me or You :
There's no need now of Persuasion,
All I have is now your Due.*

*Be you constant, I'm contented,
And shall ne're my Words recall :
Hap what will, I shan't repent it
That I freely gave you all.*

There was now no Management between them ; they thought of one another as Husband and Wife newly Marry'd, and as the Ceremony only was wanting, it was not strānge that *Vinella* should give herself such a Liberty. *Erminio* was very pressing for another Meeting, but those Letters of his were never deliver'd her. When he wrote with a little Resentment, *Delia* always aggravated it, saying, he pretended to have written only for an Excuse to pick a Quarrel. Her angry Letters she punctually convey'd to him ; her kind ones she kept back, which necessarily created a Misunderstanding as that produc'd Indifference.

Ermi-

Erminio, to discover the Grounds of his Mistress's ill Usage of him, went to Town, and had an Interview with *Delia*. They met at a Friend's House; and being alone, her Passion reviv'd, and she meditated how to gratify it. She did every Thing that was to be done by Looks. If she had beg'd the Favour of him, she could not have explain'd herself more. But *Erminio* would not see nor hear any Thing that was prejudicial to the Fidelity he had sworn to *Vinella*; and *Delia* would not consent to his meeting her, pretending it was as much as her Life was worth, the whole Family being so much set upon her marrying *Domitian*. At last she seem'd to be overcome by his Entreaties, and promis'd to admit him into *Vinella's* Bed-chamber at Midnight. *I am not ignorant*, says she, *of your Intrigues*; *it cannot be worse than it is*; *the Fault is not mine*; *you will both have it so*, and *I cannot deny you nothing*. *Erminio* took her in his Arms, and kiss'd her for her Friendship to him. They parted both with the same eager Wishes for the Time appointed. *Delia* communicated all to the old Lady, who as great a Zealot as she was, took the Hint immediately, and said very freely, *It is in thy Power, Delia, to bring this Business to a good Issue*. *It must be done now*, or it

may never be done. Who knows but in a few Weeks Domitian may hear, perhaps see too, that they have been as wicked as you tell me. He will then never think of her more. My Daughter is already jealous of Erminio, and I am sure she would have Reason, if He and You were of a Mind ; don't hide it. I know you love him your self, and who knows but he may have you, when he finds he cannot have my Daughter : As strange Things have happen'd, and the surest Way to engage him, is to put your self in her Place. I will work up her Jealousy ; tell her, that she has been abus'd by you both ; that I have discover'd the Secret, and will shew you a-bed together. You may be as honest as you will ; there's no other Way to accomplish our Designs. Delia own'd frankly that she lov'd Erminio, and wou'd give all the World, if she had it, to be his Wife ; However, cries she, I will not be his Miss ; and if I consent to what your Ladyship proposes, 'tis purely out of Respect to You and to my Young Mistress, whose Ruin it may perhaps prevent. The old Lady smiling said, she was oblig'd to her, and going immediately to Vinella, told her Erminio was come to Town on purpose to see Delia ; that she found out their Amour ; and when her Daughter offer'd to excuse him, she bad her have Patience, and she should be a Witness of it.

Vinella

Vinella promis'd never to see him more as a Lover, if he could be so base with such a Hussy as She.

AT the appointed Hour *Erminio* came to the Lady's House, and was receiv'd by *Delia* at a Back-door. She told him that the old Lady was up, and that for fear of being surpriz'd, she was forc'd to put out her Lights, but she would lead him to the Place, if he would tread softly, and say nothing, for my Lady was in the next Room. She desir'd him to stay a little at the Chamber Door, and not to come till he heard another Door open by which she was to go out and leave them together, for she did not care to be a Witness of their Evil-doings. *Erminio* thought of nothing but his approaching Joy, and agreed to every Thing she bid him do towards obtaining it. As she was already in an Undress, *Delia* soon got into Bed in the Dark. The old Lady waited to know how she manag'd it; and opening the Door to go out, gave the Sign to *Erminio* to come in. Accordingly he trode softly into the Room, which was as dark as Darkness could make it, and stealing into Bed, took *Delia* into his Arms, and thought all the while that he had been blest with *Vinella*. It was contriv'd, that on a Signal given by *Delia* with a Scratch on the Wall, the old Lady

should bring in *Vinella* as soon as *Erminio* was asleep, and *Delia* was to counterfeit to be asleep also. The Lover not being to hold Discourse with his Mistress, fell into a sound Nap. The Scratch was given, the old Lady introduces the young one; and she was a Witness of what her Mother had inform'd her, with all the aggravating Circumstances she could think of. The Light awak'd *Erminio*, but 'twas gone before he could distinguish who it was that was with him. He knew there had been some body in the Room; and *Delia* pretending to be in a Fright, rose up and run off. She presently return'd in her Night-gown with a Candle, asking, *What's the Matter; are you discover'd?* He said he was afraid of it, for a Light had been in the Room. She bad him fear nothing; and since he had been there now two Hours, he had no Reason to complain of his Fortune. She help'd to dress him, and conducted him out the same Way he came in. *Erminio* was in a terrible Apprehension of what would be the Consequence of this Discovery; and the same day having met *Delia*, she told him they threaten'd to send *Vinella* to a Nunnery (for your Zealots in *Atalantis* were almost as bad as the *Pagans*) if she did not immediately marry *Domitian*; but that she cou'd

cou'd not think she would, and doubted not but she shou'd be able to bring her to him in the Country in a few Days; for, says she, squeezing him by the Hand, *I shall so long to see you, that she whom you were with last Night cannot long more for it;* and saying this, she gave him a Look which might have told him all, had he taken so much notice of it, as she would have had him.

The next Day *Erminio* rode home, and continu'd thence to write to *Vinella*. His last Letters being serv'd as the former; he had sent several, but receiv'd no Answer, which so provok'd him and his Muse, that it produc'd this poetical Epistle.



ERMINIO to VINELLA.

*WITH trembling first, Love's powerful
Name you bear,
And fire the Lover with your Virgin Fear :
In Time familiar with his Flame you grow,
And much of Love with little teaching know :
But Levity of Mind your Fancy palls,
Too slow it rises, and too fast it falls.
There's nothing in your fickle Humour strange,
For nothing's to your Sex so sweet as Change.*

Such Woman ever was, and such are you,
Old was my Passion, tho' the Joy was new.
Tir'd with a Tale you have so often heard,
Some happier Youth's to my just Claim prefer'd.
Conquest your Vanity to please, you crave,
And less the Lover covet than the Slave :
But one would think, Vinella, you're too young
Those Arts to practise which to Years belong ;
That Love o're all your Passion shoud preside,
And be at once your Pleasure and your Pride :
Your Pride and Pleasure it perhaps may be,
And hateful only with respect to Me.

Not thus when in the conscious Bow'r you lay,
And vow'd to me what you to others pay.
When sighing on my panting Breast you fell,
And told me things that none but you could tell;
So sweet your Words, and every Look so kind;
False was your Looks, and every Word was
Wind.

Ah ! This and Me, you cry'd you'll soon forget,
And meet some other Mistress where we met.
But if such fatal Tidings I shou'd hear,
Such fatal Tidings ever follow Fear,
If on the News, as surely shall I die,
My Shade as fast shall to reproach you fly ;
Your soft Retreat and stol'n Delights annoy,
And mingle mortal Terror with your Joy.
That mortal Terror shou'd be now thy Woe,
Cou'd I my Fate, which is too certain, know.
Why else so long is your Return delay'd ?
And why so little are Love's Laws obey'd ?

Why

Why from my Arms do you my Spouse detain?
 For mine you are, and all Evasions vain.
 Your plighted Faith all other Claims destroy;
 But more than ev'n your Faith your plighted
 Joy.

What Pow'rs shou'd make a Vow so solemn
 void?

And whom but I enjoy what I enjoy'd?
 Fancy which gives impatient Love Relief,
 Still aggravates as much as Lover's Grief.
 I see my Rival revel o're thy Charms,
 And fill, a curst Embrace! thy faithless Arms?
 Oh! how it racks, it tears my tortur'd Soul;
 He triumphs o're thy Youth without Controul:
 But let me be reveng'd, or let me die,
 If Pow'rs my Prayer, and thou my Right deny;
 Severest Vengeance shall your Crimes pursue,
 And be as just to him as I'm to you.
 Heav'n will avenge his violated Laws,
 Tho' Courts corrupt reject my righteous Cause:
 Heav'n heard your more than Marriage
 Vow, and saw

The Seal imprest, the Sanction of his Law.
 What other Forms can give a Right Divine?
 When Promise and Possession makes you mine.
 The first Possessor has the sole Demand;
 The Whole was mine, and with the whole
 the Hand.

Whate're you give to him was mine before;
 Whate're to him you swear, to me you swore.

No hasty Promise, and no vulgar Vow ;
Nor was you less your self than you are now :
The binding Contract that you made you knew,
A Contract never cancell'd by a new :
Its Force, how'e're you alter's still the same,
This Honour teaches you, and conscious Shame.
Six Moons, and twice as many various Springs,
Can't change the Nature with the Course of
Things :

They can't the Blessings I possess'd recall,
And one such Bliss intitles me to all.
Your Oaths, if Time you pleaded to discharge,
That Plea would serve as well to love at large.
In what, Vinella, may such Madness end,
And what restrain you, if you once offend ?
'Tis too late in Courtly Speech to sue,
I ask not for your Favours, but my Due.
What granted once, you are not now to chuse,
And can no more without a Crime refuse.
False as you are, and tho' the Picture's true,
I'll spare your tender Eyes the frightful View.
The young Adulterer I'll but lightly name,
Nor trust our Story to the Babler Fame.
Too much they tell me, for your Peace is known,
Too much our Tale diverts our laughing Town.
I'll bear my Wrongs, and to my Self complain;
The Publick Pity wou'd augment my Pain.
'Tis your Remorse alone can ease my Grief,
And be your Punishment and my Relief.
But what Relief alas can I receive,
Who share in all your Grieves, to see you grieve ?

And

And yet this Justice to my Love I owe ;
I can no Joy till you your Error know.
Consult your Heart, and ask your equal Mind,
Why once you were, and are not always kind ;
When my proud Rival presses for the Bliss,
Consider with your self my Claim and His.
Has be my Tryal past, my Hopes and Fears,
And serv'd as many Months as I have Years ?
Can be recover from the Cruel Grave,
The Sacred Warrant that your Father gave ?
Or does a Father's Will so lightly weigh,
You'll rather change your own than you'll obey ?
And at th' Expence of Faith and Duty prove
A Rebel to your Father and to Love.
Whom did your Mother first permit to sue,
Tho' fain she now wou'd what she did undo ?
But her last Word is voided by her first,
She heard our Vows, and those that broke 'em
curst.

To me she then resign'd her Right Divine ;
And all your Parents had in you is mine.
Tho' little their just Title mine improves,
I only name it, and insist on Love's.
Your infant Choice, the Promise of your Youth,
You must be true, if there's in Woman Truth.
But if those Thoughts escape you, you may find
A thousand sweeter to refresh your Mind.
A thousand Images at once I view ;
But of those thousand, one, methinks, might do
Fast on my working Fancy it returns,
And now with Love, and now with Rage it
burns. If

If in your Arms I must no more have Place,
At least I'll glory in the first Embrace.
This, let my Rival in his Raptures know,
No Smart more stinging wou'd I wish my Foe,
Long in his Heart he shall that Canker feel,
Nor will your Wealth the Wounds it gives
him heal.

Dearly you'll for your purchas'd Honours pay,
Nor Joy by Night shall know, nor Peace by
Day.

He'll cry, whate're your fond Intent may be,
These forc'd Careffes are not meant to me:
She who to two young Lovers can be kind,
May give her Body, but reserves her Mind.
If both the Second may perhaps possess
With both as easily, the Third she'll bless;
He'll ever then your proffer'd Love disdain,
And taunting bid you to the Grove again.
Tho' civil now be by Constraint appears,
Think not the Secret has not reach'd his Ears:
For when your Treasures are no more your own,
When surfeited of them and you he's grown,
My Tale, a killing Story, you shall hear,
In vain the Truth in your Defence forswear;
The Guilt be in your glowing Cheeks will spy,
And fly your Arms as now from mine you fly.
Too late your Folly, and your Fault you'll see,
Too late you'll pity both your self and me.
'Tis now, e're Pow'rs o're Right prevail, your
Time.

To Colour with some feign'd Excuse your Crime.
My

My Heart the best Impression wou'd receive,
And what you say, with easy Faith believe.
Tell me, deceitful Sense the Truth belies,
And Lovers must not trust their Ears or Eyes.
Tell me, that Envy did the Fable feign,
Renew your Vows, and I'll believe again.
Till Time has fix'd a Scandal to your Name;
Your Vows and my Belief will clear your
Fame:

But let it real or imagin'd be,
Who's in the curious Search concern'd but me?
My Faith at once all Blemishes removes,
They'll say, perhaps, if he believes he loves.
Let 'em, that Love will be your best Defence,
And kindly heal your wounded Innocence.
That Love to all your Failings will be blind,
And never think you're faulty while you're kind.
That Love which centers all its Joy in yours,
Alike your Honour and your Ease secures:
Extend your willing Arms, and let me there
Again my Pleasures with my Pains compare.
And when your wandring Heart inclines to
rove,

The Wanderer I'll again correct with Love.
Think not your Fortune I alone desire:
Love lighted, e're I knew its Worth, his Fire.
But since, like Fewel, 'twill preserve the Flame,
I ne're to what is yours will quit my Claim.
Tho' more your Beauty than your Wealth I
prize,
And in your Lovely Youth your Treasure lies:
But

But since that Wealth was of your Gift a Part,
My Right undoubted I'll to both assert :
What adds not to your Merit may to mine,
Which bright by your reflected Light will shine.
When at your Feet my self, my All I lay,
With Scorn you'll fling the worthless All
away,
But by your Worth enrich'd, the Gift may
prize,
And on the Giver look with kinder Eyes.
To me whate're to you belongs is dear ;
And even your Livery I with Pride cou'd wear.
Let faithful Love alone my Pains reward,
And I'll with you no State of Life regard.
Possess of what is in your Power to grant ;
Let Fortune do her worst I ne're shall want.
A Fill of Love all other Needs supplies,
And poor's the Passion that of Hunger dies.
With you all Chances I cou'd gladly bear,
And to your Happiness confine my Care :
When by the Lea's delicious Banks I've
stray'd,
And the hard Toils of lab'ring Hinds survey'd,
While some have Mow'd the Flow'ry Mead,
and some
Have whistling driv'n the Fragrant Harvest
Home.
Others in Cocks the drier Herb have laid,
Or to the Sun the moister Portion spread.
Some to the clear adjacent Stream have hy'd,
And the dear Maids impatient Thirst supply'd;
While

While some with Intervals of wanton Play
Have wing'd their Hours and worn their
Work away :

Labour and Joy have been so sweetly joyn'd,
The Men so jolly, and the Maids so kind.

How happy have I thought my Fate wou'd be
If thus it with Vinella were and Me.

Nor have I wish'd a Coach and shining Train,
With all the City Shew that charms the Vain :
Nor Pompous Houses, where with envious
View,

The Guests on Guinea gaze, and on Peru ;
Where India's costly Trifles plac'd with Care
Give less Delight than Terror to the Fair ;
Great Tables cover'd at a proud Expence,
Where Reason yields her Empire up to Sense.
Deserts and Glasses sparkling with Champaign,
And Luxury which both Indies must maintain.
Wou'd Idle Dreams without Contentment be,
And without you there's no Content for Me.
A lonely Cot would please, and homely Fare
Wou'd need no Relish, was Vinella there.

In you I shou'd for all my Wants provide,
Feast on your Love, and in your Beauty Pride.
If all my Life for your Support I toil'd,
And all your Life you on my Labour smil'd,
Your Wealth I shou'd not to be happy miss, }
But as on that my Rival builds his Bliss, }
It must not, if it is not Mine, be His. }
By me a Continence of Mind acquire,
Nor to high Things above your Birth aspire :

Title's

Title's a Sham by which the Needy Great,
A tott'ring Prop, or raise a fall'n Estate:
A Bubble which a Barb'rous Age produc'd,
By Virtue scorn'd, by gen'rous Worth refus'd.
That House is with Eternal Blemish stain'd,
Whose Honours are by wicked Arts obtain'd:
*And none more wicked Arts, and none more
 base,*

Than his who sells the Publick for a Place.
Those who to Glory by great Actions rise,
Distinctions ill distributed despise.

Who without Merit wou'd of Rank be proud,
And who accept of Honours in a Croud?
Degree ill gotten, and by partial Grace,
Entails Dishonour on a guiltless Race:
When the Son's Son may of his Titles boast:
*Curse him, they'll cry, 'twas at his Country's
 Cost.*

By Fraud his Sire and reigning Faction rose,
*And well the World his Mushroom Greatness
 knows.*

By what Lewd Means he started up a Lord,
*How fear'd when Living, and when Dead
 abhor'd.*

Himself to lawless Power, a creeping Slave,
Bury'd his Country's Freedom in his Grave.
His House till then contemptible and poor,
And like his Ancestry himself obscure:
Till on the Ruins of his Nation's Fame
He built his Fortune, and usurp'd a Name.

What

What Glory brings he to your bumbler Bed,
When with his Titles you his Shame must Wed.
Will you your Treasure with his Plunder mix,
And on your Name a Curse Eternal fix ?
Better be Nameless than have his, or hold
A Place ill purchas'd with your honest Gold.
When with his Heap your purer Pile is laid,
The dire Infection thro' the whole will spread.
Thro' the whole Mass the Canker eats its Way,
And with sure Ruin on your Substance prey.
For Heav'n, tho' long he may Oppressors try,
Will hear an injur'd People's moving Cry.
Oft when on such he does his Vengeance take,
The Guiltless suffer for the Guilty's sake :
Confounded Int'rests will confound your Fate ;
And yours with his will be the publick Hate.
Think not this Flatt'ring Gale of Pow'r will

last,

Or that Times present are not like the past.
Think not this sudden Meteor is a Sun,
And will his equal Course as duly run.
If to your Mind Old Stories you recall,
You'll know he swiftly rises but to fall.
When Might with Iron Hand has held the
Rein,
Truth may have truckled, but she rose again.
If Truth in ought of Nature we can prove,
In Liberty 'tis only found and Love.
What Vengeance then that Mortal shall pursue,
Who wou'd of Freedom rob me and of You ?

But

But grant what none with Justice can presume,
Heav'n will till Death defer his righteous
Doom.

That the Sire's Crimes will not o'erwhelm the
Son,

And the Scene ends as well as it begun.

That Fortune does our flatt'ring Hopes deceive,
Nor worse these Wretches than she found
them leave.

That from all Punishment they're here exempt,
But Guilt and Hatred, Conscience and Con-
tempt,

Were You of more than you expect possess'd,
Cou'd you with such vile Company be bless'd?

And as the Haughty Son's unhappy Wife,
Lead with his hated Sire a hateful Life.

If in your Heart a Sense of Virtue dwells,
Which in weak Minds infernal Pride expels;

If else in Justice to an honest Name

There still remains some little Sense of Shame;

Be to your self and to your Lover just,

Nor on my Rival's Faith or Honour trust:

With keen Reproaches he'll his Greatness boast,
And what high Matches by your Means he lost.

He'll plead his Wrong to quit your Loath'd
Embrace,

And proudly put some Wanton in your Place.

By both Insulted, Beggar'd, and Forlorn,

Your vain Repentance I shall view with Scorn;

Tho' from your Feet Erminio now you spurn,

'Twill then be mine to triumph in my Turn.

When

When in the Arms of some more faithful Fair
I fully am reveng'd by your Despair.
Oh ! let me rather in *Vinella's* dye,
And thither by my Wishes wing'd I fly !

Upon reading this Letter, *Vinella*, who had been a Witness of *Erminio*'s appearing Falshood, was so far from being reconcil'd to him, that she was the more exasperated against him : She cou'd not bear the Thoughts of having an Old Woman, as she call'd her, for her Rival ; and *Domitian* makes a close Attack upon her on the one Side, and her Mother's aggravating *Erminio*'s Infidelity on the other, she gave Ear to the Temptations of Pomp and Dignity, and consented to marry the Son of *Domitius*. The Old Lady was for Dispatch, being under mortal Apprehensions that the Effects of her former Passion for *Erminio* would become visible, and spoil all. Before *Vinella* would let the Ceremony be perform'd, which was to separate her and her first Love for ever ; she sent him an Answer to his Letter of Complaint, with which this Intrigue ended. A Month after she was marry'd to *Domitian*, whose Father was however disappointed of his Expectations in her Fortune ; for *Erminio*, who knew nothing of what had past between *Delia* and him, enquiring into the Matter

Matter, and informing himself fully of it from her, was so enrag'd at the Deceit that had been put upon him, and the Occasion *Vinella* took from it to dispose of herself to another, that he resolv'd to insist on an Advantage, which the Laws of *Atalantis* gave him, a Title to half her Fortune, on Proof of her solemn and repeated Promises of Marriage, which he cou'd not want. He sent his Lawyer to the Old Lady with the Demand; and this Person being insulted for it by her and her Husband, Intimation was given them, that there wou'd be such other Evidence produc'd as wou'd expose *Vinella* more than was necessary, if they wou'd not do him Justice. They were so afraid of breaking off the Match with *Domitian*, that they thought fit to come to an Accommodation, and agreed with *Erminio*'s Lawyer to pay 20000 Crowns, if he wou'd discharge *Vinella* from her Promise; which being done with great Readiness by *Erminio*, who was now absolutely disengag'd both in Passion and Promise, she had the Honour of *Domitian*'s Hand and Titles, and he had the Happiness of her Person, and 70000 Crowns of her Money. They liv'd together as if they had no Relation to one another. They had their separate Beds even in the Honey Moon. *Domitian* made himself

himself easy with other Amours, and *Vinella* contented herself with satisfying her Pride and Vanity, which had driven Love entirely out of her Thoughts; and it was well for her that they did, since she became the Object of *Erminio's* Hatred, and *Domitian's* Contempt. Her Farewell Epistle to *Erminio* has some Freedoms in it, which does not seem very consistent with the Delicacy of young Ladies; but since those Freedoms are nothing in comparison with the Liberties that had been taken in their Loves, 'tis not strange that she is so free in her Sentiments and Expressions.

VINELLA TO ERMINIO.

A MAN so faithful in so false an Age,
Must sure some greater Miracle presage.
That Nature backward in her Course will
move,
And Twenty one with Fifty fall in Love.
Me, for the Faults your Fancy forms, you
blame;
Yet faultless you and frontless act the same.
My voluntary Vow I ne're transgres'd,
Nor with a Look your nobler Rival blest.

Tho'

*Tho' shou'd I give him more, you must not lay
The Blame on me ; you shew'd me first the Way
By your Example, if to Change I'm led,
No need you'll have to mourn a lonely Bed.
My Place is by a gentler Damsel fill'd,
In Love's Affairs, by long Experience skill'd.
Her Artful Fondness will your Passion sooth,
And her cold Age correct your heated Youth.
No Rival fear, her Face her Faith secures,
You have her to your self, she's wholly yours.
Unenvy'd in her meagre Arms he lies,
As happy, all the World will say, as wise.
Yet me, your self offending, you accuse ;
A Trick, it seems, with Men, of Antient Use.
And when their fickle Hearts incline to range,
They falsely charge the Woman first with Change.
If in Revenge the Man you mean I take,
Cou'd I with you a better Bargain make ?
If not his Constancy, I'll trust his Wit,
He'll not my Arms at least for Delia's quit.
Nor, tho' like you and others be shou'd rove,
Affront at once my Beauty and my Love.
Had some restless Charmer won your Heart,
By Nature conquer'd, and despising Art :
With Patience I this grievous Loss shou'd bear,
And think you had been more faithful, If I
had been more fair.*

*A Plea ungrateful to a Maiden's Mind,
Who can no Fault in her Perfections find :
But when for Age she's left, 'tis with Disdaine
She sees her Lover in a viler Chain.*

She scorns his Appetite deprav'd, and more
 She hates his Folly than she lov'd before.
 Now for a Thousand horrid Oaths to prove
 My fickle Humour, and your settled Love.
 You'll tell me Sense us Women will deceive ;
 Nor must we what we see or hear believe :
 But Sense when Love does not its Power deny
 Rejects all other Proof, and that have I.
 The darken'd Room too well you know, and
 Time ;

I'll spare your Oaths, and save a second Crime.
 The wither'd Wanton on your Bosom lay :
 To Me, Ah Perjur'd ! Thus your Vows
 you pay.

But think not I'm like you so basely chang'd,
 That Sight to see, and not to be reveng'd.
 Did I ? For how can I from thee conceal .
 The Pangs for trusting to thy Faith I feel ?
 Did I, I dare not tell thee what, ingrate,
 To see my honest Passion paid with Hate ?
 To see my Charms despis'd, my blooming Youth,
 My worthier Fortune, and unblemish'd Truth.
 Did I ? To Heav'n, to whom Revenge belongs,
 I give the cruel Traitor and my Wrongs.
 Help I perhaps from others may receive,
 And other Cares awhile may this relieve.
 Oft on my suffering Soul 'twill yet return ;
 'Twill oft its Weakness and thy Falshood
 mourn.

While thou on Delia's livid Breast reclin'd,
 Forget'st thou hadst been false, or I been kind.

Heavens !

Heav'ns ! With what Horror must thou
wake to see

Another Bride in thy Embrace than Me ?
Thou'rt mad or stupid to consume thy Life
In Want and Scandal with so loath'd a Wife.
Ev'n now she boasts of your contracted Vows,
And all the Town are merry with your Spouse.
Haste then, and hear it from the publick Voice,
How highly they applaud your equal Choice.
What a fine Figure wou'd Vinella make,
Forsaken, yet not daring to forsake ?

To sigh for one who for my Servant sighs,
And court you to accept what you despise.
No, bad I lov'd you with as fierce a Flame,
As for Æneas burnt the Punic Dame.
So vile a Change had my Resentment rous'd,
And sooner I had stabb'd thee than espous'd.
My Honour's safe, if my Content's destroy'd,
Who'll think with Youth thou cou'dst so soon
be cloy'd ?

The Wondring World, and wonder well it may,
The Fault will wholly on thy Frenzy lay.
Had I so barb'rous an Abuse endur'd,
They'd cry, 'tis pity thou shou'dst e're be cur'd,
But both alike to doat shou'd fated be,
Thou on such Wretches, and my self on Thee.
No Mortal can his Taste with thine compare,
Thy Sight offended with the young and Fair:
And like the Lewd, the Vitious Birds of Night,
Thou'rt fond of Objects that were form'd
to fright.

Is she with Beauty or with Youth enrich'd,
And has she either charm'd thee or bewitch'd?
Canst thou not see how wan her Cheeks ap-
pears,

And how her languid Looks confess her Years?
Inipid to thy Sense is Nature's Bloom,
Hor downy Softness, and her sweet Perfume?
Go, wretched, I thy tasteless Soul disdain,
I'll o're the daring and discerning reign.
Of my own Merit I shou'd meanly think,
Cou'd I so low as to thy Level sink.
The Burthen of her Baseness weighs thee down,
And thou as abject as her self art grown.
Well may'st thou fear, that warn'd by thy
Disgrace,

Like thee I shall not stain my Father's Race:
As they by gen'rous Acts acquir'd their Fame,
With greater Honours still I'll crown their
Name.

My Glory Thou with mortal Spight must see,
And measure by my Height thy fall'n Degree.
Try then if thou in Delia's Arms canst find
Sufficient Solace for thy tortur'd Mind.
If her dear Charms can for her Loss attone;
The Creature's kind, and will deny thee none.
As oft as vain Repentance darts its Sting,
Sweet Words will she, and sweeter Kisses
bring.

Try if she can thy growing Griefs destroy,
And give thee Peace who ne're can give thee
Joy.

How harden'd is thy Heart? Were mine
the same,
Alike insensible of Guilt and Shame;
Then light wou'd my Remembrance be like
thine,
But now the heavy Load, alas! is mine.
I own I lov'd thee, and thy Love believ'd,
And more was by my self than thee deceiv'd.
How base, ungrateful is it to upbraid
The fatal Fondness of an easy Maid?
Boast of thy Triumphs, of my Shame be vain,
And see, tho' I shall lose what thou wilt gain:
Spleen, in the Tale will spiteful Pleasure take,
And Scandal worse than 'tis the Matter make.
Tell 'em that trusting to a Thousand Oaths,
A Maid once yielded to a Man she loathes.
For not to loath thee wou'd be viler still;
As liking it is worse than doing ill.
Tell 'em what Arts to tempt my Youth You us'd,
And with what Ease my Artless Heart abus'd.
Say not what Vows it cost, what Tears and
Sighs,
Such Things are with your Sex of little Price,
That by my Parents I was taught, and You,
To fancy every Thing I had your Due.
That from my Cradle this Mistake began;
And, as I lik'd the Boy, I lov'd the Man.
Tell 'em the Story of our Childish Play,
And open all our bidden Follies lay.
By Gallantry and Truth the World will see,
And bless the Maid that was so blest in thee.

For

For sacred are the Scenes of Lovers Joys,
And should not be expos'd to vulgar Eyes.
How gen'rous thou hast prov'd, how honest
show,

'Tis pity but our Sex thy Worth should know.
None sure wou'd have the Courage to refuse
Such Merit, and so good a Lover lose;
They'd all adore thee for Vinella's Sake,
And ev'ry Look of thine a Conquest make.
So safe they in thy Secrecy wou'd be,
Not one of them wou'd have Reserves with
thee.

If to some lonely Shade You should retreat,
As well, with thee, she in the Mal may meet;
To the next Comer thou'lty Fortune boast,
And her fair Fame is thus for ever lost:
Thou'l heighten out of Vanity thy Bliss,
And make it more, it may be, than it is.
Happy's the Nymph who in a Swain confides,
And he in trumpeting her Favours prides.
If Modesty's not banish'd from our Sex,
Like me thou never wilt another vex;
She's sure to see her secret Sins disclos'd,
And be as well insulted as expos'd.
Thee wou'd some doating Damsel have excus'd,

And to be lov'd again, have been again abus'd.
She wou'd a Round of Falshood have allow'd,
Contented to be one among a Crowd.
That Dotard am not I. And if I must
Be wrong'd, at least, I'll to my self be just;

Nor frown on one that shall my Fondness scorn,
Nor Love for Hatred or Contempt return.
This Spirit shews, that when I err'd, my Mind
Not to the Sin for Sinning's Sake inclin'd;
That erring as I did, it still preserv'd
Its Bent aright, nor from its Duty swerv'd.
The Fact is not the Offence but the Intent,
Not what th' Offender did, but what he
meant.

My Husband I esteem'd thee, and as such
How cou'd I think that I might love too much.
And loving much, all Scruples does remove,
All Doubt, all Delicacy's lost in Love.
This was thy Lesson, this too soon I Learn'd,
Nor thy false Reasoning, nor Deceit discern'd:
Tho' long, tooe redulous, my Crime I rue,
I had been innocent, hadst thou been true.
Faulty I was, and foolish I confess,
But the more guilty thou art, I'm the less.
Some Comfort to my conscious Soul 'twill be,
That I so much detest the Fault and Thee.
This Homage to my Virgin Love is due,
I never cou'd repent it, wert thou true:
Sweet was its Pow'r, and ne're shall I again,
Nor so much Pleasure know, nor so much Pain.
Sweet was its Pain, the Pleasure scarce was
more,

But all that Time of joyous Life is o're:
Twas ventur'd at a Cost, the happy Throw
Fell from my Lot, and what is left is Woe.

If Int'rest or Ambition sways the Mind,
 Love can no Place to fix his Empire find.
 How calm 'tis then, how languid are its Joys?
 When other Persons chuse, it hates the Choice.
 To these when its Compliance is constrain'd,
 As forc'd is its Consent, its Liking's feign'd,
 But Liking, or Disliking, I'll no more
 Fly to his Arms, who fled from mine before.
 That Slight my Heart may from another bear,
 For never shall I know another Care,
 Kills me from thee, who wert my first Desire,
 And turns into a Storm my gentle Fire.
 This frank Confession, and as full as free,
 Will a new Triumph o're my Weakness be.
 My Letters next I doubt not will be shown,
 And Jests be made enough of what I own.
 Be the Town merry, since my Mind is eas'd,
 If them and you it pleases, all are pleas'd.
 A Fit of Passion seiz'd you once it seems,
 On Lea's delicious Banks, a Mad-man's
 Dreams,
 For Reason suffers no such wild Extreams.
 " In a vile Cottage you content cou'd be,
 " And live a Life of Toil, and Joy in me.
 Excuse me, Sir, I no such Choice shall make,
 Nor love you so to labour for your Sake.
 Perhaps it may be wond'rous sweet to rise
 With the first Light, and meet the Morning
 Skies,
 To milk the Kine the merry Maids among,
 And when I 'm tir'd divert it with a Song;

To lead a drudging and domestick Life,
A Churl's Companion, and a Labourer's Wife:
To wear these Hands with Work, this Face
to turn

Against the Sun, and up its Beauty burn;
To spread the Grass, the golden Sheave to bind,
And feed with greasy Food the rav'ous Hind.
This must to Love a mighty Relish give,
And living thus, how envy'd shou'd I live?
In Toil and Care to waste the tedious Day,
For Wages which a weary Spouse must pay,
Ill Humour, Silence, and a surly Look,
Or kind Correction with my Shepherd's Crook:
And this dear Drudgery all for you my Swain,
Who, as you've done, wou'd well reward my
Pain,

Wou'd of your Favour let me have a Part,
And with the Village Drudges share your
Heart.

But if by Sloth or sweeter Sleep I'm kept
Too long, and have away the Morning slept,
Rough wou'd my Treatment be, and hard my
Fare,

Nor Peace by Day, nor Love at Night my
Share.

For of all Slaves that Woman is the worst,
Who for her Tyrant's with a Peasant curst.
His Soul grows earthy as the Soil he ploughs,
And in the Clown she'll quickly lose the Spouse.
My Life thus pleasantly you'd have me spend;
So much you are my Lover and my Friend:

And

And as of Joy you'd rob me, you wou'd fain
Fill up th' insipid Vacancy with Pain.

Much Thanks wou'd be my Debt, were I your
Bride,

But better for my self I shall provide.

Delia will do your Business, she was bred
To homely Work, and well will fit your Bed.
Nor is her Wealth so great but she may deign,
What she before has done to do again.

Tho' polish'd by my Service, she'll refuse
At first to dirt her Fingers, yet with Use,
She'll learn it rather than your Love she'll
lose.

To Greatness you prefer this lowly State,
To suit your Mind to what must be your Fate.
For to your Little if her Nothing's join'd,
A vast Improvement in your Fund you'll
find,

From the rich Blessing of her lavish Mind.
And when you tempted me to such a Yoke,
The Prophet twas, and not the Lover spoke.
Your Wisdom in so nice a Choice appears,
Not in her Riches more than in her Years.
By these a double Benefit you'll reap,
Constant to You she by Constraint will keep.
Nor will she load your Lands with hungry
Heirs,

Nor vex you with a Father's anxious Cares.
By Time experienc'd is she grown and staid,
And won't be long a Wife so long she was a
Maid.

*Tho' Spite in this, the Spiteful may deceive,
Yet I'll no more than what I please believe.
An easy Conquest you, I doubt not, found,
To Heal she ever rather chose than Wound.
Nor coarser was the Purchase than 'twas
cheap,*

*And long I hope you may your Treasure keep:
While without Envy I your Bliss behold,
No Foe to Grandeur, and a Friend to Gold.
You to your Country and your Cot repair,
And bug your selves in your Enjoyments there.
I'll to the Court, the Park, and to the Play,
Shine with the Great, and frolick with the
Gay.*

*Love I renounce, yet not the Name refuse,
But with Convenience will comply and use.
For a Court Wise you've fitted me I own,
Nor had I to deceive without you known.
Do you your Fields, your Woods, and Streams
enjoy,*

*In soft and harmless Sports your Time employ,
I'll try another, and no new Extream,
Wed without Love, and praise without
Esteem.*

*No Peace to us the Past of Life can give,
The rest forgetting and forgot we live.*

DELUS and DAPHNE.

THERE was not a more ancient Family in all the Isle of *Atalantis* than that of *Delus*; and living near the Gymnasium, they had acquir'd an Hereditary Zeal for the Power and Glory of the Temple and the Priests: With which Distinction, they had so satisfy'd themselves, that there was hardly any one of the whole Race who made himself remarkable for any other Quality. They had been possest of a great Estate, which in *Delus's* Time was sunk to a Revenue of about 8000 Crowns a Year. And *Delus's* Father had, besides himself, several Sons and Daughters to provide for, which made it absolutely necessary for him to get a Wife that wou'd bring them Money to make them all easy.

Delus indeed might reasonably enough have expected to have match'd to their Content. He was handsome, and like the rest of the Family, had not so much Wit as to fright a Woman from venturing upon him. He was in his twentieth Year, when his Mother took *Daphne* to wait upon her, And she was in her sixteenth. As she was the Daughter of a Priest, she was enter-

tain'd more like a Friend than a Servant; and being very pretty, *Delus* soon cast his Eyes upon her, and his Heart quickly follow'd them. She presently observ'd it, and omitted nothing of her Side to make an entire Conquest. She always took an extraordinary Care of her Person, which was imputed to the Neatness and Delicacy of her Temper. She was very officious in every Thing that concern'd *Delus's* Service, and that was look'd upon as a Courtship to her Mistress, he being her eldest Son and her Darling. *Delus* would have been glad to have parted with all his Hopes, to possess her; but having been bred mostly in the Nursery, he durst not discover himself to her, and she was too modest to be first in a Business which might be as well her Ruin as her Happiness. Her Condition warranted *Delus* to pretend to her without Marriage, but her Virtue wou'd not suffer such a Thought, and she had for a while nothing to fear from his Importunity. It all lay in his Looks; he was afraid to open his Mouth to her, and never offer'd to kiss her but with an Excuse, which she hated as much as she lik'd the Offence: However, by degrees the Encouragement she gave him embolden'd him, and being one time alone in a Neighbouring Meadow, which had been newly mow'd,

mow'd, he threw her on one of the Hay-cocks between Jest and Earnest, and kiss'd her so long, that his Mother came upon them; who knowing very well the Mischief that might happen to a young Couple from such Sport and Play as that was, began to watch him so close, that at last she perceiv'd her Son wou'd get him a Wife or do worse without her Help, if she did not prevent it. She therefore, under pretence of sending *Daphne* to give her Parents a Visit, dismiss'd her her Service; for she was no sooner gone than she took another of her Sex in her Place, and *Daphne* immediately guess'd the Occasion.

Delus was in Despair for the Loss of his Mistress, just when he was in the Height of his Expectations, and his Head was full of Enjoyments. For from the last Adventure, he had form'd to himself so much Pleasure in Imagination from another such Opportunity, and an uninterrupted one, that let it cost what it wou'd he resolv'd to procure it. *Daphne* was not gone above Twenty Miles, which he often rode, and was back again before any one miss'd him. The honest Priest her Father did not give himself the Trouble to enquire after his Business. *Daphne* and he might do what they pleas'd, he trusted to their Discretion, and his Daughter

ter

ter did not abuse his Confidence. *Delus* in time grew as troublesome to her as Men of his Age generally are to Women of hers, when Love and Occasion invite. He was willing to be happy on as easy Terms as he cou'd, and had press'd her to content him without ever once making mention of Matrimony. This she so highly resented, that the next time he came she would not be seen. She had let her Father into the Secret, and the good Man took upon him to give him his Answer. He receiv'd him with more than ordinary Civility; and when he impatiently ask'd him for *Daphne*, very gravely reply'd, *That as for his Daughter she was not worth the Trouble he put himself to about her. That indeed she was a Gentlewoman, but he might expect a great Fortune, and it cou'd not be there, for he had nothing to give her; that however she was not without a Portion too, for he thank'd Heaven, her Person, and her Virtue might be put in the Balance against Thousands; if he did not think so, he wou'd do well not to endeavour to ruin a young Woman who he knew had an entire Passion for him, but did not love him so well as to bring her self to Infamy and Misery for his sake; that he cou'd not love her if he had any such Design; and himself thought him too much a Gentleman to abuse*

so

so basely the Friendship they all bad for him : For his part, he must confess, he had so good an Opinion of his Honourable Intention, that he wou'd oblige Her to tell her Mind her self, tho' she had resolv'd not to see him. The Priest cou'd easily see by *Delus's* Concern, and his Confusion, that his Daughter might do what she wou'd with him, and leaving the Lover to recover himself out of the Surprize he had put him in, he went to give her her Lesson too, which was to have a care how she drove him to Extremities, and so to manage herself, as not to let go her Hold of him. He might have spar'd his Documents ; for now *Delus* knew her Mind, she had Wit enough to bring him to it without any Instruction. She met him with an Air that shew'd she was far from being angry. Her good Humour restor'd *Delus* to his ; and her Caresses which she measur'd always by the Rule of Virtue, if not of Delicacy, so spirited him, that he cou'd not help pressing her once more to grant him the Blessing he had so often sui'd for. *Daphne* told him plainly. Her Father had acquainted him with the Condition. *Delus* swore he accepted of it, and wou'd perform it whenever she wou'd have him ; continuing still with more than common Eagerness, to beg of her what he

he cou'd no longer live without, the dearest Proof her Affection. *Daphne* said, If he was in Earnest, it was his own Fault if he had not his Wish; that her Father was in the House, and cou'd marry them that instant; and he must not mean her well, if he forc'd her to deny him what she wou'd never grant to any Man but her Husband. Saying this, she embrac'd him, and *Delus* cry'd, *He would die rather than injure her.* The Father had over-heard them, and coming in while they were both in the Mind, *Delus* desir'd him to do *Daphne* once more the good Office of a Father, and to give her to him in Marriage. The old Man call'd the necessary Assistants, and marry'd and bless'd them with as much Chearfulness as he had been himself so serv'd with the Mother of her. 'Twas no rare Thing for *Delus* to stay from Home a Night or two. He thought of nothing now but his *Daphne*. The Bridal Bed was prepar'd with as much Elegance as her Parents House and Circumstances could admit. There was Mirth and good Cheer; and *Daphne* was at Night giv'n to the Arms of her *Delus*, with whom we must leave her, as Decency and Good Manners require, and examine a little into the Conduct of his Mother.

The

The old Lady, who was sensible of the Consequences of her Son's having his Head full of such Fancies, thought the surest Way to cure him of them, wou'd be to marry him out of hand to a Woman that shou'd bring him something better than even Youth and Beauty. As this cou'd be nothing but Money, she look'd out for one that had enought of it, and found a Match for him that would have done his Business, if there was nothing but Money wanting to make a Man happy. The Lady she thought of was about Thirty ; she was crooked, and had a Complexion which was not in the Power of Art to make agreeable. She was not Ill-natur'd, and truly it was well for her she was not ; for a four Look with such a Face must for ever have condemn'd her to that *Virginity* of which she was sufficiently weary. What made amends for all, was Three hundred thousand Crowns in Money and Land, of which she was posseſ'd, and had entirely at her Disposal. The Proposal being made to her, she readily accepted of it, provided she lik'd the Person of the Man. *Delus* had nothing in him that was to be dislik'd ; He was Tall, well made ; he was Young, and had learn'd by his first Love to be Amorous. The Mother doubted not of his pleasing the Lady, and it was resolv'd
he

he shou'd give her a Visit. She liv'd a hundred Miles off, and he had not been marry'd to *Daphne* above two or three Months, when this Project was set on foot to hinder his marrying of her. He communicated it to *Daphne*, and her Father was taken into Council to consult what he shou'd do. The Mother had no manner of Suspicion of his continuing his Intrigue with her, he having hid his Passion with greater Ease since it had been contented. It was thought, as hard as it was for Lovers to think of it, most proper for him to take the Journey he was put upon, to seem not to be against the Match, and to wait patiently for a more favourable Juncture, to acquaint his Mother with his Marriage. *Daphne*, who lov'd him beyond Expression, observing that this Expedient pleas'd *Delus*, fell in with it, and clapping her Arms about his Neck, cry'd out, *What is there in the World that I would not do for the Sake of Delus? Sure there is nothing but to part with him: That's worse than Death; but since it is for a few Days only! Go, my Love, only remember that whether awake or asleep, I shall never have you out of my Mind, till I have you thus again in my Arms.* At this the Tears met his that were before trickling down his Cheeks. *Delus* stay'd with her a Night or

two,

two, to bring her into better Temper, but finding his Stay rather made it worse, and the Parting the more grievous, he took his Leave of her, and rode directly to his new Mistress, carrying sufficient Recommendations, and the best of them all in his own Person.

There was no need of much Courtship, and *Delus*, who never intended what he said, had the less Guard upon himself in saying it: His Youth did not suffer him to weigh it, or consider the Consequences. The Lady receiv'd him as a Man that was to be her Husband, and she allow'd him all the Liberties which Men take with those Women whom they have engag'd to marry, when they are not restrain'd by the Affection of the Ladies, perhaps much more troublesome to themselves than their Lovers. *Cloris*, for so let us distinguish our rich Lady from *Daphne*, was a little surpriz'd at *Delus*'s Backwardness, and his Insensibility of the Extravagance of her Favours. She had not been so courted, as little as he had said to her, for ten Years before, and the Novelty added a Charm to what would be sufficiently charming. She admitted him even into her Bed-Chamber, and if she had been possess'd but of one Beauty, she did not seem in a Disposition to conceal it from

from him. Her Fortune was indeed beautiful, but like some other of her Sex, she was so vain as to flatter her self there was as much Treasure in her Person; and the awkward Means she took to improve it, instead of quick'ning *Delus* in his Amour, so deaden'd him, who was but newly come from the Arms of a truly lovely Creature, that had not the Splendor of her House, and the Lustre of her Wealth animated him a little, she wou'd have had much more to do to have kept Life in him. She imputed his Shyness to his Youth, and as she was ten Years older than He, she thought it warranted her to make those Advances which the Innocence and Modesty of Virgins cannot think of without Trembling. She doubted not but he was to be her Husband, and was for dispatching an Express to *Delus's* Mother, who pretended to the Government of him and her whole Family exclusive of the Father, to come after her Son, and be Witness to their Nuptials. *Delus* offer'd to be himself the Express, but she wou'd not part with him. He made a hundred Excuses on account of the Importance of the Message, and the Dispatch that himself only wou'd make. To which she answer'd, *That she thank'd him for the Compliment in offering to expose himself to such*

Fatigue

Fatigue for her sake, but she must own she lov'd him too well to suffer it, and was more concern'd in his Health, than to put it to such a Hazard. When she had said that, she put a Paper into his Hand, that entitled him to receive of a Merchant whom she entrusted with her Effects 5000 Crowns, saying, *He had been at some Expence for her Sake, and might probably be at more, and she did not intend to be a Charge to him.* She said this smiling, and expected a Return in Love, since he cou'd not make it in Kind. *Delus* was confounded with her Generosity, and forgetting *Daphne* for that Minute, he embrac'd her with so much Vigour, that *Cloris* found her Money wou'd not be ill laid out. 'Twas the first time he offer'd to make use of the Freedoms to which she permitted him. As there were none which he might not take, her Present and her Caresses so warm'd him, that he fell down on a Couch that was by with *Cloris* in his Arms. The Noise it made brought in her Woman, who was roundly chid for her Officiousness, when *Delus* had left them.

Whether it was that the Power of Gratitude is greater in generous Minds than even the Power of Love: Whether it was that Love like certain Diseases delights sometimes in that which at other times it loaths,

loaths, or that Man and Youth are not Proof against Woman and Temptation: *Delus* shew'd by his Looks and Actions that he curs'd the Interruption, which was a new Charm to *Cloris*, who, tho' she seem'd to be pleas'd with her Woman's Diligence, was so enrag'd at her, that it went very near to have cost her her Service.

The Express being ready, *Delus* was call'd upon for his Letter. He wrote a very short one to his Mother, a very kind one to *Daphne*, and as cunning a one as he could to her Father. To the first, he said, the Lady she had sent him to wou'd needs have her to come to her, and he suppos'd she knew why. To *Daphne* he renew'd all the Oaths he had made her of Love and Constancy. To her Father he sent a Bill of 15000 Crowns, part of the Money *Cloris* had given him for himself, and another of 10000 Pounds for his Daughter. In his Letter to him he represented the Poverty and Misery that both himself and his Daughter must live in all their Lives, if they insisted on his Marriage in Opposition to his Mother, who out of Revenge for his refusing such a Match, wou'd easily oblige his Father to disinherit him. That he desir'd not to be rich but for *Daphne*'s Sake and the Sake of her Family who had been such kind

Friends

Friends to him. That as to the Offence of taking a Second Wife the First being living, whatever it was to Heaven, it shou'd be none to his Daughter; for he wou'd only look upon her as his lawful Wife, and farther than the Law requir'd to satisfy his Mother and Cloris he wou'd never have another. That he would allow her 1000 Crowns Yearly, and half as many to himself, if by his sage Counsels he could bring her to consent to this necessary Hypocrify; for without it he resolv'd, hap what wou'd, never to be guilty of it. He added, he might assure her, that as soon as he had done his Business there, he would be with her, and be hop'd from his Fatherly Admonitions she wou'd never be otherwise than a Wife to him, as he wou'd never be otherwise than a Husband to her.

Delus haying thus discharg'd his Mind of the Load that lay on it with respect to Daphne, began to carry himself with quite another Air towards Cloris. In what he wrote to the Priest his Father-in-Law, he was in the main sincere. It was the Money that tempted him; and he lov'd his Daughter with a Passion that was to last as long as his Life. He was pleas'd to think he cou'd make so handsome a

Pro-

Provision for her, and had an Inclination to do more as it came into his Power. But alas, he knew not his Strength as to the Reserves he promis'd to make of himself. *Cloris* was so transported with the Love which he affected to shew to her, that she had not Patience to stay for the Return of the Messenger. She put it to *Delus* to marry her immediately. *Delus* could not get off it but by telling her he had sworn to his Mother not to marry without her Knowledge and Consent.

That tho' he knew she would in that Case readily discharge him of his Oath, yet he could not discharge himself, and that if his Conscience was not intirely easy, he should not be able to render himself so worthy of her as he intended. At this he gave her Looks which wou'd have intirely ruin'd her, had not her Money and his Indifference been her Security. 'Twas so languishing, she did not examine whether it was real or not, and without considering what she did or said, she cry'd, *Well, you are a Man of Honour! It is but for a few Days; the Heart is all; the rest is but Ceremony; Anon at 12; My Woman shall conduct you.* *Delus* was as one Thunderstruck at this Declaration: He thought to have gain'd Time to hear from *Daphne* and her Father. He had promis'd to do

nothing without her Consent, and if he took *Cloris* at her Word, he was no longer at Liberty in the Matter. If he did not, he had better have left her at first, for he had taken her Gold, and had given a good Part of it to *Daphne*. He had it not to repay her, and 'twas infamous to leave her, and as it were run away with her Money. It could not but be worse than what she expected of him; he might manage it afterwards as he found it most for his Peace and Interest. He stood thus musing in a kind of Stupidity, which *Cloris* took for the Excels of his Joy. However, she was forc'd to remind him of the Happiness she intended him. *I shall from this Time look upon you as much my Husband, as if you were bound by Law to be so, and with this Hand, clapping it in his, I give you Possession of my self and Fortune.* You o'erwhelm me with your Favour, reply'd *Delus*, and there is nothing in the World could binder me from accepting the Honour and Happiness you offer me, but— But what, says she, with a Look that had he lov'd her, wou'd have stunn'd him, but my Unworthiness, replies *Delus* with more Presence of Mind than ever before or after that time he was Master of *Pugh*, says *Cloris*, *I did not think this was a Time for Compliments; if you continue to love*

love me, it will be my Business to endeavour to make my self worthy of it. What I have said I shall not go back from, nor repent of it, if you are as loving and constant as I shall be. He thought best to finish the Conversation with Kisses, which wou'd best hide the Dissimulation he was guilty of, and threw himself on Chance for his Deliverance from this Perplexity.

In the mean time Cloris made no Secret of her Assignation to her Woman, who had run so much Peril of losing her Place already, that she took care not to give her Offence by crossing her in her Humour. Cloris told her, They were marry'd privately; That Delus was too impatient; That it bad been better if he had stay'd for his Mother's coming; That the World might think otherwise than it was, but she did not care what they thought, as long as she knew her own Innocence. However, to prevent talking, she conjur'd her not to say a Word, for she wou'd be marry'd again with Pomp when my Lady came. These Reasons, and a Present of Twenty Crowns, shut up her Woman's Mouth and Understanding. The rest of the whole Day, to the Amazement of the whole Family, is Feasting and Merriment. Delus had not time to think: Cloris never suffer'd him out of her Presence till the Company were all gone,

gone, the Family retir'd to their Chambers, and she withdrew to hers. A hundred times was *Delus* about to take his Horse and fly for it. His Head was giddy with his Apprehensions. And in this Condition *Cloris's* Woman found him when she enter'd his Chamber with two Lights to conduct him to her Mistress. *Delus* follow'd her as to Execution, but found *Cloris* set off in her Night-Dress to such Advantge, that he recollect'd himself, and finding he was at her Bed-side, before he knew where he was, and that there was no retreating with Honour, he threw himself like one senseless by her Side, and the Confusion she was her self in hinder'd her observing his.

I have not heard whether he broke his Promise that Night, with respect to the Reservation he had made of himself for *Daphne*. 'Tis certain he could not answer it, tho' he went no further to his Engagement to her, and perhaps one cannot hope from any Thing but the Person of *Cloris*, that either of them preserv'd their Innocence.

Let us leave a while *Delus* and *Cloris*, whose Fondness of him surfeited both himself and all that saw them, to see his Dealing by *Daphne* and her Father.

N

How

How might one here moralize on the dreadful Power of Gold ; neither Love, Duty, Friendship, or Religion can stand before it. The Priest, as soon as he saw the Bill of 500 Crowns, was blinded by the Dazzle of it, and cou'd not see either the Falsity or Weakness of *Delus*'s Pretences, He had often said to her that he question'd whether he wou'd ever come back again. This he had done only out of his Fear that she wou'd be left on his Hands. And *Daphne* had been so us'd to hear he would leave her, that she was enough prepared to be told of it. He deliver'd her his Letter, with which she was transported. Ah, says he, *there's something better than all that, there's 1000 Crowns for you, and 500 for me.* *Daphne* presently guess'd how he came by them, and instead of rejoicing fell into a violent Fit of Grief and Despair. Her Father did not pretend to flatter her with Hopes of his Return to her. He only endeavour'd to comfort her for the Loss of him, by the Consideration of what he had done and would do for her: He added, *You know, Child, how it is with you, that are likely to be a Mother in a few Months, and how cou'd you bear to beg for your self and your poor innocent Babe? Wou'd you carry him about the Country upon your Back? for 'tis not in my Power to relieve*

relieve you, and your *Obstinacy* will so set him against you that he'll do nothing for you. Besides, as he says, he is not less your Husband than ever he was; and when he is posseſſ'd of this vast Estate, you will surely have more Reason to delight him than when you are starving for him. If 'tis known that you are marry'd, no body will have him, and he'll be turn'd out of Doors, as you must be, unless you'll stay here, and make us all Beggars. The Woman he is with is not so handsome that you need fear her keeping him. It were to be wish'd that you cou'd be supported without it, and that be bad where-withal to ſubfift himself, and not do ſo unjuſtifiable a Thing. I own, 'tis no Excuse that he is put upon it, but then the Crime is not yours; and I am ſatisfy'd he loves you ſo well, that if he does it, 'twill be for your Sake more than his own. These, and ſuch like Arguments did the good Man make uſe of to get his Daughter to consent, which nevertheless ſhe wou'd never do, and the Priest ſeem'd at laſt to give way to her in it. She wrote a very tender Epiftle to *Delus*, wherein ſhe let him know, She was with Child, and perhaps of a Son too, whom ſhe hop'd he wou'd not injure if it was in his Heart to do her ſuch an Injury. 'Tis true, there cou'd be no harm done to that future Son of hers by his Father's

marrying such a Fortune: But Love was never a very solid Arguer. The Priest resolving not to lose the 500 Crowns a Year, a much better Income than he got by his Sacrifices, took the Pains to write a Letter in his Daughter's, which he so well counterfeited, that *Delus* when he first read it, doubted not of its being genuine. In this Epistle, after a few very faint Complaintings, he makes *Daphne* say, *Since it was his Pleasure, and so much for all their Interests, she freely gave her Consent, and wou'd never give him any Disturbance.*

Upon the Receipt of this Letter, *Delus*, who did not expect it, was throughly enraged at *Daphne*, for tho' he did not see how he cou'd avoid marrying *Cloris*, yet he lov'd *Daphne* so well, that he would not have had her so willing to part with him. He could not imagine that a Man of her Father's Character wou'd impose upon him in such an Affair; and indeed, the Priest seem'd much more cold in it, than he made his Daughter to be, knowing her Word was all, and that he shou'd be the better thought of, and the better preserve his Pension for appearing to be against it. *Delus's* Mother coming three or four Days after, he and *Cloris* were marry'd in Form, and the next Morning *Cloris* made a Present to her Mother-in Law of

40000 Crowns in Gold. The Festival for the Wedding lasted a Month, and at the End of it, when the Hurry was over, *Delus* sent a very kind Letter to the Priest with another Bill of 500 Crowns, to defray the Charges of his Wife's Breeding, and provide for her Delivery; with farther Assurances that his Heart was entirely hers, though he could not forgive her for parting with him so easily. The Priest, who had not sent her the last Letter conceal'd this from her, and not only that but the 500 Crowns too, doing his utmost to wean her from him, that by having the Affair in his own Hands he might make his Market of it.

Delus had no manner of Satisfaction in a fine Seat, a numerous Train, a little Territory of Land, and his Coffers full of Money. He took so little Delight in his new Bride, that it has been question'd by some whether he was not as good as his Word to *Daphne*; and the best Argument against it is the Present of 40000 Crowns that *Cloris* made to his Mother the Morning after his Wedding. He affected to be outwardly civil to her, even to an Extravagance, but she knew to her Cost that it was Affectation. After a pretty long Stay, his Mother returned home, and taking the Priest's House in her Way, intended to give *Daphne* a Visit. The Priest,

saw her first, said his Daughter was sick a Bed, and gave her Notice to slip into it immediately. The old Lady wou'd needs see her: Her Breeding made her look ill, and the Bed hid her Bigness. There being now, as she thought, no fear of her Son, she spoke wonderfully kind to her, kiss'd her, and wept at the hard Usage she had met with: *But it would have ruin'd you both,* added she, *if he had marry'd you; his Father wou'd never have given him a Farthing.* *I must confess, I had a Kindness for you above any one that was not my own Child, and wish it cou'd have been so that we had never parted.* The Remembrance of *Delus*, the Consideration of her own Condition so struck to *Daphne's Heart*, that after a Deluge of Tears she fell into a Swoon; and all had been discovered had not her Mother and Sisters come, and with great Caution kept the old Lady from coming near enough to observe her Breasts, or any other Indications of her Teeming. The Mother of *Delus* wept too, and at last said, *Come Daphne, who knows, he may out-live this Woman; she's crazy, and I am sure he cannot love her, which may send her the sooner going, and I promise thee if ever he's a Widower, if he'll have thee, let him: I'll be no more thy Hindrance,* This was such a Cordial to *Daphne* that her

her Spirits return'd, a Glow shin'd in her Cheeks, Joy sparkled in her Eyes, and with a Look of Modesty that spoke more than a Thousand Words, she thank'd the Lady for her Goodness in such a manner as made her almost wish her Son had been as happy in her as he really had been. The old Lady was handsomely entertain'd by her Father and Mother, which she as handsomely acknowledg'd in the Presents she made them, and in due Time *Daphne* was deliver'd of a Son. As soon as she was perfectly recover'd, she return'd her Lady's Visit, and her Ladyship was so taken with her that she told her, *She might send for her Things, for she must take her House for her Home, she being resolv'd never to part with her.* *Daphne*, whom every Glance of her Eye transported at the Sight of something that put her in Mind of *Delus*, could not express her Thanks to the old Lady for her Favours, but by kneeling and kissing her Hand. Her Lady took her up and embraced her, saying, *Henceforth will I call thee Daughter, for my Mind gives me thou wilt be so before thou dy'st, and therefore love me as thou wouldst a Mother.* The old Lady took no Notice of this to her Son, nor he to her, tho' he was in Raptures when he heard of it. He was impatient to see his Son,

but to every Pretence he made to leave his Bride she had some unanswerable Objection. In the End he found means to let *Daphne* know that he dy'd to see her, and the Pledge of his first, his only Love. It was not difficult to bring it about, for the old Lady sollicited *Cloris* to make an entire Settlement of all her Estate on *Delus*, and on his Children, or in Default of Issue, on his Brothers and Sisters, tho' she had very near Relations of her own. *Cloris*, who knew her Defect in Beauty, was for keeping her Sufficiency of Money, and put it off from time to time, till the old Lady, tir'd out with her Evasions, resolv'd to give her a second Visit, and get her Son to do all he could to oblige her to it. She mention'd her Design to *Daphne*, saying smiling, *Will you venture to go with me.* *There can be no Danger, Madam,* replies she, *while I am under your Ladyship's Protection, and I know Delus too well to fear his doing me an Injury.*

We want Words to express the Joy that *Delus* and *Daphne* conceiv'd on this Occasion, 'twas such that they durst not meet first in Publick. They wanted both to have the Fury of their first Extasies over before they appeared together in Company. *Daphne* pretended an Indisposition with the Fatigue of the Journey when she arriv'd

at

at *Delus's House*, and retir'd to her Chamber. *Delus* had concert'd by Letters with the Priest with whom he constantly corresponded, how the Interview should be manag'd. He dissembled his Passion so well that he seem'd to have forgot there was any such Person with his Mother, who observing his Indifference told him, *She had brought Daphne with her, and since all was over, there would be no hurt in his carrying it fair to her.* *Madam*, replies *Delus*, as I neither love nor hate her, I cannot avoid paying her the Civilities of my House. *Cloris* waited on her to her Chamber, and as soon as she was gone, *Delus* did the same. None suspected their Relation; their Amour had been long look'd upon as the Frolick of Youth, and he had the Joy of finding her, as had been contriv'd by both of them, alone; he said nothing at the Sight of her, but bursting out into Tears took her in his Arms and stifled her Complaints with his kisses. He then begg'd her not to kill him with rememb'reing what had past, or observing what he might might be necessitated to affect; swearing to her in the most solemn manner, that if she would forgive what he had done with her Consent, he would from that Minute be entirely hers, and never more be a Husband or a Lover to any Woman in the World but

but her self, however Appearance may be to the contrary. She reply'd, Sir, what's done cannot be undone, you had been ruin'd if it had been otherwise. Your Mother's Tenderness to me since I came to her last, would oblige me in Gratitude to love what is so dear to her. But oh ! I have a Thousand, Thousand, other Reasons, a Son, a Husband. She could say no more, and the Tears that stop'd her Speech were as fast dry'd up by his Kisses. Name it not, he cry'd my Love, my Life, my Wife. I am thy Husband, I am his Father, and his and thine for ever. But one Word more my Dear. She reply'd, And as long as you remember your last Vow, so long will I forget your Unkindness. Had you my Consent for what you did ? He answer'd her, Or I wou'd have been rack'd to Death before I had done it. You have been abus'd, says she, as well as I. Then it has been your Father, reply'd he. At their next meeting, they compar'd the Letter of Consent with her other Letters, and discover'd the Deceit. This very much mitigated Delus's Offence as it respected Daphne, and for two or three Months they liv'd as happily as they could wish, The Complacency Delus was oblig'd to shew to Cloris was such, as Daphne could perceive to be constrain'd: But his Passion for her return'd upon him with greater Violence than ever.

After

After the manner of the Quality in *Atalantis*, *Delus*, very much to *Cloris's* Mortification, wou'd have separate Beds; and from the Day of *Daphne's* Arrival, he never made use of her's. *Cloris* complain'd of it to the old Lady, who was not displeas'd at her Son's Usage of her, for she could by no means be brought to make the Settlement that was desir'd. She offer'd to settle her Estate on *Delus* and his Issue by her; but would go no further. His Mother began to suspect some Commerce between him and *Daphne*; and they grew in the End so open in their Intrigue, that she surpriz'd him in an Undress in her Bed-chamber. There was no room for her to question that he had not been in her Bed too. She fell upon them both in the most terrible manner, threatening to murder *Daphne*, and to abandon his Interests to the Revenge of *Cloris*. They had both so many Provocations that at last truly they confess'd all; and *Delus* declar'd he had been marry'd to her above a Twelve Month, had had a Son by her, and since he was forc'd against his Will to take *Cloris*, he would do Justice to *Daphne* and own her to all the World. That he had enough to live on as well as they desir'd to live, without Assistance from any body. That he must own he had had no Commerce with *Cloris*

Cloris since he had seen his Wife, and bear-
tily repented that ever he had had any.
That Heaven would shov'r down some heavy
Vengeance on their Heads who had been the
Cause of his wronging the Innocent. The
old Lady was ready to sink into the Earth
at this Remonstrance from her Son. It
immediately came into her Mind that her
Son's Life was not only endanger'd by his
Marriage, but that she must refund her
40000 Crowns, and probably her Husband
and her Son be made accountable for the
rest of the Plunder they had had out of
Cloris's Estate. She had not Power to
speak a Word, but throwing herself into
an Elbow Chair by the Bed side, sat a
while as one depriv'd of her Senses. In
the mean time Daphne rose, and Delus and
she fell at her feet, beg'd her Pardon for
thus abusing her, and protested they were
ready both of them to sacrifice their Lives
to her Contentment. That if she pleas'd to
have them, they would deny their Marriage
to Death; that Matters were known only
to themselves and Daphne's Family, who
had all sworn Secrecy, and that there was
nothing which she had thought of for their
Interests but they would contribute to it with
all their Might; only we beg, say they, and
kiss'd her Knees, that you will love us as
your Children, and permit us to love one
another

another as we are Husband and Wife, and Parents of a Child, who owes to you the Blood that flows in his little, his precious Veins. The old Lady finding a Discovery would spoil all her Projects, reflecting on Cloris's Obstinacy about the Settlement, on her Son's first Love for Daphne, on the Troubles she must have created them, on the Grandson that was born to her, and above all, the Impossibility of separating them, *Bad them rise and be discreet.* That since it was so, she wou'd not be against their loving one another as well as they could; that her Son did well not to have any further Commerce with Cloris as her Husband; that for her part, she would conceal them as much as was possible, and concluded with a slight Blessing which shew'd plain enough she had not heartily forgiven them.

The Mother's Business, while she stay'd at Cloris's, was to secure as much of her Effects as she cou'd. The ready Money was convey'd away, whether *Delus* wou'd or not; and his Neglect of Cloris having thrown her into a real Fit of Sickness, which confin'd her to her Bed as well as her Chamber, the old Lady took upon her the Authority of Mistress of the House, convey'd away all the Moveables that could easily be remov'd. *Delus* abhor'd her Avarice;

varice; but the unmolested Possession of his *Daphne* was so delightful to him, that it drove every Thing else out of his Head. The Servants wonder'd at their Master's being so much with a young Woman, and at such times of both Day and Night. But they knew their Innocence, and minded nothing but pleasing themselves: *Delus* resolv'd to be gone as soon as his *Daphne* went, and his Mother to march off when there was nothing more to be had.

While they were in the midst of their Hurry and Joy, Heaven, the Avenger of injur'd Innocence, took off *Delus* by a Distemper he fell into, which is fatal to grown Persons in that Island. *Cloris* heard of it, but she was so weak she cou'd not, or wou'd not stir to see him. His Unkindness began to create an Aversion in her towards him, and had he liv'd 'tis likely she wou'd have been glad to have sent him packing with his Mother and his Wife. He was ill but three or four Days. He dy'd the most tender and affectionate Husband in the World to *Daphne*. He ask'd Pardon of Heaven for his Crime in marrying *Cloris*, and of her for the Injury. He desir'd his Mother to restore wht she had unjustly got, and to take Care of his Wife and Son. As soon as the Breath was out of his Body, the old Lady and *Daphne* took Coach,

and

and made Home in the most mournful and disconsolate Condition in the World, the one for the Loss of an Estate, the other for the Loss of her Husband. Her Son was the only Comfort that was left to both of them; and *Daphne*, so sincerely did she grieve for the Loss of her *Delus*, remain'd a sad Widow all the rest of her Days, which were not few nor happy. The old Lady allow'd her the Interest of the 40000 Crowns for her and her Son, and the rest she was forc'd to repay to *Cloris*, who liv'd to a good old Age, convinc'd too late, that however Women of her Make may flatter themselves, Men marry their Fortunes and not their Persons, and will take the one and quit the other as soon as they can.

F I N I S.

